Collier's

APRIL 19, 1941

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Workingman's War By Fra

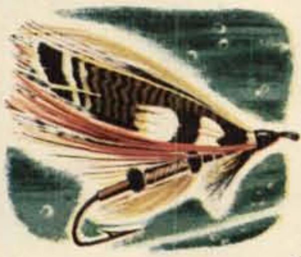
MRS DON BURTNETT 12D
423 N WALNUT ST 42792
IOLA C
KANS 30AU41 69 9KK
2Y

IL 19, 1941

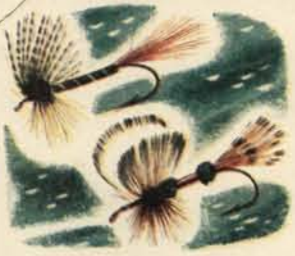
Here's how TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF FISHING

by Bob Edge

NOTED EXPERT ON HUNTING AND FISHING



1. If You Use a Wet Fly for angling, these six patterns have great fish-appeal: Light Cahill, Dark Cahill, Quill Gordon, Hare's Ear, Royal Coachman and Ginger Quill.



2. For Dry Fly Fishing most experts like these seven patterns: Evening Dun, Royal Coachman (Fan Wing), Black Gnat, Brown Hackle, Hendrickson, Olive Quill, and Queen of Waters.

3. "The Bigger the Bait, the bigger the fish" is an angler's axiom. And wise old trout find nightwalkers or minnows more tempting than flies. When flies don't get action, use bait.

4. Success in Fishing is not all a matter of form. Smooth, graceful casting is desirable. But it's even more important to know where the fish are—and place your lure *accurately*.

5. Fish have Feeding Schedules which depend on the weather, the seasons and the phases of the moon. Learn their habits; be on hand with rod and reel when hunger makes them bite.

6. Be sure you have a License. Money spent for fishing privileges helps pay for re-stocking streams. And catch only as many fish as you can use; leave some there for the next fellow.

Here's how

FOR BEST RESULTS, give your fishing equipment careful treatment. Dry your lines after use. Clean the ferrules on your rod; and clean your reels, too. Never let your hook points become dull—hone them whenever necessary.

Keep your fly or lure active while it's in the water. Remember, movement attracts fish. And wet flies, streamers and bucktails will get more strikes if they are fished well under the surface.

When stream or lake fishing, travel quietly—don't disturb the fish. If a pool is being fished by someone else, common courtesy requires that you pick another spot. Be a good sport about it.

Thank you, Bob Edge, for furnishing those fishing tips!

We've been "casting around" for the right whiskey at bars and package stores—and it's Seagram's 5 Crown for us! It's *smooth* and *mild*—and has a way all its own of adding an *extra* tingle to cocktail or highball.

It doesn't "put the bite" on your budget, either—so enjoy the *difference* that 5 Crown makes!

AND *Here's how* TO GET A LINE ON WHISKEY VALUE

1. Sip Seagram's 5 Crown. Taken straight, it offers a new kind of smoothness.
2. And in mixed drinks, note how it adds a delicious, palate-tingling zest.
3. *Controlled blending* keeps this whiskey *better-tasting*—every drop of it.
4. 150 million bottles (all sizes) sold since 1934. *It must give real satisfaction!*
5. It's priced to give you extra value. Treat yourself today—be sure to ask for...

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
NINETY PROOF
FULL QUART

Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown

— **BIGGEST-SELLING BRAND** of the *Greatest Name in Whiskey!*

Blended whiskey. 90 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1941. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Lucky I Woke Up!

"I hesitated to change to another make of car—but so many of my friends said, 'Ride the new Plymouth.'

"It was a surprise to me—how closely the low-priced Plymouth resembles high-priced cars...not only in features, but in driving ease, comfort and performance! I liked the wide, roomy seats...smart colors...rich upholstery.

"One Plymouth ride woke me up to the differences in size, comfort, performance, among low-priced cars.

"There's a new driving 'feel' with Plymouth's new High-Torque Performance. The car handles so easily...with less shifting. And Plymouth's Floating Power engine mountings certainly give you a vibrationless ride.

"Plymouth's lower price decided me. I paid less money, got more car. I'm mighty glad I switched!"

OWNERS ARE THE FIRST TO SAY—

Ride It and You'll Buy It!

NEW THOUSANDS are switching to the beautiful new Plymouth. In fact, 4 out of 10 new Plymouth buyers are trading in *other makes* to get its new beauty, safety, comfort!

Plymouth gives you the greatest power per pound of car weight of "All 3" low-priced cars. Driving effort is vastly reduced!

You get new Safety Rim Wheels—designed to keep a flat tire from rolling off the wheel—the year's biggest safety feature!

And you'll find Plymouth is lowest-priced of "All 3" low-priced cars on many models! It will pay you to see your Plymouth dealer!

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.

☛ SEE THE 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

BIG 1941 PLYMOUTH—ONLY

$685

Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car!
1206

—Delivered at Detroit, Michigan, including all federal taxes. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, not included. *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
CLARENCE H. ROY Syntax

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI England
MARTHA GELLHORN The Orient
JIM MARSHALL Articles
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

THIS WEEK

APRIL 19, 1941

SHORT STORIES

ALEC RACKOWE
Broadway Success Story. Heiress and bus boy—a romance in waltz time. Page 11

THOMAS McMORROW
Marching as to War. Pvt. Giddy Gurdy declares war on sin. Page 15

EUSTACE COCKRELL
Willie Wurtzel's Way. The Lord was in his corner, too. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Vigilance, by George Harmon Coxe. Page 23

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trail Town. The second of ten parts. A threat of revenge. Page 20

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Traitor. The eighth of nine parts. A lesson in tradition. Page 31

ARTICLES

J. BRYAN III
Sawdust Doll. The circus couldn't get along without "The Kids." Page 13

GORDON COBBLEDICK
Game Guys. The low-down on Cleveland's baseball mutiny. Page 14

RUTH CARSON
Weed-end Wardrobe. A five-way knockout. Page 16

HOWARD HARTLEY
Fortress in the Sky. Bad news for potential invaders of America. Page 18

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 24

FRANK GERVASI
Workingman's War. Why English morale is what it is. Page 26

JIM MARSHALL
America's Life Line. The Great Lakes—our industrial backbone. Page 32

●

WING TALK. Page 6

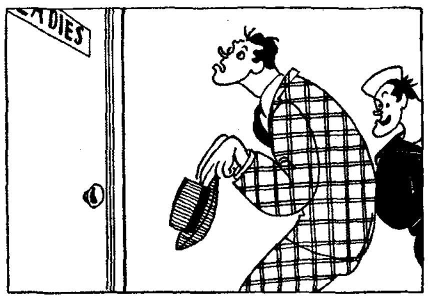
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIALS
Close Ranks.
Aviation After the War.
Bean-Ball Influence. Page 82

COVER ALAN FOSTER

ANY WEEK

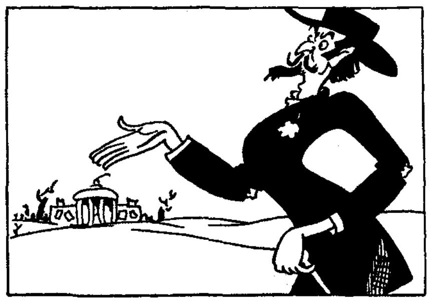
WE'VE just been sympathizing with a young friend of ours who is breathless from his patriotic effort to serve his country. He's of draft age but far down on the list. Probably his number wouldn't be called for months. Nevertheless, being single, unencumbered, husky and eager, he had enlisted in the Naval Reserve. And presently he was told to report for active service. He presented himself with said notice to the Navy Yard in Washington. They told him they knew nothing about it—or him—and would he please run over to the Navy Department and look himself up. At the Navy Department he was greeted cordially, asked to report at once to Room 2701. On the door of that room was the simple legend LADIES. Ferreting his way back, he received another room number. There he was greeted cordially again—this time by a lieutenant commander who bade him take a stenography test. Our young friend protested that he knew nothing whatever about stenography. The lieutenant commander ventured the opinion that something was wrong and sent him back to the original office. There a new officer was at the desk. The new officer said that no yeomen were needed at the time and, before our young friend could protest he was bundled off, told to go home and await the Navy's call. When we saw our friend he was back at the bank window wondering what he was to do about a couple of letters he had just got. One, from the Navy, ordered him somewhat sternly to report to Washington Navy Yard and wanted to know why he hadn't responded to the first call. The other was from the Navy too—granting him his requested release that he might join the Army. "It almost makes you think there's something wrong somewhere," said he.



WE ADVISED him not to worry—a bit of advice we are rather handy at. We also told him about the fellow we know who shopped his way into that old fogy war of 1914-18. When the United States got into that war in 1917 he dropped into the nearest armory, enlisted and was assigned to a company. No sooner had he met the captain than he knew he'd made a mistake. Just couldn't stand that captain. So he hustled downtown to another armory and within a couple of hours had enlisted in another regiment. Finding no fault with the captain to whom they assigned him, he went home to dispose of his civilian affairs. On the way, however, he met a couple of dear friends who had enlisted in an artillery outfit. At their behest he went to their armory and enlisted there. This time it stuck. Months later, in a Southern camp, he was summoned to Division Headquarters and there informed that he was listed by the War Department as a deserter from two infantry regiments. By this time he was a sergeant. Before his divisional commander could get things settled with Washington, our hero was in France, a first lieutenant. But fate caught up with him as he lay on a hospital bed, minus a leg, but the possessor of three decorations for bravery. He was honorably discharged from the Army after that war although it wasn't for seven years thereafter that the Army stopped writing him letters reminding him that he was still a deserter—twice.

MAYBE we're wrong, but from what we've seen and heard the present situation could do nicely with a bit of that sort of spirit. Trouble with this war is that it's a gang fight—no romance, no emotion. Too many machines and not enough personal contact. Public morale isn't at a dizzy peak anyway, according to Mr. R. C. DeWeese of La Jara, Colorado. "Our forty-dollar-a-month sheepherders, spud buckers and pea pickers," sighs he, "have been on WPA for more than five months and they're somewhat disturbed at the prospect that the defense program may eliminate them. Somebody's told them that our credit may sag. No credit, no groceries, no gravy, no gas. Dig up something cheerful for them, won't you?" Well, they'll be glad to know that a gentleman in Columbus, Ohio—Mr. Ben Hutchup—has just finished authoring a bill which he proposes to send to Senator Taft. The bill would authorize the government to continue WPA and other relief payments to any man drafted from WPA rolls into the Army. Also Dr. Berrie Panke Stutharme of Los Angeles, California, asks us to say something nice about his proposal which would continue Army pay to draftees or selectees for two years after their training period is over. But Dr. Stutharme's bill stipulates that "not one penny of this continuation pay may be spent for alcoholic liquor, fermented spirits, gambling, unclean entertainment nor on women not related by blood, marriage or intentions to the recipient."

IN this column of our January eighteenth issue we published a letter giving an account of an incident that seemed to us to come under the heading of frivolity by a college football squad. The item stated that while the team was traveling by train to a game, a number of the squad passed the time playing cards and drinking. It has come to our attention that some readers have inferred that the item related to the Loyola University team from Los Angeles. What was stated was not true insofar as Loyola University or its team is concerned. When the item was published we had no notion that it had any reference to Loyola University or that it could be susceptible to any such inference. We regret that any offense was found where none was intended.



ANYWAY, our colleague, Mr. Max Wilkinson, has just returned from a literary brush-beating tour of the South. In Tennessee, between authors, he was taken sightseeing. Among other things he was shown a forlorn mansion which very obviously was once the home of extremely high-class Southern chivalry, wealth and position. Elegant gentry lived there no longer. Mr. Wilkinson sadly asked his guide who lived now in this dilapidated citadel of past glories. "Descendants," was the reply. "Same family, only descendants. Too po' to paint and too proud to whitewash."

AND our Portland, Maine, agent reports that he called on some distant cousins in Bangor. They told him of the somewhat dismal plight of a nearby family, one member of which he recalled as an outstanding liability, militantly averse to breadwinning and completely out of sympathy with any idea of being useful. Our agent asked what had become of the fellow. "Just what you'd expect of men like that," was the reply. "Went to work and died."

WE'VE just written to a lady in Chicago, Illinois, thanking her for the opportunity she offers to contribute generously to Uncle Sam's Fighting Nieces. It's an organization consecrated to reading newspapers, books and magazines, searching for hidden un-American propaganda. But we've refused to contribute. That makes sixty-seven appeals we've had from similar crisis-born outfits. We're waiting with ill-concealed patience for the letter that will ask us to give to a fund to bring former King Carol and his gal Magda over here and set them up comfortably in the name of Democracy.

THEN we'll get sore. . . . W. D.

Vol. 107, No. 16. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1941, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

ing materials, feed stores, jewelry
LOCAL WOMAN SERIOUSLY HURT
Struck by car while crossing street
Landsdale, Jan. 12—Struck by an automobile as she was crossing Hammond Street
CLAIM NO. 12741
Policyholder liable. Investigate claimant's injuries today.

"WHAT HAVE I DONE?" I GASPED

Like you, W. B. M. *had a perfect driving record until that morning last January*

"I was parking my car when suddenly I heard an agonized cry. 'What have I done?' I gasped. Then with horror I realized my car had struck a young woman.

"It was my first accident and in the moments which followed I was dazed and bewildered. A crowd collected. One man pointed at me and shouted, 'Why don't you look where you're going? It was all your fault. You'll pay plenty for this.' Then an ambulance arrived.

"Later, when I reported the accident to Liberty Mutual, a great weight was lifted from my mind. The claims man asked careful but friendly questions about the accident and assured me that I had full protection under my Liberty Mutual policy. Then he went to work—found and interviewed witnesses, forgot no detail, stayed on the job until the case was settled—out of court.

"My accident gave me a brand-new slant on car insurance. Years ago, I chose Liberty Mutual as my company mainly because of the dividend savings. And I have received cash dividends every year, reducing the cost of my protection by one fifth. More recently I have also benefited from reductions in car insurance rates in this state, and from discounts due to my good driving record. But Liberty Mutual did more than save me money. They're my 'Friend on the Highway.' When I needed help most, a Liberty Mutual man was on the spot to protect me from loss and worry."

This story is typical of the preferred service enjoyed by more than 200,000 other responsible car owners who are protected by Liberty Mutual. If you should have an accident, skilled investigators and adjusters are immediately available to protect your interests, to relieve you of worry, to act as "Your Friend on the Highway."

Don't buy or renew your car insurance until you read the free booklet offered below. It tells how careful drivers are securing full protection and a friendly insurance service at lower cost, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient deferred payment plan. Mail the coupon today—no obligation.

LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON

Your Friend on the Highway

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO. C-4-19-41
175 Berkeley Street, Boston

Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet showing how careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City and State*____________________

Make of car____________ Year________

★★★ IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ★★★

Pointed for Pursuit!

Here you see two reasons why the Army's Curtiss P-40 is one of our foremost fighting planes — its Allison liquid-cooled engine and the advanced streamlining this engine's in-line design permits.

And in this advanced air power, made possible through the collaboration of the American Aircraft Industry with the U. S. Army, you see a conspicuous example of industry and government united in defense of these United States.

Allison

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

GM GENERAL MOTORS

W. EUGENE SMITH

Patricia O'Malley—Press Relations in the Civil Aeronautics Board—aviation's favorite girl

WING TALK

MILITARY strategists believe that among major powers Japan has most to fear from incendiary air raids, with the United States and the Soviet Union next in vulnerability. This is because wood siding and frame construction still is customary in those countries.

Economy, familiarity, ease of handling—such factors have determined man's building habits. In Russia, land of vast forests, wood has always been the cheapest, most plentiful and handiest building material. For the same reason wood has been more or less traditional in the United States since colonial days, especially for private, suburban and tenement construction. Japan you know as a country of picturesque little wooden houses with shutters and sliding partitions of rice paper. Walk two blocks from the "Marinouchi," Tokyo's modern business section, and you are lost in a wilderness of wooden houses. Great fires are endemic in Japan.

If your mind's-eye picture of modern urban United States is filled with steel-and-stone business and apartment skyscrapers, take a stroll away from "downtown" in any big city—for a surprise. Consider what five hundred or a thousand thermite incendiaries—a single bomber's load—well scattered on a windy day would do, for example, among the scores of thousands of two-story wooden houses jam-packed against one another in endless blocks of Flatbush, Jamaica, Hillside, Flushing and elsewhere near such New York military objectives as railroad yards, airports, factories.

The primitive forests of eastern Europe, however, were long since erased by congested populations and heavy industrialization. There wood is now a precious fuel.

British experience has been that only older buildings, particularly those of half-timbered style or having wooden beams, suffer much. The destruction of The City—London's equivalent of Wall Street or the Loop—in that late-December raid was due to the age of the buildings, most of them stone-and-wood rather than stone-and-metal. Thermite will burn through a certain amount of brick or stucco to get at wood beams. On Piccadilly, well-known to American tourists, are examples in contrast. The Park Lane Hotel was hit, with small damage because of its steel frame. The ancient "In-and-Out" Club up the street was gutted because of the wooden beams inside stone walls. (The British now call it the "Down-and-Out" Club.)

This much is certain. When London and other European cities arise from their ashes, it will be in materials designed to baffle future incendiary warfare—a sign, if nothing else, of man's lack of faith that this war will be the last one.

MR. HAROLD CRARY reports that 80 per cent of all our domestic air mail and air express moves at night, and that most of your long-distance flying is done then.

Scheduled night flying, by the way, is another United States "first." Jack Knight was the pioneer, 20 years ago last Washington's Birthday, from North Platte, Nebraska, to Chicago. He is now director of public education for United, a ground job which must be as a chicken farm to an old sea dog for a man who has spent 2½ years of his life off the earth.

THE medical department of United Air Lines, under Dr. Arnold D. Tuttle, U. S. Army, retired (who as a colonel in the Medical Corps commanded the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field), has been looking into certain matters that might interest you:

A year's complete record of the welfare aloft of hundreds of thousands of passengers shows that only about 1 in 250 has any trace of airsickness; while only 1 in 1,000 shows nervousness, has ear difficulties, or needs oxygen at altitudes of less than 1,400 feet.

(Continued on page 68)

TO HALT SKIDS—There's 19 FEET OF GRIP in every foot of this tread!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND
GOODYEAR
ALL-WEATHER
P.S. New tubes save tires

This new "G-3" ALL-WEATHER resists skidding in all directions—and costs less per mile than ever before

If you want more safe miles for your money, your next tire will be this new 1941 edition of Goodyear's famed first-line "G-3" All-Weather.

Despite booming raw material prices, it costs no more than last year—and it's a tougher, sturdier, safer tire in every way.

Proof? Maybe you don't put much stock in comparisons, but here's one that looks pretty conclusive: when run alongside other popular first-line tires on test, *this new "G-3" averaged more than 20% longer tread wear!*

Plus a 19 to 1 "edge" in safety

How much *safer* this "G-3" tread is, you can see by the way its sharp-edged blocks FACE at all angles—to brace against skids and side-slip.

These non-skid edges add up to more than *nineteen feet* of safety in every single foot of tread—*nineteen feet* of grip in every foot of rubber that whirls against the road.

That's a 19 to 1 safety factor against skidding and slipping in any direction—protection "on all sides" against the commonest tire hazard.

In crowded traffic—on slippery pavements—you need this all-round grip for quick, sure, straight-line stops.

A new low in mileage cost

Remember, only tremendous volume, plus new streamlined manufacturing and distribution methods, makes "G-3's" present low price possible—on a tire built to the highest 1941 first-line specifications.

To enjoy the lowest-cost mileage you've ever known, put on this new "G-3" All-Weather now. Its far longer, safer wear will prove *"You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

STAR FEATURES

of the first-line "G-3" All-Weather WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL-WEATHER TREAD — *proved safest for more than a quarter of a century.*

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE—*from tougher thick flat tread—more rubber on the road.*

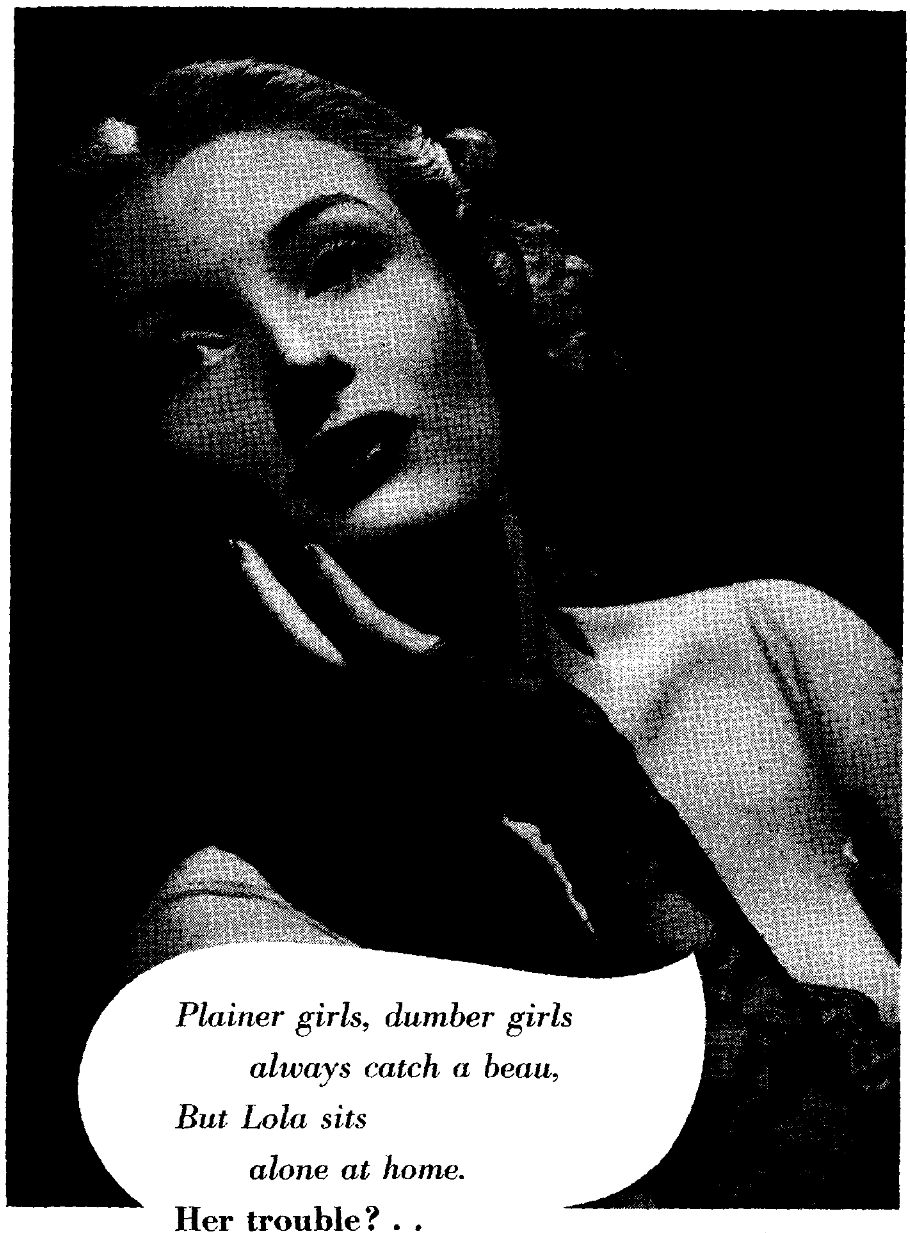
QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING — *deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.*

NO SLIP ON CURVES—*heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.*

FORTIFIED TREAD — *new improved rubber compound gives increased resistance to cuts and bruises.*

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION — *new stronger higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.*

SMART APPEARANCE—*prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.*



Plainer girls, dumber girls
always catch a beau,
But Lola sits
alone at home.
Her trouble? . .

double O*

*Offensive breath—Offensive-looking teeth

Of course she sits at home alone.

Many an otherwise fastidious woman grows careless or forgetful about the "Double O" and thus takes long chances with romance and popularity. What a mistake! What a risk!

There's a delightful morning and night double precaution against the "Double O" which thousands of popular women insist on daily.

For the breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And to make teeth more brilliant, more flashing . . . to add to the allure of your smile, the New Listerine Tooth Paste. Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discoloration that make teeth repulsive. For 8 years skilled scientists labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say that they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you . . . want to put your best foot forward, start using the special New Listerine Tooth Paste for a more alluring smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath. Your common sense tells you it pays.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine Tooth Paste
and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the double precaution against double O*

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The condor, one of the largest birds of flight, is such a heavy eater that, after it has had a hearty meal, a man can run it down on foot because it cannot fly or run fast enough to escape. The bird is also such a heavy sleeper that a hunter can climb a tree and place a noose around its neck before it awakes.

At the death of Marshal Foch on March 20, 1929, every American Army post fired a salute of twenty-one guns in his honor. This tribute was, in a sense, a reciprocation of the honor that France bestowed on the United States when it went into mourning at the death of George Washington.

The national flags of Paraguay, Lithuania and Yemen, Arabia, are the only ensigns whose designs are not alike on both sides.—*By Brandt Brereton, Feather Falls, California.*

Many of the mines now being laid to destroy enemy vessels are so constructed that they do not rise to their proper position for as long as four days, thus escaping minesweepers which might sweep the area, on a tip, within two or three days. Mines also do not explode for several seconds after being struck so they reach the middle of the ship where they cause the most damage.

In a recent three years' test, a large manufacturing company was able to reduce its assembly-line rejections, owing to off colors, by more than eighty per cent through giving its workers a concentrated form of vitamin A, which regenerated the visual purple of the retinas of their eyes and greatly improved their color sight.—*By O. D. Burge, New York, New York.*

Because ambergris has so little fragrance, it is the only natural substance that will "fix" the scent of straight perfumes without altering their odor. Musk and other fixing agents have such strong scents of their own that they can only be used in blended perfumes in which they do not conflict with the desired effect.

In some countries, notably France and Mexico, marriages have no legal status unless they are performed by a civil servant.—*By Ignacio Hidalgo, Mexico City, Mexico.*

The highest altitude ever reached in a glider was 22,434 feet in Germany in 1938, that in an airplane was 56,046 feet in Italy in 1938 and that in a balloon was 72,395 in the United States in 1935.

At Watts and Chancellor streets in downtown Philadelphia there is a plot of ground set aside in 1683 by William Penn as a place for Indians to pitch their wigwams when they came to town on a visit.—*By J. W. Holmes, Lawrence, Kansas.*

Among the many beasts and birds that frequently kill snakes are alligators, armadillos, eagles, hawks, hedgehogs, moles, mongooses, opossums, peacocks, road runners, secretary birds, skunks and storks. There are even cases on record in which large, sluggish snakes have been nibbled to death by mice.—*By Lieut. John McGarry, Fort Dix, New Jersey.*

During the Middle Ages, the Cistercian monastery in Alcobaca, Portugal, was one of the largest, wealthiest and most active abbeys in all Europe. In this great institution, for several hundred years, Mass was read, without interruption, twenty-four hours a day, more than nine hundred monks alone being employed in this service.

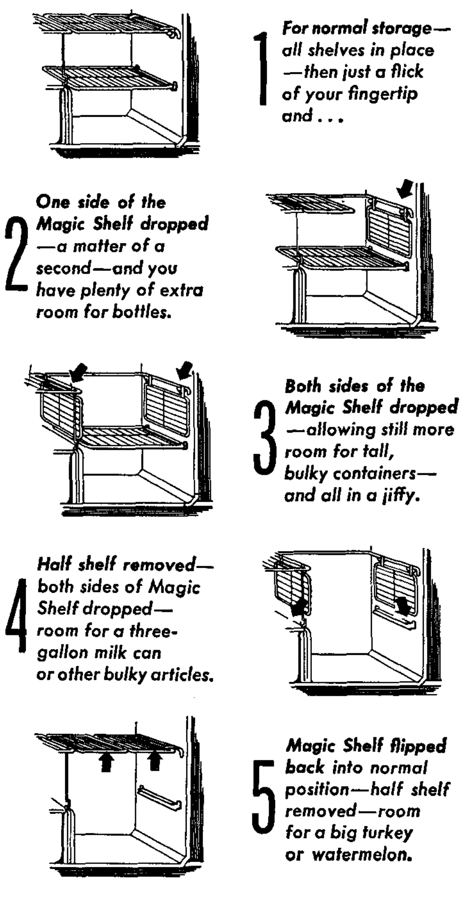
Some of the latest American airplanes are equipped with a "telltale switchboard," or a bank of ninety lights that are connected with as many different parts of the machinery and warn the pilot, by lighting up, when their particular sections are not working normally.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. *This column is copyrighted by Collier's,* **The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

New! Extra Room for Tall Bottles with Magic Shelf!

Kelvin Crisper

5-Way Magic Shelf is only one of the 1941 Extras Exclusive with KELVINATOR Gives 5 Interior Arrangements in a Jiffy!



1 *For normal storage—all shelves in place—then just a flick of your fingertip and . . .*

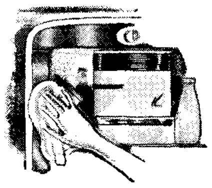
2 *One side of the Magic Shelf dropped—a matter of a second—and you have plenty of extra room for bottles.*

3 *Both sides of the Magic Shelf dropped—allowing still more room for tall, bulky containers—and all in a jiffy.*

4 *Half shelf removed—both sides of Magic Shelf dropped—room for a three-gallon milk can or other bulky articles.*

5 *Magic Shelf flipped back into normal position—half shelf removed—room for a big turkey or watermelon.*

COPR. 1941, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.



A Kelvinator "Extra" the New "Cold-Ban"

WE Kelvinator retailers are having the time of our lives . . . showing women the beautiful 1941 Kelvinators. Features so new . . . so utterly practical . . . fairly take their breath away.

Look, for instance, at the 5-Way Magic Shelf. It's an *exclusive* Kelvinator *extra* . . . and so is the shining *Stainless Steel* Cold-Ban. Easy to clean, it eliminates more than 80 dust-catching screwheads. A new Polar Light illuminates both ice trays and cabinet interior. There are over-sized Crispers . . . space for frozen foods . . . moonstone glass Meat Chest . . . big Vegetable Bin . . . the economical Polarsphere Sealed Unit . . . yes, there's even an *extra* in size. Kelvinator's "6 ft." models actually are big 6¾ cu. ft. refrigerators.

But, newest of all Kelvinator's *extras* are found in the Moist-Master Models. There's a glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener . . . all shelves are of crystal-clear glass. And besides the High-Speed Freezer there's a separate set of cooling coils concealed in the walls, providing an entirely new system of refrigeration.

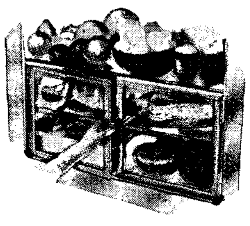
There are nine beautiful Kelvinators at prices *as much as $30* lower than last years'.

We retailers are proud to offer these 1941 Kelvinators. Won't you stop in and see them soon?

• • •

Kelvinator Division
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.
DETROIT, MICH.

**Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5-Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies. In view of rising costs prices subject to change without notice.*

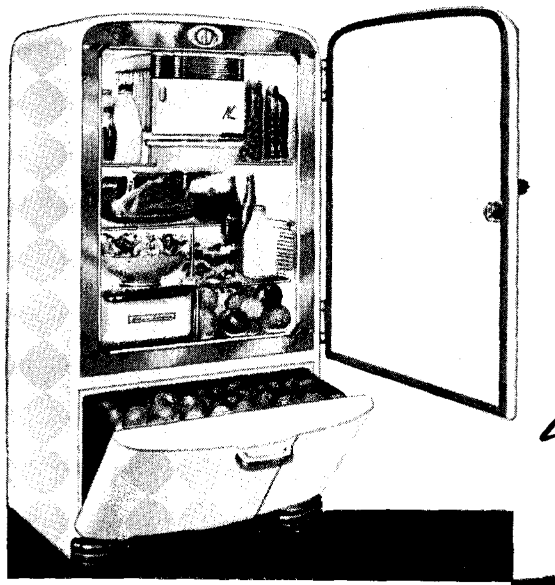


A Kelvinator "Extra" the "Cold-mist Freshener"

How Kelvinator's new, less expensive way of doing business saves you up to $30 more

Last year Kelvinator's new way of doing business saved buyers from $30 to $60 each over previous year's prices. Sales were 2¼ times those of the year before! This year Kelvinator goes even further. You now get savings up to $30 over last year—and even more extra features!

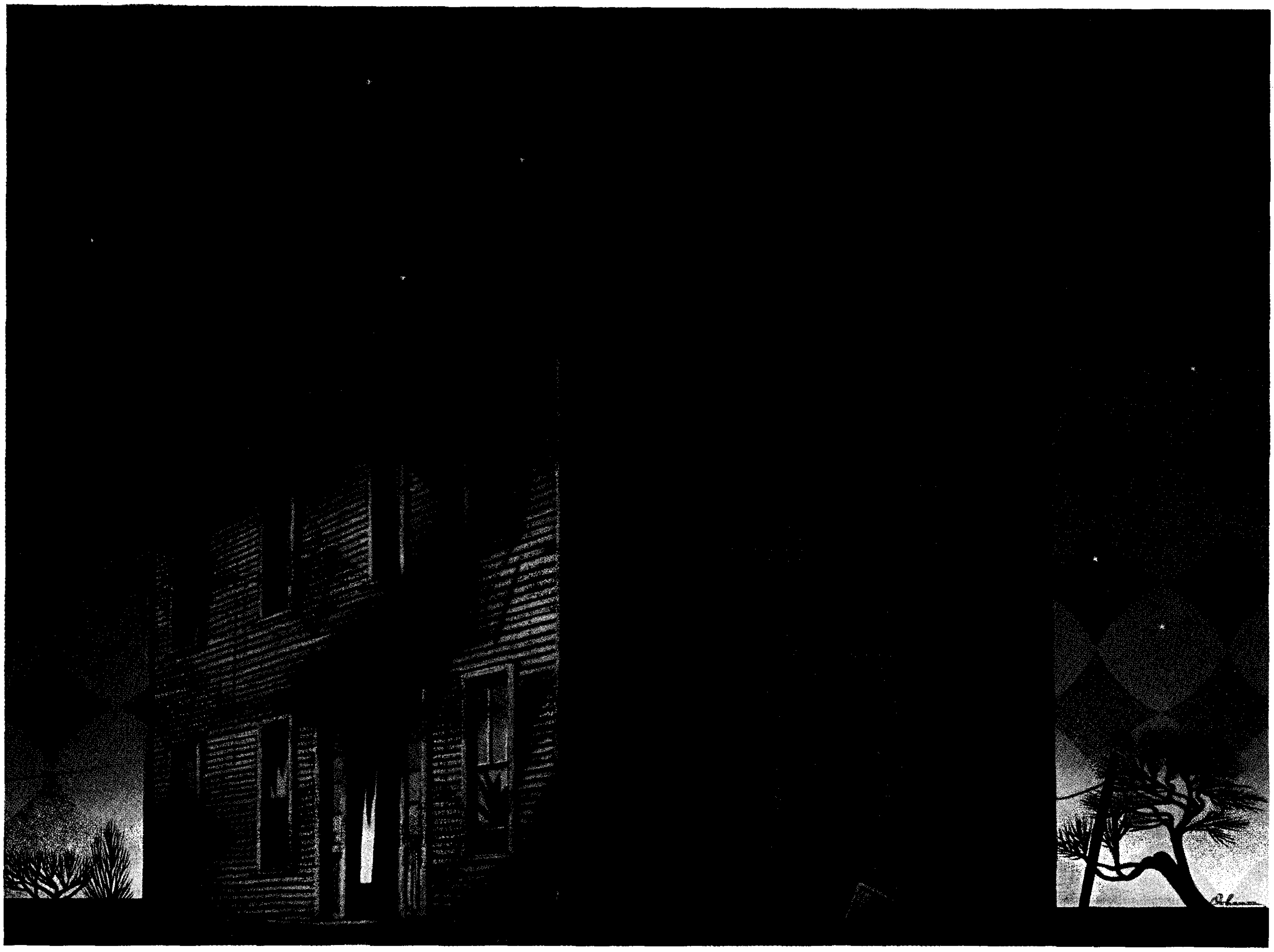
Is it any wonder that consumer groups are hailing the new Kelvinator program as a courageous move in the public interest? Write Dept. C-2 for a beautiful full-color catalog.



Model S-6, illustrated—*Completely equipped* 6¾ cu. ft. . . only **$144.95***
Revolutionary new Moist-Master Model M-6 . . . . only **$179.95***
KELVINATOR PRICES START AT . . . $119⁷⁵*

Look at the Beauty!
Look at the Extras!
Look at the Price!

Get More — Get KELVINATOR



This house had 28 mysterious fires in one day!

THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT of what happened one day to the farm home of William Hackler, near Odon, Indiana, reads like a fantastic ghost or mystery story.

At 8:00 A.M. a fire broke out on the west side of the house near an upstairs window. Because the house had never been wired for lights and there was no fire in the kitchen range, the cause was a mystery.

The Odon Fire Department extinguished the fire and left; but scarcely had they got back to town when smoke began to pour from a downstairs bedroom. This time the fire was in a layer of paper between the springs and mattress of a bed.

Between 8:00 and 11:00 A.M., nine fires broke out in different parts of the house, all without apparent cause. Some were so strange as to tax the belief of the most credulous persons who visited the place.

A calendar on a wall went up in a quick puff of smoke. Another fire started in a pair of overalls on a door. A bedspread was reduced to ashes while neighbors, standing in the room, stared in amazement. A book taken from a drawer of a desk was found to be burning inside, though the cover of the volume was in perfect condition.

By 11:00 that night, 28 fires had broken out. The fire department from Odon had to have help from the one at Elnora. The Hacklers moved out and set up beds under a tree, where they spent the night. The next week, the Hacklers abandoned the house, tore it down, and salvaged the lumber to build a new home.

Various explanations have been advanced, some as weird as the happenings themselves. Some people believe the Hackler farm was in the center of a strong magnetic field where static electricity prevails. Others have suggested that gases from an old well had permeated the building, finally bursting into flame by spontaneous combustion.

These and other solutions appear none too plausible. The story remains even to fire officials a most baffling mystery.

It is very unlikely that you will ever be the victim of a mysterious siege of fires like this; but one fire, without enough insurance properly written, is one too many.

Often, when you have a fire, you find that, although you have insurance, you don't have enough of it. During the years that have gone by since you bought your policy, you have added to your possessions without adding to your coverage. Or (and this is especially true in periods like today) building costs may go up so that the value of your property is greater than when you bought it.

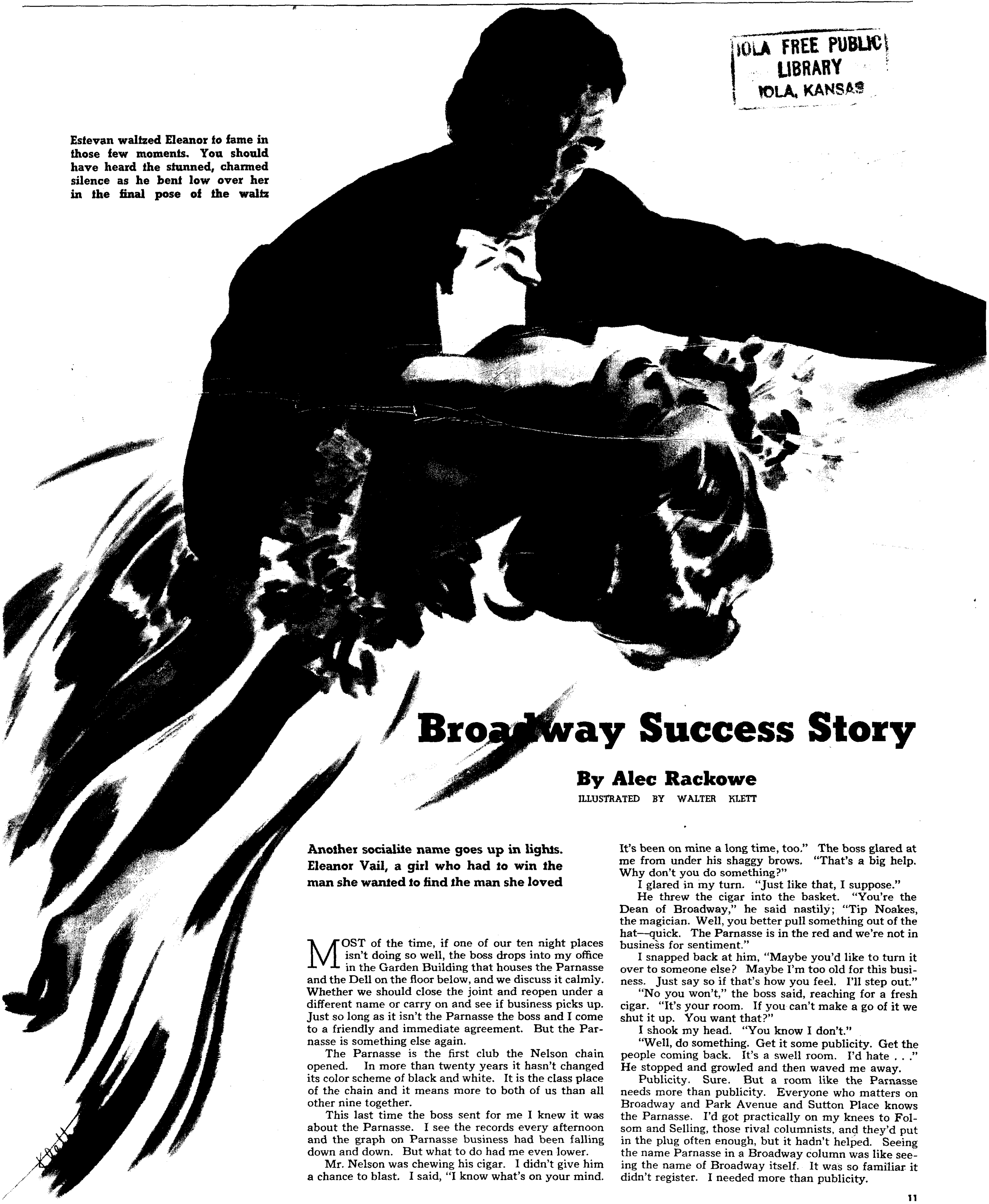
For these reasons, it is particularly wise to have your home, your furniture, and any other property that fire can destroy, insured in a company like The Travelers which has a representative in your immediate locality.

Being close at hand, the Travelers man can check up on your policies at regular intervals, making certain you have enough protection and the proper permits and forms at all times. And, if you have a fire, he can be there to help you as soon as you want him, with another helpful friend, the Travelers adjuster.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for April 19, 1941

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS



Estevan waltzed Eleanor to fame in those few moments. You should have heard the stunned, charmed silence as he bent low over her in the final pose of the waltz

Broadway Success Story

By Alec Rackowe

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Another socialite name goes up in lights. Eleanor Vail, a girl who had to win the man she wanted to find the man she loved

MOST of the time, if one of our ten night places isn't doing so well, the boss drops into my office in the Garden Building that houses the Parnasse and the Dell on the floor below, and we discuss it calmly. Whether we should close the joint and reopen under a different name or carry on and see if business picks up. Just so long as it isn't the Parnasse the boss and I come to a friendly and immediate agreement. But the Parnasse is something else again.

The Parnasse is the first club the Nelson chain opened. In more than twenty years it hasn't changed its color scheme of black and white. It is the class place of the chain and it means more to both of us than all other nine together.

This last time the boss sent for me I knew it was about the Parnasse. I see the records every afternoon and the graph on Parnasse business had been falling down and down. But what to do had me even lower.

Mr. Nelson was chewing his cigar. I didn't give him a chance to blast. I said, "I know what's on your mind. It's been on mine a long time, too." The boss glared at me from under his shaggy brows. "That's a big help. Why don't you do something?"

I glared in my turn. "Just like that, I suppose."

He threw the cigar into the basket. "You're the Dean of Broadway," he said nastily; "Tip Noakes, the magician. Well, you better pull something out of the hat—quick. The Parnasse is in the red and we're not in business for sentiment."

I snapped back at him, "Maybe you'd like to turn it over to someone else? Maybe I'm too old for this business. Just say so if that's how you feel. I'll step out."

"No you won't," the boss said, reaching for a fresh cigar. "It's your room. If you can't make a go of it we shut it up. You want that?"

I shook my head. "You know I don't."

"Well, do something. Get it some publicity. Get the people coming back. It's a swell room. I'd hate . . ." He stopped and growled and then waved me away.

Publicity. Sure. But a room like the Parnasse needs more than publicity. Everyone who matters on Broadway and Park Avenue and Sutton Place knows the Parnasse. I'd got practically on my knees to Folsom and Selling, those rival columnists, and they'd put in the plug often enough, but it hadn't helped. Seeing the name Parnasse in a Broadway column was like seeing the name of Broadway itself. It was so familiar it didn't register. I needed more than publicity.

I stood at the window of my office looking down into the color and bustle of my street. But my mind was a desert, so after a while I went downstairs. Nograles was brooding at the entrance to the Parnasse and I continued to the next floor where the Dell is. They have separate entrances and elevators but the stairs pass them both at the back. I knew the Dell would be full. It always is. A rowdy place with checkered table cloths, a colored floor show with lots of zing and a mammy who makes fine waffles to go with Southern fried chicken. A money-maker but not a class spot, even though it gets a play from swell people as well. Not—as you can gather—the Parnasse.

I went through the kitchen and opened the swinging doors, stepping to one side out of the waiters' way. There was a team of dancers doing a Cuban rumba in silk costumes. Aboriginal stuff with lots of rhythm, and the crowded tables were watching. And so was one of the bus boys.

He was standing near me, looking on when he ought to have been sticking to his chores. Most bus boys are meager lads who reflect the beating they take from harassed waiters, but this one was tall and straight, dark-haired and nice-faced. He was watching the dance with a concentration that surprised me.

But a bus boy not working is anathema in café business. I went over to the door where Arnold was chewing the fat with one of his captains. "What's the idea?" I demanded as the captain faded. "Don't your busses have to work around here?"

ARNOLD looked past me and his moon face twisted into a grin. "Oh, Estevan. He is different, Mr. Noakes. He is a student of the dance. A very nice young man. Nograles asked me to use him a while. He has been making the rounds. Watching all the dance teams in town."

"As a bus boy?"

Arnold shrugged. "Even young men interested in the dance must live. And what is wrong with being a bus boy? I started as one in Berne—"

I left him. I never knew a headwaiter who didn't start his career in Switzerland and work his way up with Cesar Ritz. All good headwaiters start in Helvetia and end up in Hollywood.

I wasn't in any mood for Arnold's biography. I had half a mind to send up to Nograles and have him can this non-bussing bus boy. I went to the bar instead and had a drink. I said hello to a few people and watched the crowd dancing to the hot music of the colored band.

It was the usual mixed lot. Broadway, out-of-town buyers with dress models from the Thirties and a smattering of the younger Park Avenue crowd. And among the latter a blond and curvesome youngster named Eleanor Vail.

She was dancing with some youngster I didn't know. She stood out from the rest, not more than twenty, with that faintly bored, faintly sophisticated air a lot of these silver-spoon kids seem to acquire before they're out of their teens. As if everything is an old story.

But the unusual thing was that Howard Rogerson wasn't there. He and Eleanor had been an item for the past couple of months. It didn't mean anything. I knew Rogerson's type. The modern version of the playboy of the twenties. Millions; hail-fellow manner and a finger in a lot of Broadway ventures. But we'd thought maybe there was something between Rogerson and Eleanor because she was Society, and hitherto Rogerson had given the faces and names of Broadway a play. He was past thirty and it was time he married. When he started squiring this pretty postdebutante the odds shortened against Rogerson and single-blessedness. But here she was and Rogerson nowhere in sight.

I left the bar and went toward the kitchen doors. Just as I got there I noticed my cigar was out. I fumbled for a match but before I could do more than scowl because I hadn't any a voice said, "Let me, Mr. Noakes," and a match flared gently. I got a light and I saw it was this Estevan.

His voice had an English touch to it. I looked at him and I liked what I saw. I said, "Thanks. I hear you're a student of the dance. Done any yourself?"

"Yes, sir," he said with that nice deference I'm old enough to like in kids in their early twenties. "In Madrid and Buenos Aires. . . ." Then he said, "Excuse me, Mr. Noakes," and moved away to help one of the waiters.

I WENT on up to my office. I sat down at my desk. Something was stirring in me. I was chewing a fresh cigar when there was a knock on the door. I said, "Come in," and the door opened to show me Eleanor Vail.

She was wearing a satin frock that bared her smooth shoulders and showed every line of her lithe body. She had a cap of pale, close-lying hair curling in a long bob; large gray eyes under thick lashes; and a red mouth. She said: "Mr. Noakes, could I sign a check?"

"Sure," I told her. "You could have asked Arnold. They'll send you a bill at the end of the month."

She smiled at me—a quick, little smile. "That's why I didn't ask Arnold. It's my party and I won't be able to pay. Thirty dollars is pretty much half of what I have to spend in a month."

It didn't matter much. There's always a lot of checks picked up by the house in our game and Eleanor rated—at least once. "Okay," I said, "don't worry about it."

I could see the relief in her gray eyes and something else, too. She said, "You're nice, Mr. Noakes. I wish I were."

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

She looked at me frankly. "I try to be honest and I'm not. I knew I shouldn't have asked them to come. I thought Howard would show up and he'd pay for . . ." She gestured.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You two fft?"

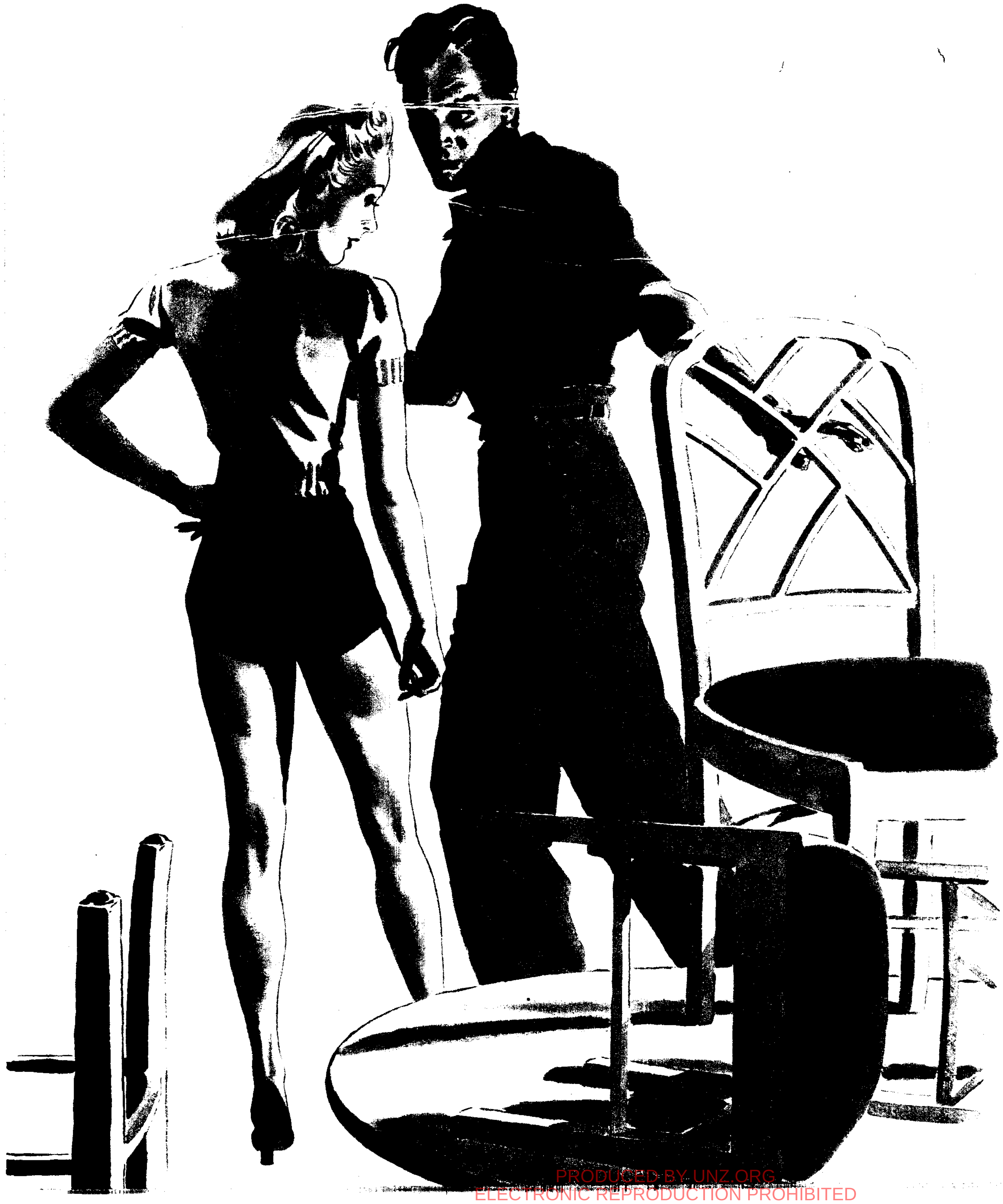
I could see the kid wanted to talk and I leaned back and drew on my cigar. Maybe I'd have an item to pass on to Folsom or Selling.

She moved around the room, looking at the signed photos of all the greats of a quarter century that line the walls. When she got around to me again she said, "Wishful thinking. That's my failing. Wishing I had clothes and money and glamor. But glamor, Mr. Noakes. That's what Howard goes for."

"And you go for him?"

"I go for him." Her eyes were wide and unblinking. "Maybe it's his millions or his manner, but I go for him, very largely. When he started taking me around I had ideas. Now . . ." She shrugged. "A girl who has to beg for a

(Continued on page 77)



I sent them to start on their long job. The dancing was up to Estevan

Sawdust Doll

By J. Bryan III

Meet Kitty Clark, one of the unsung heroines of the Big Top, a member of that unobtrusive group known as "The Kids." They supply the sparkle and glamor that make circuses successful

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

ELKHART, INDIANA, is the home of two good headache remedies. Both of them fizz and both are guaranteed to relieve acidity, drowsiness and that sinking feeling. The only difference between them is that one comes in bottles, and the other comes in spangles. The one in spangles is Kitty Clark, of Ringling Brothers' circus. Never heard of her? Probably not. Kitty is just one of the "kids."

The kids are thirty-four girls who do the group acts. They ride over the jumps together, swing on the high ladders together and fill in wherever else a cute young face and a trim little figure will brighten up the ring. All their work takes years of training. Much of it takes strength and courage. They risk injury —even death—several times a day, seven days a week. They're as important to the show as the ringmaster or the star acrobat or the big top itself. And yet the announcer doesn't introduce them. The spotlight operators rest when their acts are running. Their pictures aren't on the posters. Their names aren't even in the program. It's time the kids got a salute. So here it is:

Kitty Clark might be any one of the thirty-four. She happens to be the youngest and one of the most versatile. Like most of the other kids, she's in the ladder act, the manège (riding trained horses), and the jumps, and she could double with the elephants and trapeze at a pinch. She also has a specialty: drum-majoring. And that's where you see her first and best.

When the "spec"—the opening parade —marches around the hippodrome track, look up front for a silver pin wheel, something like the propeller of a Stratoliner under full throttle. That will be Kitty's baton. Then look at Kitty herself. And sigh for at least three woebegone girls somewhere, because when prettiness was passed around, Kitty got their share too. Her eyes are blue, her brown hair is curly, she's barely out of her teens, she could match measurements with Venus, and—to get back, with a wrench, to the main topic—she's the best drum major in show business.

Pat Valdo says so. He's the boss of Ringling's performers, the kids' housemother, father-confessor and faculty adviser, and for forty years he's watched drum majors come and go. Kitty tops them all, he says, in looks, tricks and showmanship.

Twirling's a Science

Technically, though, she isn't a drum major at all. She's a twirler. A drum major leads the music. A twirler simply follows it. Don't let that "simply" mislead you.

Admirers have sent her more than a hundred batons, but her favorite is one her father made. It's a bit under a yard and a bit over a pound, and batteries in the chrome-steel shaft light up bulbs in the head and tip.

Almost inattentively, much as Jascha Heifetz would play Shave and a Haircut, Two Bits, or as Mae West would kiss a baby girl, Kitty ripples through the five basic movements: the Hand Pass—twirling from hand to hand; the Finger Roll—twirling from thumb to little finger and back; the Twice-Over Throw—up in the air, two complete spins and catch again; the butterfly—from side to side, and hand to hand; and the Under-Leg Pass, which describes itself.

This is only kindergarten stuff, of course. You can pick it up in three or four years' practice. When you've got an M. A. in twirling, as Kitty has, you can work out on Figure Eights, the Catch-Behind-Back, Thumb Rolls and Ten-Over Throws. Kitty can spin her baton forty feet in the air and catch it again.

(Continued on page 73)

Game Guys

By Gordon Cobbledick

Cleveland's hapless baseball team faces a new season—and new scorn and derision. Let's get it right. Here's what happened last year in the famous "rebellion"

PICTURES, INC.

Storm center of baseball's most spectacular "mutiny" was Oscar Vitt, the manager the Cleveland Indians didn't want. Below, Cy Slapnicka, general manager of the Indians, with his star pitcher, Bob Feller, both of whom have been erroneously blamed for the disagreement

COPLAN

BEFORE the new season opens I should like to pay tribute to the gamest baseball club this country has seen in many a year—the Cleveland Indians, who last year were taking the most violent kicking-around any group of men ever experienced in any sport. The Indians were this and the Indians were that. The Indians deserved to be booted out of baseball in a body, to join the infamous Black Sox in exile. The Indians were crybabies, the Indians were traitors, the Indians were rats, the Indians were a blot on the escutcheon of a game dedicated to the principles of fair play and sportsmanship.

From Joe Gumm, the town barber and part-time sports columnist on the Bingville Bugle who had never been nearer a major-league ball park than the county fairgrounds, to the erudite John Kieran of the New York Times, who has been everywhere and knows everything, the sporting press was in complete agreement.

The public took it up and hatred of the Indians became a national passion. Wherever they went they were booed and hooted and jeered. In Washington, Chicago and Detroit they were bombarded with mature vegetables and fruit, both citrus and hen, by lovers of fair play and sportsmanship. Nor were the Indians the sole recipients of these attentions. When representatives of a Cleveland post marched down Boylston Street in Boston at the American Legion convention in September their ears were assailed by the now-familiar bleat—"Crybabies! Crybabies!" An executive of a manufacturing concern testified that sales resistance throughout the country had increased because his salesmen came from Cleveland.

The Indians Speak Up

What had the Indians done to bring down a torrent of abuse on everything that bore the name of their city? They had asked their employer for help in their effort to win the pennant in the American League!

On June 13th the Indians disembarked from a train bringing them back from Boston and scattered to their homes for breakfast. At 9 A. M. Mel Harder, oldest member of the team in point of service, telephoned the office of Alva Bradley, president of the club, and asked for an appointment in behalf of a dozen players. They met in Bradley's office at eleven and the players spoke their piece. In substance, this was it:

They believed they had an excellent chance to win the pennant. The Yankees were down and evidently weren't going to get up. The Boston Red Sox didn't have the pitching. The Detroit Tigers seemed hopelessly out of the running.

"We can win," they said, "but not with the present setup. Remove Oscar Vitt and we'll walk in."

They detailed their charges against Manager Vitt. They said he had persistently ridiculed them in press interviews and in conversations with other managers and players. They said that his former employment in the New York Yankees chain had given him such a feeling about the strength of that club that he didn't believe anybody had a chance against them. They said it was his habit to pat a player on the back and then criticize him when out of hearing. They said he was so jittery during the course of a game that he upset the players and made good playing an impossibility.

Their decision to lay their grievances before Bradley had been reached at a meeting in a Boston hotel room the day before they came home from their second Eastern trip. They said that it had been arrived at in no sudden flush of anger but was the culmination of thinking they had been doing on the situation for more than a year.

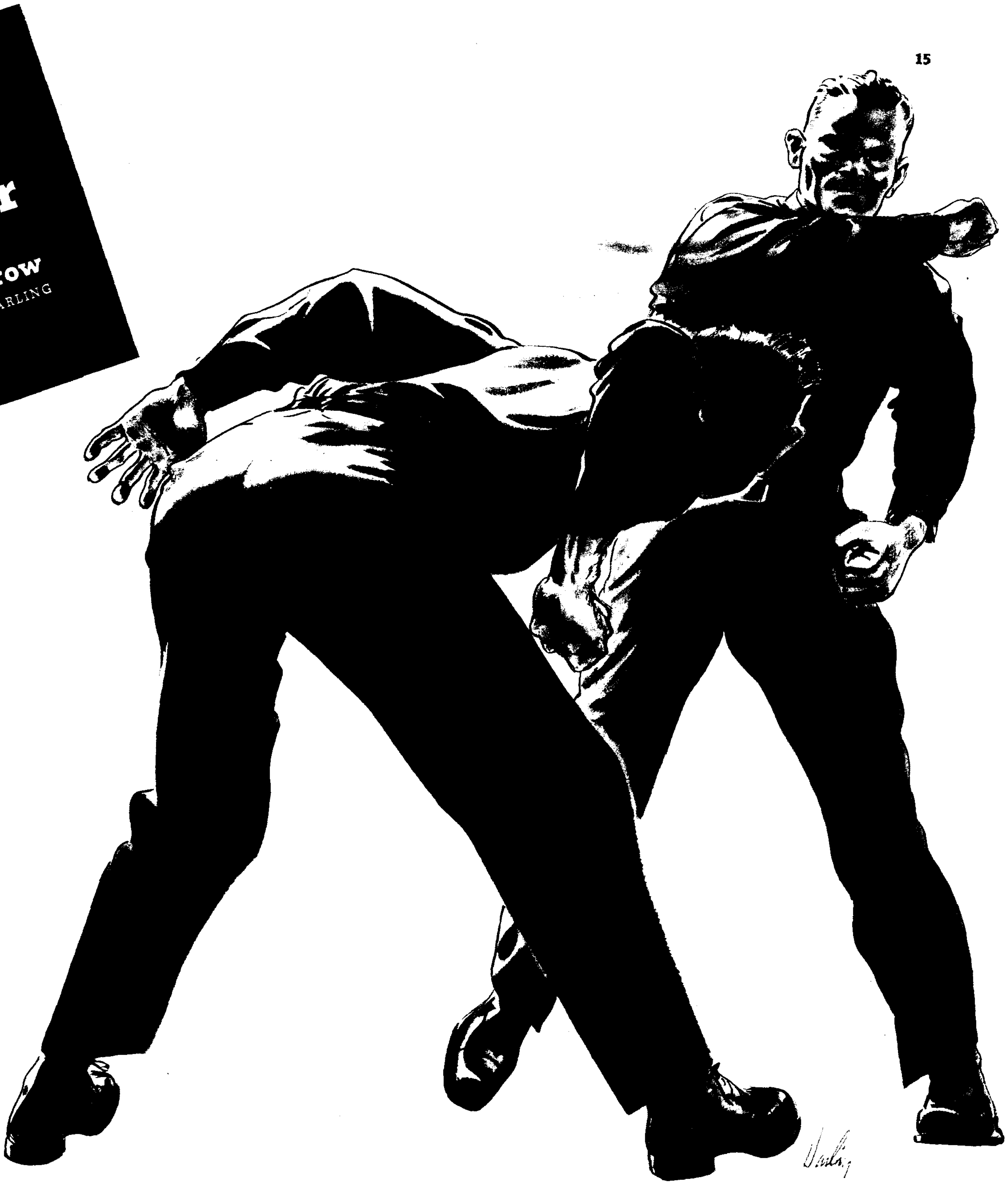
A majority of the players assumed that the whole thing was to be kept a deep secret, but a few were convinced that only by spreading the matter before the public could the desired result *(Continued on page 45)*

Marching As To War

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Selectee Giddy Gurty, strictly a man of peace—but he can be pushed just so far. Maybe he's really an American symbol



Giddy kept prowling, bent over and stealing around Happy with his arms hanging down and his hands open

HAPPY HOGAN was always a good soldier, the big rowdy. Twelve years in the Army, four times corporal and three times busted; he should have been a master sergeant with quarters and a wife and a hundred and a quarter a month, but he was such a rowdy.

Binge and fight; he was lucky to be a corporal now and then. Well, it was lucky for the Army too; they found that out. Any squad Happy was in was the best or the worst. It was the worst if Happy wasn't the corporal, because he could always lick the corporal, and that's bad, so they made him corporal when he would give them a chance. And then they had something because Happy always took great pride in his squad.

He'd slap them down but he was always for them and trying to teach them soldiering. And nobody had better take a punch at one of Happy's boys, even if he could lick him, because he would soon see Happy looking for him and saying, "Where is that big So-and-so?" Happy was a hard talker; you'd see a new shavetail trying not to shudder when he heard Happy talking to his boys even in formations. He was a fine soldier and a hard case, and any rookie that got in Happy's squad was soon a fine soldier and a hard case too.

Well, we got in a new lot of draftees and one of them was a big rawboned fellow from back in the hills down yonder. Being about nine feet high, the skipper put him in the first squad of the first platoon and that was Corporal Happy's. His name was Giddy Gurty and he was some kind of a hedge parson.

Happy took a great shine to him right away at first and had great hopes for him. He wasn't nine feet high but he looked it the way he stood and held up his big red chin and looked over the heads, straight to the front, the same way his red hair grew. And he always spoke nice and not much and never talked back, and Happy took a shine to the big apple knocker, till he found out that this Giddy Gurty never paid attention either. Anyway Happy couldn't teach him a thing.

"I learned that big dizzy So-and-so everything I know about soldiering," said Happy, ready to cry. "And so what does he know? Nothing."

Come payday, Happy collected for a bottle, and Giddy wouldn't chip in; he didn't drink. Then he wouldn't gamble; and he wouldn't lend money to Happy either, though Happy was hooked in the game and needed lucky money, and he owed everybody else, so it was Giddy or nobody, and Giddy wouldn't lend him, so how could Happy have luck? Not with Giddy around.

And stealing: He thought taking anything wasn't yours was stealing. Well, Happy might requisition something that didn't belong to the Army. And if it did belong to the Army—well, so did he, and is that stealing? And Giddy was against all swearing, cursing, oaths, profanity and bad language too, any kind.

"He don't want me to open my mouth!" said Happy. "He will break my heart yet. I will break his jaw."

Happy would, too, but he couldn't get an excuse, because the most thing Giddy was against was fighting. Happy rode him in formations and out, trying to get one harsh word out of him and bat him, but Giddy only looked over his head, thinking and mumbling his snuff ball.

Come Sunday, Giddy would spend all morning at the chapel where there were different services for different religions, and when the preacher said something Giddy liked he would shout "Amen!" or "Yea, brother!" Word got out and soon fellows were answering Church Call that never went there before, waiting for Giddy to shout "Amen!" and "Praise the Lord!" and then they would laugh, and that was bad.

He would also start a service of his own, praying and singing, where he would have a crowd doing nothing. Somebody would start him, telling him to jump, probably at the kitchen after mess or the barracks after Retreat. Till somebody kicked about the laughing and Giddy making mock. It wasn't Giddy making mock, he was in dead earnest, but the adj. told the skipper and the skipper told the topper and the topper told Giddy to cut it out.

HAPPY HOGAN was generally off the reservation after supper, hanging out at the First Aid; we are a Regular outfit and you go your way after Retreat if you show up for Reveille. It was a little before payday, and Happy was in the First Aid with some of the bunch and two civilians that he knew when they were in the Army and the two civilians were setting them up.

One was a fat fellow with bulging eyes like a frog, and the other was a dried-up little fellow, and they looked more like two yeggs or life takers, but Happy said they were two swell guys that he was with a lot when they done their hitch years back, and they certainly were loose with their change. They'd shake you for the drinks and you could owe them if you lost, and some of the boys won a couple of bucks off them shooting craps, so they got well-liked.

It being before payday, the bunch were broke, like they are after payday, and some were hanging around outside the First Aid, and along came Giddy walking like a camel with his chin up and looking away off, thinking.

"Hey, Giddy, jump! Go on and jump!" the fellows yelled.

(Continued on page 64)

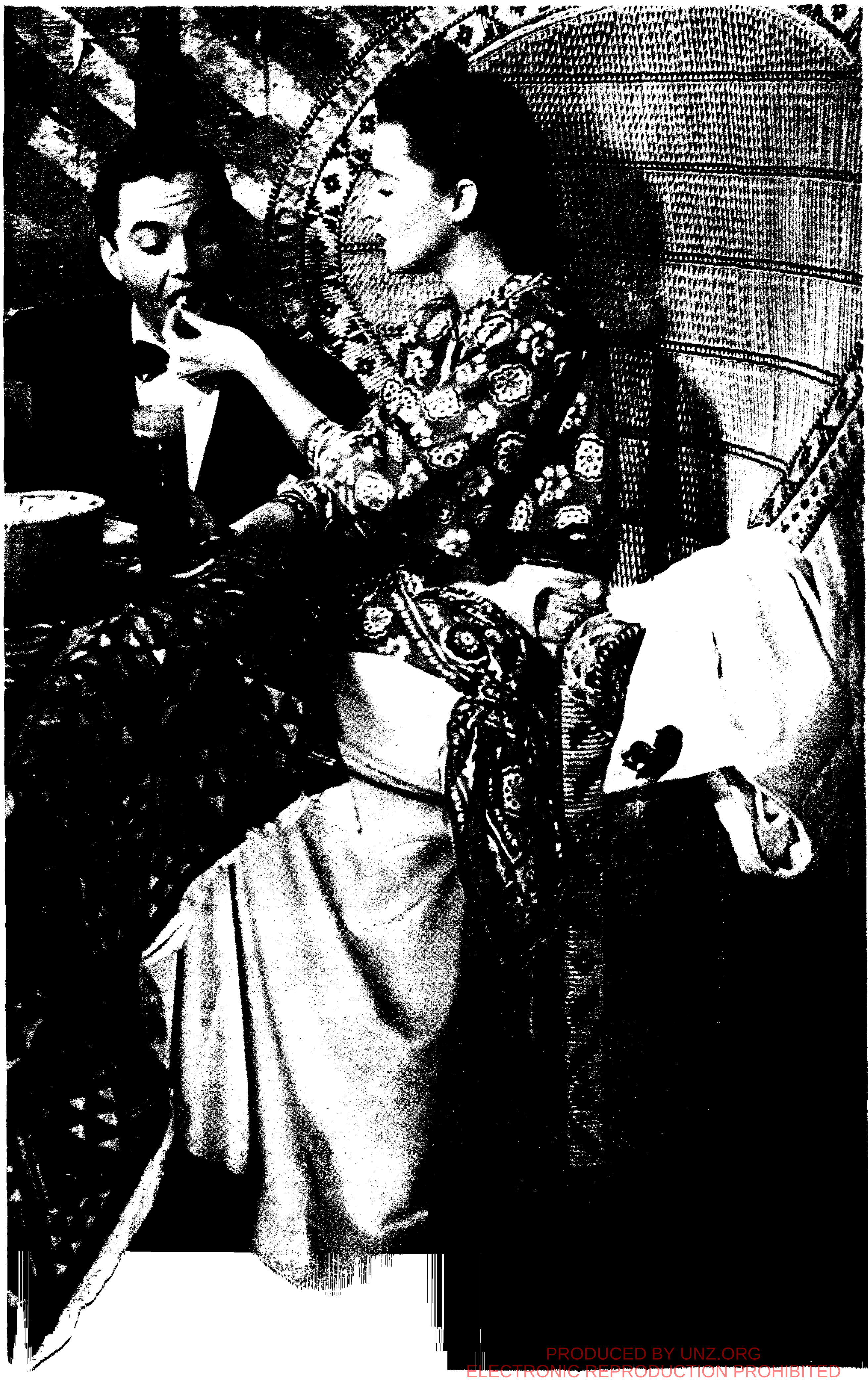
Week-end Wardrobe

By Ruth Carson

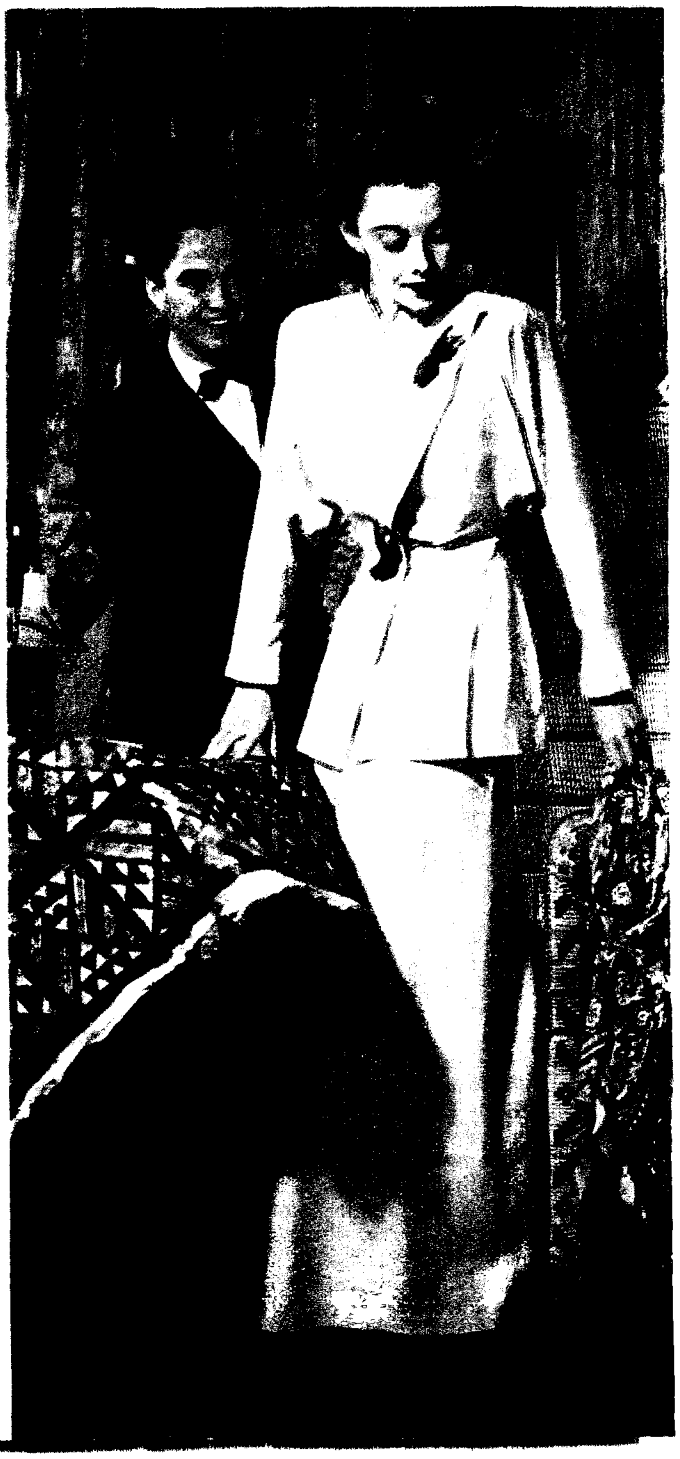
WHAT to pack? What to wear? For travelers on the wing and for week-enders with variety ahead, Gwen Wakeling has concocted the answer. It's a five-way costume that can dress you—and perfectly—for any occasion a hostess may produce. Made of silk shantung for the print, and heavy raw silk for the plain, it will pack flat and smooth in practically no space. In one smallish bag you'll still have room for all the tennis, swimming, etc., extras for your special sports.

Maybe it's her movie training—five years dressing Twentieth Century stars—maybe it's the variety of her present work, designing movie and private wardrobes; but when Gwen Wakeling was asked to enter a costume for California's big Fashion Futures show, she promptly produced this wonder wardrobe.

Collier's snatched it and Model Beverly Arnett off the runway. Dick Clayton—Jane Withers' hero in A Very Young Lady—gave Beverly a whirl around Hollywood while Cameraman Scherschel snapped a record for you. We'll point out the style notes as you read around the pictures.

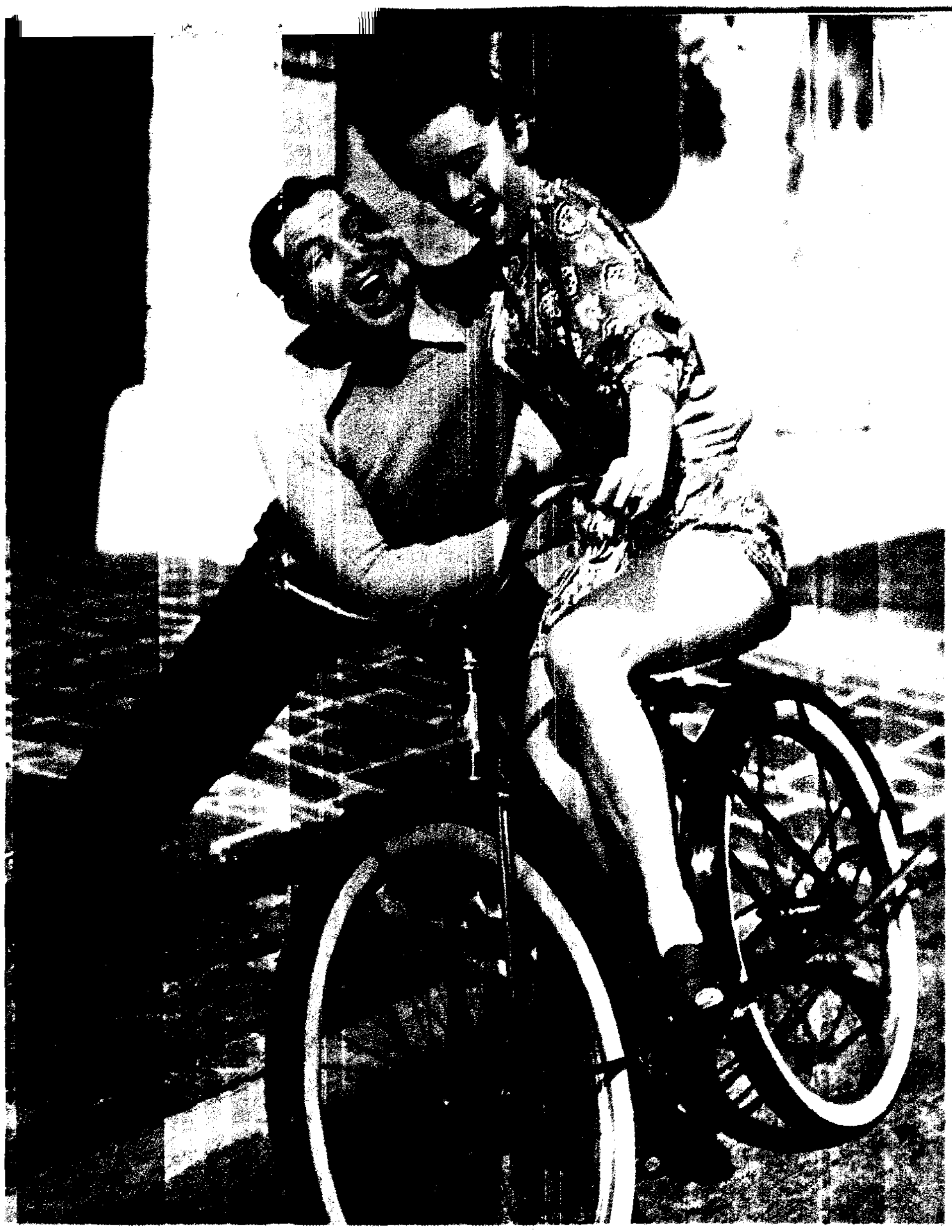


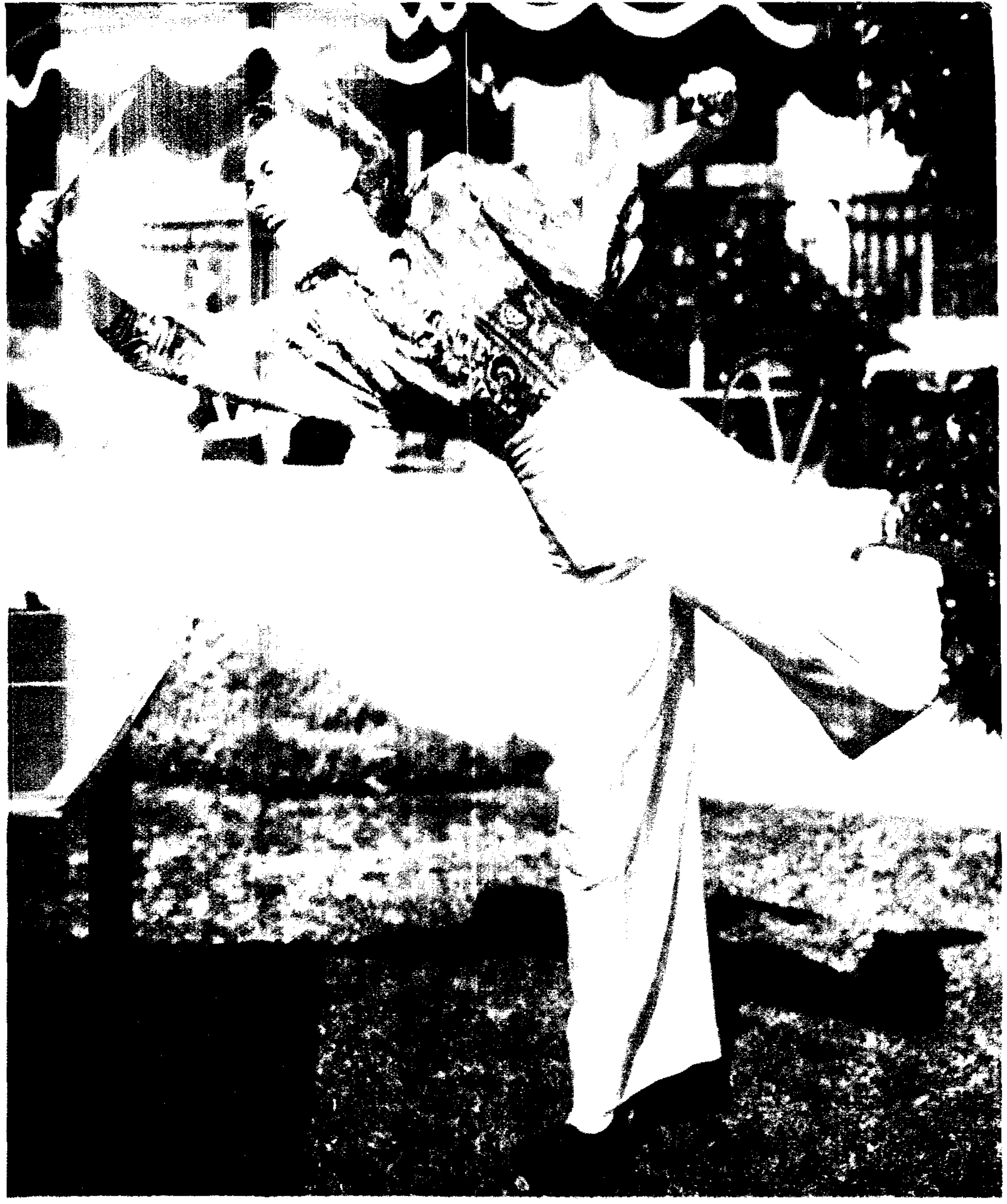
At Don the Beachcomber's for a little relaxation. Beverly wears the printed blouse, so becoming to the colorful background. She also has a spare for this very changeable costume—a naked bra top of plain silk for extra formal occasions



As Beverly leaves the Beachcomber she wears her jacket, which matches the long, slim dinner skirt. Notice the wooden fish buttons, in case you didn't before. She's carrying a printed turban, by John-Fredericks; it looks well with the dinner, street and slacks combinations

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANK SCHERSCHEL



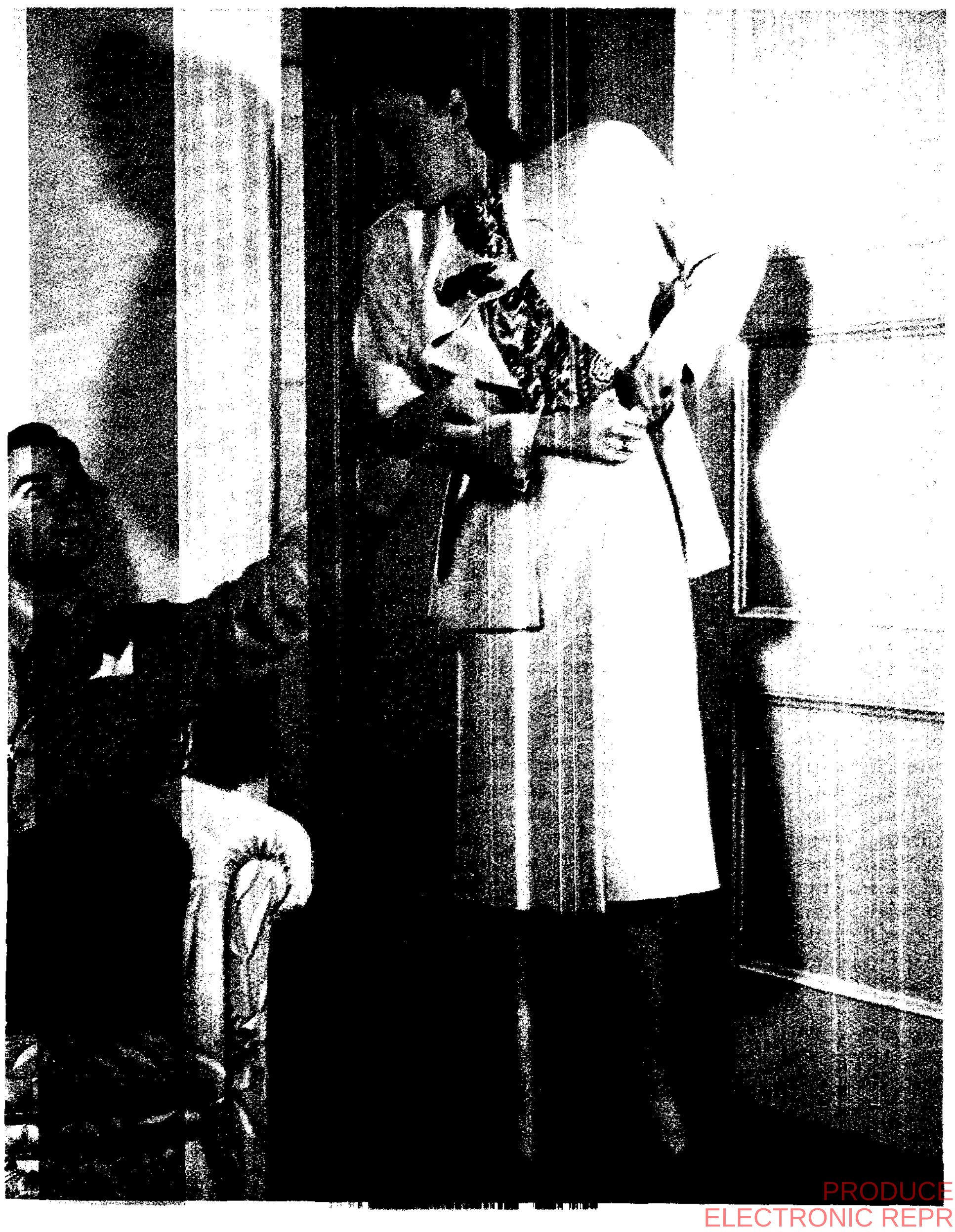


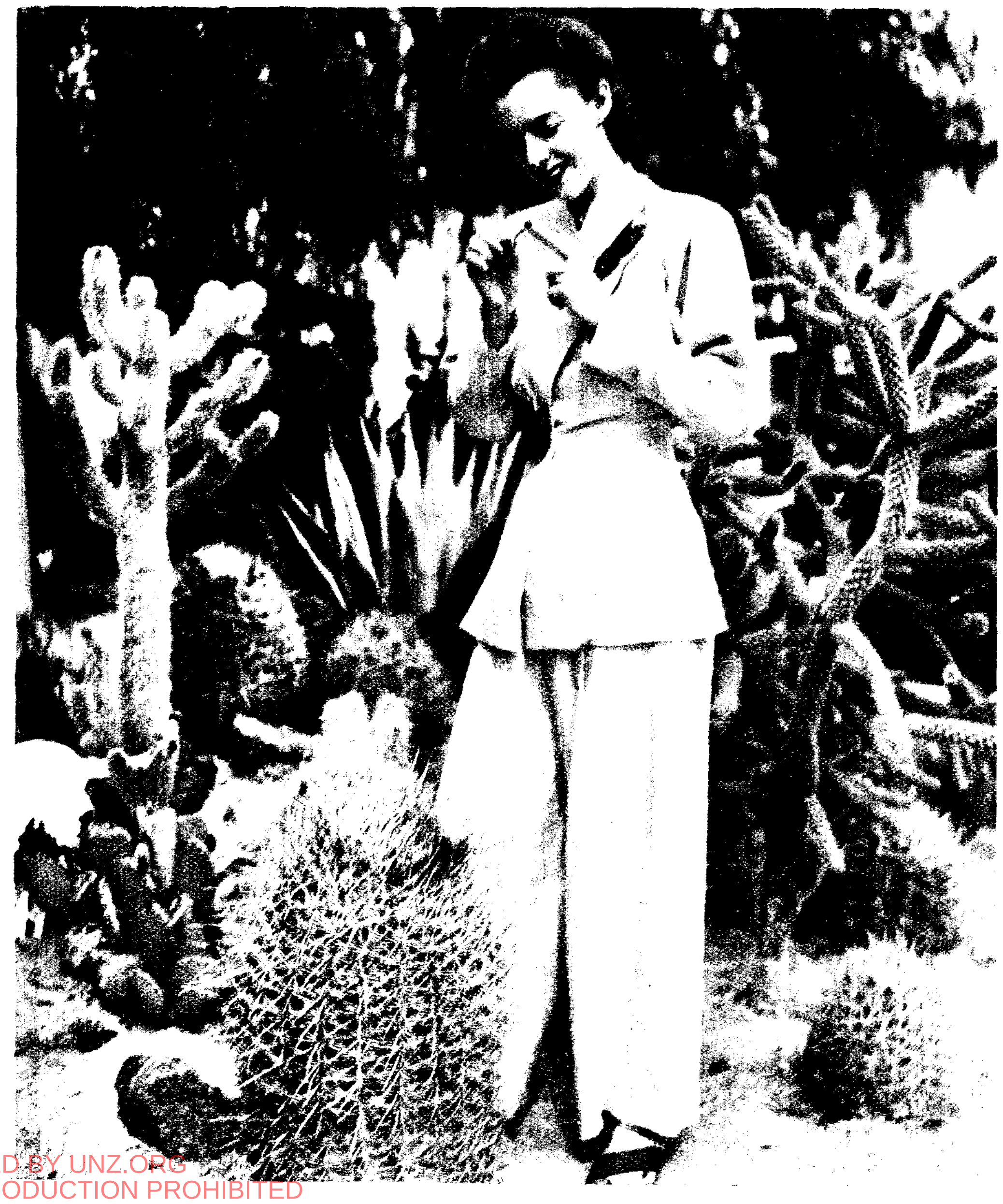
A bicycle-riding lesson is always fun and it shows off the first part of Beverly's versatile outfit, shorts and blouse in one piece; all made out of printed silk shantung scarves

Late for lunch. Anyway, take time to notice that the straight, wrap-around skirt Beverly is whipping on over her shorts is new-looking. So are longish peplum and dolman sleeves of jacket

Beverly dons her slacks of natural-color raw silk and takes a turn at table tennis to prove that her dolman sleeves, a fashion favorite this spring, allow plenty of reaching room

Slacks and jacket over shorts suit are perfect for all-day vacation wear. Dressed up enough and casual enough so that Beverly can be elegant or active, at the drop of an invitation





Fortress in the Sky

By Howard Hartley

A freighter somewhere in the Atlantic will flash the first warning and America's battlebirds, in full-dress rehearsal, will swoop seaward to repel "an enemy invasion"

MIDNIGHT on the bridge of a tramp freighter, three days out of Rio with a cargo of hides for Lisbon. A full moon rides high, lighting the long South Atlantic swells. Second Officer Tim McGurk is on watch in the dim wheelhouse.

The night seems silent and unseeing—but it is a night of ten thousand straining eyes, ten thousand alert ears. In operations offices of every American Army and Navy airfield and base, from the Carolinas to Trinidad, tense listeners cluster around short-wave receivers. Outside, mechanics are checking over plane motors. Pilots and bombardiers gather around squadron commanders, listening to final instructions.

Second Officer McGurk, hunched in a corner of the wheelhouse, doesn't know about all this. He is just one of the watchers in the ring of listening posts that, tonight, will—it is hoped—flash the "Enemy planes!" alarm to the winged defenders along the Atlantic Coast of America. If he is alert and observant, McGurk will ring up the curtain on the first full-dress rehearsal of the defense of America against invasion.

There may never be an attempt at invasion of our country from across the Atlantic. One way to discourage such an attempt is to prepare for it—and let the world know we are ready. That is why ears are attuned to radio receivers, plane motors are warming up, maps are being studied, guns and searchlights made ready—and Tim McGurk leans out over the wheelhouse window sill, listening and straining his eyes upward past the glow of the foremast light. On other ships it is the same story.

Above the throb of the engines, McGurk hears a faint humming. Then he sees, silhouetted against the moon like a flock of high-flying mallard, the bombers, guarded below and aloft by two formations of fighters! The humming rises to a thundering roar. Through his binoculars, McGurk observes the direction of flight. He counts the planes in each formation. He charts his own position and, before the first wave of bombers passes over the wallowing tramp, this radio message crackles through the night: "Forty enemy aircraft sighted. Altitude five thousand. Direction west-northwest. Observer Seven Two Four." The message gives the ship's position.

Planes and More Planes

The bombers and fighters roar westward toward the bulging South American coast. But from our air bases at Panama and Puerto Rico, Florida and the other states in the Southeast Air District, there echoes the answer to the challenge. Searchlight batteries, guarding the Atlantic approaches to Panama, are ready for action. Every city and town along the South Atlantic seaboard, from Charleston to Key West, plunges into darkness.

Thirty thousand Air Corps troops and 3,000 officers, comprising the Army's air-arm units in the Southeast district, have been waiting for McGurk's radio flash. So have the 90,000 men and 9,000 officers in the three other districts into which the continental United States has been divided as our first definite step toward a unified air command. Ready and waiting, too, are 300,000 troops, massed in Southern Army cantonments. Bugles blow assembly at the Navy's air station at Pensacola. The call resounds on the decks of our Atlantic fleet, riding at anchor at Guantanamo, Puerto Rico and our new leased base at Trinidad.

From the floodlit runways of Tampa's MacDill Field, the multiengined flying fortresses of Third Bombardment Wing, their sleek bellies freighted with cargoes of winged death, soar into the soft summer night to rendezvous with fighter squadrons from West Palm Beach and Tallahassee. Down from New Orleans and Baton Rouge and the Army Corps nests at Mississippi's Jackson and Meridian; from the new $10,000,000 base at Savannah; from Alabama's Lawson Field at Montgomery, motors screaming, come more bombers and reconnaissance planes, pursuits and interceptors.

Flung into a battle line that encircles the Caribbean and our southeastern seaboard with concentric rings of fighting aircraft, come the squadrons from the Army's big bases in New England and the Middle West, California and Texas.

Our Vulnerable Southeast

These are high lights of what will happen when Second Officer McGurk or some watcher on another ship sends that radio flash from the bridge. The script is being written by the strategists of the American high command and the finished scenario will be extremely flexible. The theater may be New England with the repulsion of air invasion from imaginary enemy bases in Greenland as the problem. Or the production may be staged with the same cast in the Pacific Northwest or along the Mexican border and the coast of Lower California. But the master minds, judging from the reports that have trickled out of Washington, have picked for the big show's première this spring our vital Southeast Air District because the maneuver in this area is designed to protect the nation's Achilles heel—the Florida peninsula that extends like a lowered gangplank toward the Caribbean.

If Second Officer McGurk spots those "enemy" planes a thousand miles at sea, our defenders will have less than four hours within which to set in motion the nation's military air power. This is not much time when measured in terms of ordinary troop concentrations. But this margin, according to veterans of the Army and Navy air arms, will be ample to fill the skies with American fighting planes.

This is a large order and it is costing a lot of money. Upward of $100,000,000 is being spent in Florida alone on the Army's huge Southeastern air base at Tampa; the Navy's regional air base at Jacksonville and the other Army and Navy fields and bases the two service arms are building from Pensacola to Key West.

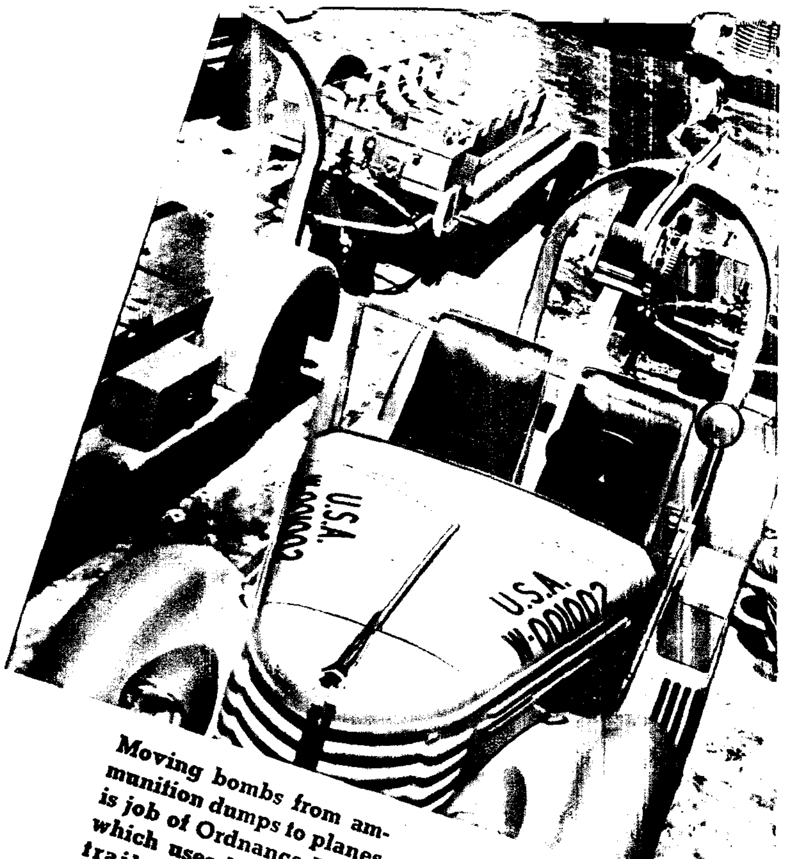
Lights burn far into the night in the plotting rooms at Tampa's Southeast Air District headquarters. Armies of workmen toil under the floodlamps at MacDill Field, the $10,000,000 bomber nest on the marshy shores of Old Tampa Bay.

Smoke rolls from the flatwoods near Tallahassee, Orlando and West Palm Beach, where boom-time subdivisions are being sacrificed.

Hangars big enough to accommodate a college football game are rearing their steel hulks.

Florida resembles the deck of an aircraft carrier. The blunt prow points toward the Panama Canal. Off to eastward, the British West Indies breast the Gulf Stream. Dead ahead is the Navy's big base at Guantanamo and beyond are Puerto Rico, Trinidad and the mosquito fleet of the Lesser and Greater Antilles.

Officers of the Army's Air Corps saw this picture long ago. They saw it from the cabins of flying fortresses, winging southward on good-will missions to the Latin Americas. But these officers will tell you that the master plan for the defense of the Panama Canal—the hemisphere's jugular vein—was conceived less than a year ago. The ghost of Brigadier General Billy Mitchell has stalked the inner councils of the American high command, and the recent establishment of our four military air districts was indicative of the swing to the British system of unified air control and its split-second timing in co-ordinated employment of aircraft, naval power and mechanized land units.



Moving bombs from ammunition dumps to planes is job of Ordnance Dept., which uses heavy truck-trailer combinations above. Right, Brig. Gen. C. E. Tinker, commandant at MacDill Field, Tampa, Army's Southeastern Air District headquarters

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

But our military observers realized that effective air defense laid a heavy accent on accurate bombing. Hitting a city from ten, twenty or even thirty thousand feet is kindergarten stuff when compared with dropping a 2,000-pound bomb plumb in the center of a battleship's funnel at half these altitudes. This is the sort of marksmanship our bombardiers must develop if we hope to defend our shores against an invading enemy.

Youngsters of the Army Air Corps are droning over the bombing ranges in Florida, Georgia and off the South Atlantic coast, dropping practice bombs with amazing accuracy. Back of Tampa's MacDill Field, there is a wooden pyramid, twenty feet square. It stands in the center of a 100-foot circle. Last summer, bombardiers of the Twenty-ninth Squadron, using our secret sight, put on a demonstration for the benefit of a small but enthusiastic audience.

The planes were *(Continued on page 59)*

100-lb. practice bombs go into a Douglas medium bomber. Practice bombs are painted blue and load is sand with two pounds of powder for flash necessary for triangulation sighting

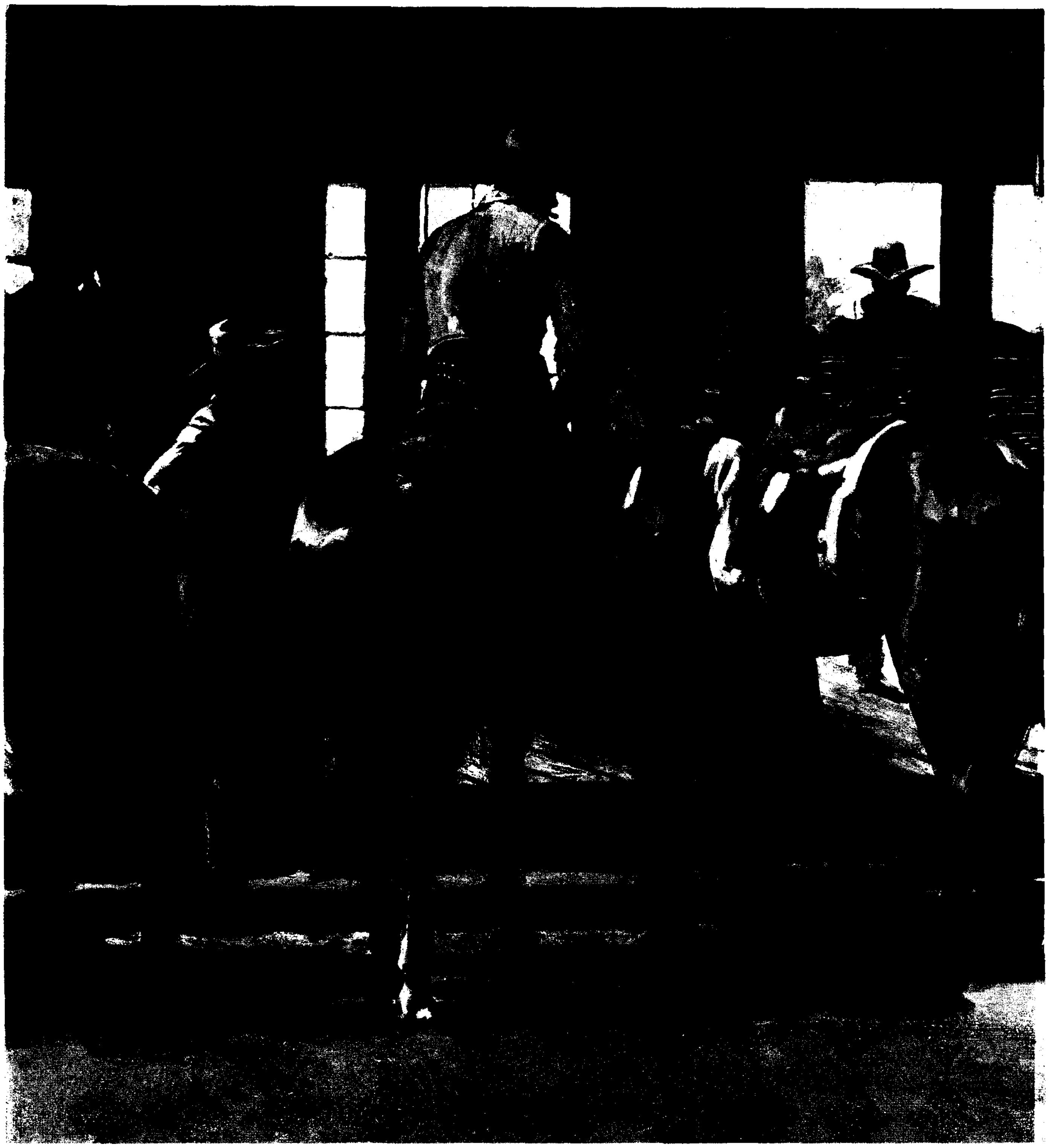
Practice target of slats and white canvas, 20 feet square at base, has been smacked with direct hits at altitudes of 6,000 to 10,000 feet. Lights are used for night practice

The crash boat is a fast speed launch—named Gen. William Mitchell—held in constant readiness for rescue work when—and if—a forced landing is made in the water near MacDill

Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



The Story Thus Far:

AFTER sixty days on the trail, Cap Ryker of the Anchor outfit in Texas pays off his men in River Bend—"the most sinful town west of the Missouri." A short time later, one of his punchers (obviously intoxicated) accosts Sherry Gault, daughter of a ranchman, Mike Gault, on the street.

Happening to be near by, Dan Mitchell, the town's marshal, steps forward. While he is endeavoring to sober the fellow up, Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney, rushes in and attacks the helpless Texan. Whereupon, Mitchell gives Green a push—a hard push that sends him sprawling in the dust—and orders the puncher to leave the town and not come back.

Green, rising, angrily insists that Mitchell arrest the drunk. Mitchell refuses to do so. Later, alone with Green (to whom she is engaged), Sherry says: "You hate Mitchell, don't you?" Green shrugs. "Just say he stands in my way," he replies. . . .

River Bend is divided into two rival factions: the gamblers, saloonmen and their hangers-on, led by Charley Fair, owner of The Pride, one of the largest saloons in the West; and the merchants and sober businessmen of the town, led by Ed Balder, whose general store is the best for miles around. Bravo Trimble, the county's sheriff, and Ford Green support Balder.

Ford Green is an ambitious man and a clever politician, and wants to "clean up" the town, in the hope that by so doing he will win enough votes in the state to send him to the United States Senate. Mitchell, a tolerant man, believes in preserving law and order. He does *not* approve of Green's plan to drive Fair and his followers out of town. This explains Green's somewhat cryptic reply to Sherry's question. . . .

Night comes to River Bend. A shot rings out. Hearing it, Mitchell hurries to The Pride, pushes his way through a crowd that has gathered, and finds that a gambler named Hazelhurst has shot one of Cap Ryker's men. As he arrives, Ryker, in a frenzy of anger, is threatening to take the law into his own hands. Mitchell remonstrates with him. "Marshal," Ryker exclaims, "I'm going to show you."

Mitchell stares at the big Texan. "Stand fast," he says quietly, "or you'll be the next man in boot hill."

II

A CROWD was a harp on whose strings a man played a tune, but it depended on which man played the tune, Mitchell or Cap Ryker. Mitchell saw a greater floridness spread across the Texan's massive cheeks, he watched the big body freeze. The crowd was waiting, but this break was not enough. The crowd was still dangerous. So he said to Hazelhurst, "Walk out with me. Walk out ahead of me. I'll lock you up."

Charley Fair opened his mouth to speak, and closed it. George Hazelhurst gave Mitchell an affronted stare; he had wrapped himself in a shroud of bitter-proud fatalism and it took a moment for the words to get through. Presently he turned and stepped ahead of Mitchell. At that moment Mitchell's glance, sweeping the crowd, saw in the background the little redheaded Anchor man he had earlier warned out of town.

Between the center of the room and the door was the solid mass of the crowd. Its pressure stopped George Hazelhurst dead. He looked around at Mitchell and said in a tone which ran ringing through the stillness, "I won't wrestle with those dogs, Mitchell. I'll stand here. There's four loads left in this gun."

It was like pitch thrown on flame; he saw brightness flash higher in all those waiting eyes before him and he knew he had to arrest that fire before it broke through. Knowing it, he swung around, speaking to the redheaded Anchor cowhand in the back end of the room: "I warned you to stay out of town, son. When I get this chore done I'm comin' back after you." Turning, he gave George Hazelhurst a boost forward with his hand.

He had shifted the crowd's thinking from this present moment to what would happen in the future; and through this little hole of indecision he shoved George Hazelhurst. The nearest man stepped aside, making a crack in the crowd. Mitchell put both broad hands on Hazelhurst's back, ramming the gambler onward. Hazelhurst struck these slow-yielding Texans and looked back at Mitchell with distaste, and then grew angry and plunged at the door, using his elbows. Charley Fair's round, easing talk made a play for attention: "Where's the music—where's the music? Hit the bar, boys. It's on the house."

MEN moved from the doorway, letting Hazelhurst and Mitchell go by. Music poured into the silence. Out on the walk, Mitchell caught Hazelhurst's arm and guided him across Briar Street toward the jail office. Hazelhurst grumbled, "Never mind—never mind. We're out of trouble."

"No," said Mitchell, "you're not. I'll lock you up until the town's empty."

Hazelhurst moved into the jail office and stopped while Mitchell unlocked the jail door. He scowled at Mitchell's pointing finger. Thin and pale as he was, a fastidious self-respect burned in him. "The man called me a crook," he grumbled. Mitchell pushed him into the jail cell and locked it. "Dan," complained Hazelhurst, "I don't like this." Then a grudging admiration came out of him. "You're smart as hell. You handled that bunch. Don't let 'em pull you into The Pride again tonight. Stay out on the street."

Mitchell stared at him. "You heard me talk to the redhead, didn't you?"

"Just a play to change their attention, wasn't it?"

"It was a promise," said Mitchell. The night had made him rough, it had stretched his nerves. There was always a time, when trouble broke, that the caution in this man went completely away so that he became as reckless and as rash as the wild ones marching up the Texas trail. He said: "You damned card players make a hell of a show about your pride. I've got mine, too, George."

"Ah," murmured Hazelhurst, "I'm sorry." But he added: "It is different, Dan. A man like me has nothing but pride. It is just a front, like a white shirt. Take that away and I'm just George Hazelhurst, no damned good." He held the silence a moment, later to add morosely: "It would be a fine thing if I died making a decent show. It would be the best kind of an end for a fellow like me—one touch of dignity in a useless life. But not for you, Dan. You've got too much. Don't let your pride kill you, which it will certainly do."

MITCHELL turned into the street again, moving back to The Pride. A new group of horsemen came around the corner of The Drovers' and charged up Race, their dust thickening the yellow lamplight, and other men came out of the adjoining saloons and stood along the walls of Race to watch the scene whose warning had somehow gotten through town with the swiftness of an electrical charge.

The near doorway of The Pride was empty, the onlooking Texans having moved back along the street and along the saloon wall. As Mitchell reached the doorway he cast one glance behind him and his eyes lifted and he saw Sherry Gault framed in her window on the second floor of Webber's House. Every

"I will be back before the month is out," he roared. "Before the month is out this town will be dead—and so will you! Anchor—come on!"

thought in him had been fixed on the chore ahead but now one sweep of feeling took him away from this night so that the shape of her body, full and rounded and still, caught all his imagination and all his desires until there was no other thing which greatly mattered. He had known her for a year, had seen her frequently, had now and then spoken to her; but this night it was as though, long looking at the cold and distant brightness of a star, he saw that star blaze and fall and fill the sky.

In the deeper shadows he heard a familiar voice call, "Wait—wait," and that sound brought him all the way back to Race Street. Turning, he found Tom Leathers in the middle of the dust of the street, watching this scene with a practiced eye; for Tom Leathers, long his close friend and once his riding companion in younger days, was a man who had seen sin in its many forms and knew the shape of it from memory. Leathers was laughing as though this night amused him, but even in his laughter was the small metal strike of temper rising to the occasion.

"Wait for what?" asked Mitchell.

"Why," said Leathers, letting his smile grow, "I just wanted to ask you if I could get drunk."

To the Texans massed along The Pride's outer wall he was only a lone man, moved by no serious purpose. Mitchell knew him better. Tom Leathers had warned him to use a little caution and now, as he smiled and spoke, Tom Leathers looked at the Texans on the street with his bright, guileless face and searched them for trouble.

"I guess," said Mitchell, "you know the way to do it."

"Why," called Leathers, enjoying himself, "I have looked on the flowers of nature and I have listened to the little brook and I have smelled me the smell of summer in the hills and I am a virtuous man on the edge of embracing the wicked temptations of this here Babylon."

"You're full of hot air, which is worse than whisky," Mitchell told him, and turned to The Pride's door. He stood in the outflushed beam of light, facing The Pride's long barroom. The piano music went on, without much melody, and Charley Fair stood at the bar with a few of his housemen around him, vainly waiting for the crowd to march up for the offered free drink. The Texas trail hands made a wall across the room and they faced the doorway and they were waiting. The redheaded puncher stood behind that wall.

He turned from the doorway and walked to Brian Street. Behind him, Tom Leathers' voice issued its mild reflection: "I will just get a temporary smell." Swinging into Briar, Mitchell looked back and saw that Leathers now strolled idly toward The Pride as though nothing mattered. Mitchell walked swiftly down the Briar Street side of The Pride and came to the saloon's rear door, which was closed; he opened it, coming into Charley Fair's back office. He crossed the office and laid a hand on the inner door's knob, turning it and pulling the door wide. When he stepped through it he was behind the crowd and he was close by the redheaded puncher.

"All right," he said. "Come with me."

THE redhead wheeled, half lifting a hand, and the nearest men pivoted and somebody yelled: "Anchor!" The piano stopped and Cap Ryker's voice rolled out its massive thunder: "Knock him down—knock him down!" Cap Ryker was near the bar. Charley Fair reached out a hand to restrain him but the huge Texan came through the crowd, tearing a broad pathway and roaring as he pushed. He had not checked his gun with the barkeep and now, ten feet from Mitchell, he reached for it. Mitchell knocked the redhead aside. He jumped at Cap Ryker and brought the barrel of his own gun overhand and cracked it across Cap Ryker's temple. Cap Ryker fell like a mountain landslide, the sound of his collapse running back throughout the great hall. The redhead cried: "Somebody get a gun! Shoot this proud—!"

All these Texans were moving in on Mitchell; they swayed in a slow mass, not yet fully gathered for a run. The redhead started a second yell. Mitchell reached back and caught the redhead at the shirt collar, pulling him in. He slid the crook of his arm around the redhead's neck and bent the redhead backward, slowly cutting off the man's cry, slowly strangling him, slowly twisting his spine. He dropped the redhead, hearing that man's great gasp. He said: "You boys have had your fun. Now the town's closed for the night. Shut up the bar, Charley."

He watched the crowd; he felt its hatred as a scorching heat. But he had stopped trouble dead, he had tied this crowd up. Having done so, now he had to get it in motion again, toward the doors. Mitchell said: "Sorry, Red. You bucked the tiger on the wrong night." He watched the redhead pull himself from the floor, but from the edge of his vision he noticed the slow shift of the men in front of him. Some of the Anchor outfit came up to take care of Cap Ryker who lay senseless still, and a hole appeared in the crowd. Mitchell moved into it and walked out across the room and into the street.

Leathers murmured: "That's luck."

TROUBLE had telegraphed itself all through the town. Men remained along both sides of Race, listening and watching. The music in The Dream had quit and the women there clustered around the corner of Ute Street, the spangles of their dresses glittering in the light. The buckskin stood in its tracks, its ears lifting when Mitchell moved from The Pride. Mitchell stepped into the saddle and waited.

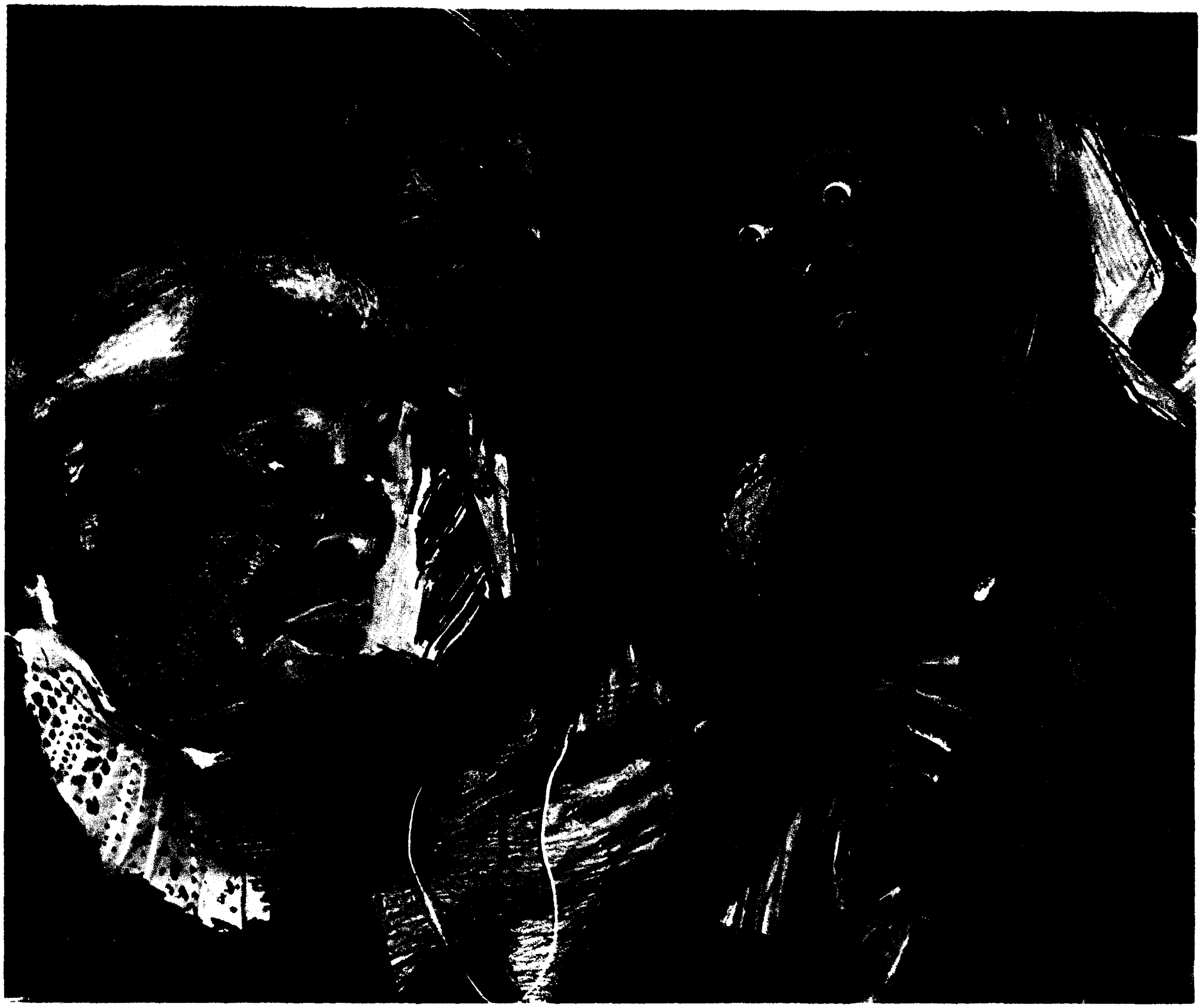
He watched the men drift along the walk and scatter toward their racked ponies. He watched them swing up. But they stood fast, waiting for another break and eager for it, and somebody called in a steady, hard voice: "Anchor, come here." Cap Ryker rolled out of The Pride with two men giving him a hand. He stopped on the street to pull himself together and he saw Mitchell above him on the buckskin. He looked long at the marshal, never speaking, and moved on. All the outfits were collecting and the riot and revel had gone completely from Race Street, leaving it dismal. Cap Ryker climbed to his saddle and took up his reins. He swung half around, facing Mitchell, and his voice began to roar:

"Now I'll tell you something, friend! This is what I say and I swear it on my mother's memory! I am going back down the trail. I am going to spread the name of this dirty, crooked, miserable, cheating hellhole, and I am going to spread your name. And I will be back before the month is out. Before the month is out this town will be dead—and so will you! Anchor—come on!"

The outfit whirled away. One by one other outfits and other groups trotted down Race, turned the corner of The Drovers' and were gone. Presently Race was empty and the music had entirely faded and the lights went out one by one. Charley Fair came from his place and looked up at Mitchell.

"This time, Mitchell, you went too far," he said.

(Continued on page 52)



"Have him wear this around his neck," she said. "It'll keep off any spirit ever was"

Willie Wurtzel's Way

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The effects of black magic on a very black boy named Refugee Smith

WILLIE WURTZEL taxied up Lenox Avenue with peace and contentment pervading his soul. He had just signed his fighter, Refugee Smith, to go ten rounds or less with one Frankie Blood at Madison Square Garden. The fight was to take place approximately one month hence, with the Wurtzel-Smith percentage of the gate of such a size that Willie's original demand for same had brought many a screech of anguish from the promoter.

Willie leaned forward in the taxi and pushed the glass aside. "Turn left," he said, "at a hunnert-thirty-fifth." He paused a moment, then innocently added: "Did you ever see a tarball, name of Refugee Smith, fight?"

The taxi driver halfway turned his head. "Ya mean the dinge 'at t'inks tha Lord is in his corner?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah," the taxi driver said. "I seen him. I seen him flatten Kid Coco in t'ree heats out in Queens, onct. I don't see what he needs tha Lord in his corner for with that right of his'n."

"He's a great fighter," Willie said. "He got religion," he added slyly, "when his manager saved him out of the river, one time. He thought God had sent him."

"Yeah," the taxi driver agreed. "I heard that. A shame a good dinge like that hadda get took in by one of them Broadway Yiddishers, ain't it?"

Willie Wurtzel swallowed slowly. "Pull up here," he said finally, indicating the Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe.

The driver stopped, climbed out and opened the door. He looked full into the saturnine Semitic face of his fare. "Gee, mister," he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know you was a Jewish gent. . . ."

WILLIE stopped him with an imperious wave of his hand. He reached into a pocket of his colorful double-breasted vest and extracted the two-dollar counterfeit bill he had been carrying since acquiring it in a stuss game some months before. "Don't let it bother you, Buddy," he said. "Just gimme my change. *All* of it." He turned and stumped into the restaurant.

Senate "Slippery" Ellum, proprietor of the Eatmor Fish & Chips, friend and confidant of Refugee Smith, sat in the first booth with Refugee. Willie came over to the booth and sat down. He greeted Slippery, turned to his fighter. "Boy," he said, "I just signed you for the Garden, a month from Friday. You fight Frankie Blood."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Willie," Refugee said. "I was frettin' wid de idlements."

Willie Wurtzel, out of the corner of his eye, saw Slippery's features assume a strange, half-fearful look.

"He's a Haitian," Willie said. "A good, tough boy but we'll take him."

"Us better git to trainin' tomorrow," Refugee said, pleased with the prospect of work. "Though I feels hits de truthful fack I don't need to feel no better."

(Continued on page 60)

VIGILANCE

By George Harmon Coxe

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

WHEN Steve Rankin brought the car down to the main floor Miss Appleton was waiting. He would have hurried her right up—if he hadn't seen Mr. Van Nostwick coming along.

Mr. Van Nostwick occupied offices on the second and dealt in diamonds and precious stones. Behind him came the mailman—not Wally Bendow, the regular carrier, but a new one, who stepped hurriedly in, his leather sack on his back.

"Wally sick?"

"Touch of grippe, I guess."

"Been carrying long?"

"Couple of years."

Going down, Stella Williams got on at the fourth. She gave him a smile and he gave it back to her because she looked so young. He'd miss seeing her when he got his appointment.

Sergeant Grauer was kidding the fellow at the cigar counter. He came over to Steve. "Here's another 'Reader,' kid," he said.

Steve opened the circular. It was a regular police form, showing full-face and profile pictures of a man wanted for bank robbery. "I'll give it my attention," Steve said, and grinned at the grizzled veteran in plain clothes.

"If you need any help, yell."

GRAUER chuckled and went back to the cigar counter. He'd be there another ten minutes arguing about the war, but Steve saw Mr. Turner coming along, the bookkeeper for Stein & Son.

Steve let him out at the third and let the car stand while he opened the circular. Tod Erickson alias Erik Tolman alias Ted Eichler, he read. Six feet —190—brown eyes—sallow complexion. . . . He studied the thick-jowled face, the heavy nose. The buzzer summoned him and he went down thinking.

Sometime—soon, he hoped—he'd be exchanging this tan uniform for a blue one. He'd passed the exams and all he had to do was wait. If something happened to hurry up the appointment that would be swell, but Steve wasn't expecting much to happen to help him. Not here in the Jewelers' Building.

It wasn't big, but it was modern. Unlike its two- and three-storied walk-up neighbors, this building had the latest of everything, including burglar alarms. With push buttons scattered about in every jewelry office, there wasn't a chance of anybody getting close enough to throw the switch. No, it wasn't because he hoped to do any good or hurry things that he studied "Wanted" circulars and eyed people so closely; he was just practicing against the day when he wore a shield. They'd kidded him some, the other rookies, but Sergeant Grauer understood and that's why he offered advice.

"When you're a cop," Grauer said, "always *observe* and *remember*. Never forget that, kid."

Steve thought it was good advice, and fun too, sizing people up. He put the circular away as the main door swung back. A man and a woman were waiting. The man was big, thick-jowled, sullen-looking; the woman was flashily dressed and heavily made up. To Kalmus, the credit jewelers, to pay the weekly buck, Steve thought, and when she got off at the second, confirming his judgment, he scanned the stranger, thinking about the circular and seeing similarities but not, he decided, enough.

He made two more trips and got a call to the fifth floor. It was the stranger again. A salesman from Hurwich Brothers got on at the fourth with his jewelry sample case. At the third a girl stepped in. At the second the woman from Kalmus was waiting, and the mailman. He stepped in last, swinging his pack farther around on his back and facing the door. The car had started down when the impulse hit Steve Rankin and he leaned against the wall, feeling for the emergency switch with his elbow, an odd excitement plucking at his nerve ends as he surreptitiously snapped it off.

The car stopped between floors. He heard the big man grunt. He began to work the lever back and forth, saying, "There isn't any danger. Don't worry."

"If it's the power," the mailman said, "why is the light still on here?" And then he had pushed Steve aside. He found the switch, snapped it on and stepped back. "Now try it," he said curtly.

Steve let his breath come out. "Funny," he said when the car started.

The door swung back and Steve went out with the mailman, relief striking at him when he saw Sergeant Grauer at the cigar counter. He called to him and grabbed the mailman's arm. The fellow snarled and tried to pull free and then Grauer was there.

"He's no mailman," Steve said.

"If you're a cop," the man said to Grauer, "drag him off or I'll sign a complaint."

"He's a phony," Steve said, "and—"

"Look." Grauer was annoyed. "This won't help your appointment, son—"

That was when the alarm went off, a terrifying blast of sound that hammered at Steve's eardrums and comforted him strangely. He countered enthusiastically when the mailman whipped up the gun, and clung to it, and kicked the fellow's feet from under him, sitting on him while Grauer slipped on the cuffs.

They had found the box of loose diamonds when Mr. Van Nostwick came charging down the stairs. . . .

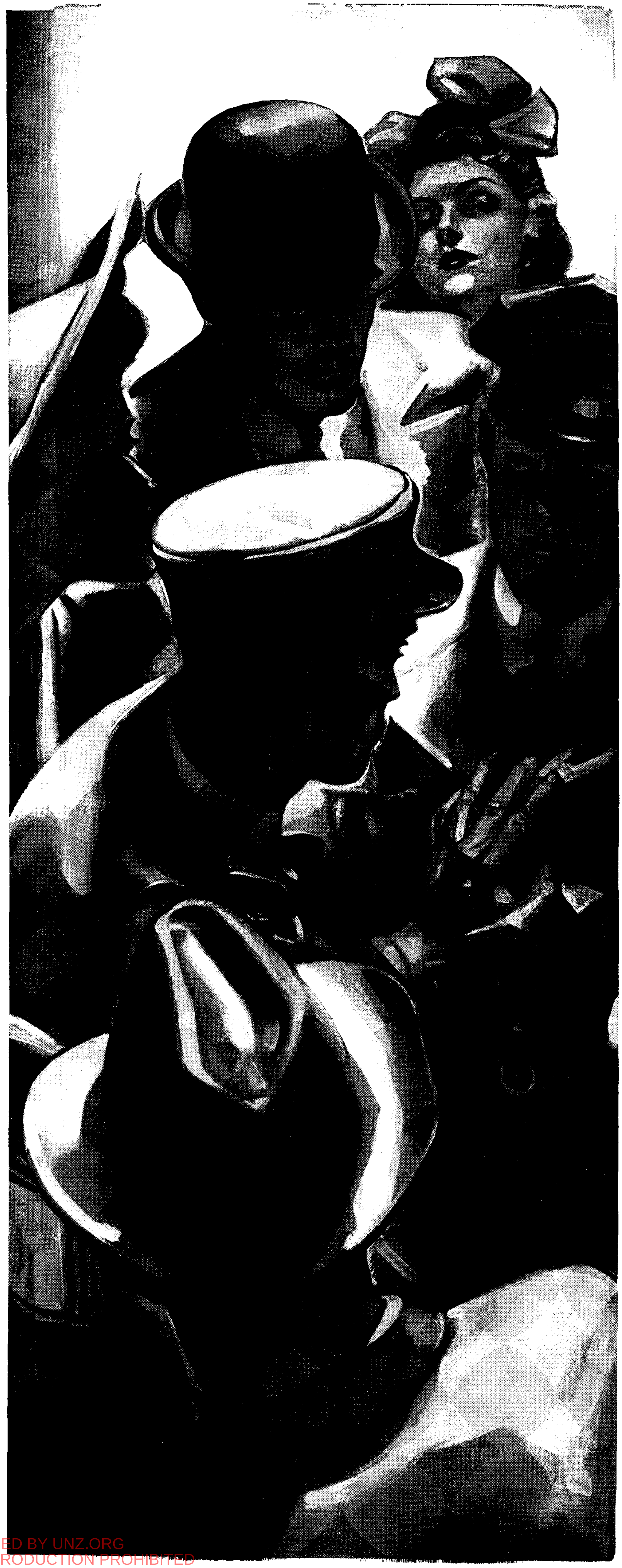
SERGEANT GRAUER was whistling when he came back a little later. "It was a setup," he said. "The guy hired an office in the joint next door and wrote himself a letter. When Bendow delivered it, he jumped him and switched the uniform. How'd you tumble, son?"

"The way he carried his sack. Mailmen are supposed to switch it from back to front in crowded places like elevators and subways, so they can always watch it. I noticed Bendow and asked him. He says it's about the first thing they learn." He grinned. "I wondered about it when he rode up; when he did it again I had a hunch."

Grauer nodded approvingly. "What'd I tell you?"

"'To observe and remember." Steve's grin cracked wide open.

"I'll tell the inspector you've been practicing," Grauer said. "You better get ready to switch uniforms yourself."



He pushed Steve aside, found the switch and snapped it on. "Now try it," he said curtly

OUR NEW ARMY

CAMP PENDLETON, VIRGINIA. Favorite Brass Hat story at this cantonment located in the Tidewater district just south of Virginia Beach is the time officers, advised by the War Department to welcome selectees with a regimental band and a speech by a C. O., got ready to do their stuff. Trombone players oiled their horns and the colonels cleared their throats. Came the vanguard of the GG's (Government Guests)—a lone and lonely selectee from Indiana. Just one guy. Speeches died in their tracheas and bandsmen wandered over to the Post Exchange for a beer. A bust.

There isn't a tent left in this training area for the 57th and 244th Coast Artillery (the latter last year won the Coast Artillery Association trophy for greatest efficiency in target practice). Permanent barracks are completed, tons of former sand dunes have been hauled from the near-by beach to fill in swampy sections, the drainage problem is rapidly being licked.... One morning the boys marched out to the parade ground to find it occupied by a battalion of sea gulls stepping high in the flooded expanse.

Battery B, of the 244th, had a time with New York's Parrino brothers. Besides being first-class privates they're twins; in photos they're always, left to right, Vincent and Salvatore—or vice versa. "That," one would say when things went haywire, "wasn't me; it was my brother." Officers straightened things out by ordering one to grow a mustache.

FORT STORY. North of Virginia Beach, at Cape Henry, this historic and strategic post is garrisoned by the 71st Coast Artillery (antiaircraft) and the 246th C. A. (Harbor Defense, Virginia National Guard). The mobile 71st, made up principally of Regular and Reserve officers and Pennsylvania selectees, will soon begin spring convoys through several states, leaving the 246th to hold the fort, which protects the Chesapeake Bay entrance and hence waters leading to Washington, Baltimore, Norfolk and Newport News.

Three nights weekly a plane from Langley Field, some thirty miles by air, wings in high circles over the post to be picked up by some of 71st's sixty-inch searchlights and kept in the line of antiaircraft guns. Through a communications system known mysteriously as C. P. X., officers are advised of gun crews' scores. C. P. X. messages are dramatized to relieve boredom. One battery reported downing five out of three planes; another claimed the capture of four "enemy fliers." When officers ordered the prisoners to be brought front and center, gun units replied that the nonexistent airmen had escaped. Officers countered by ordering out a detail to find them. . . . The morose detail futilely scoured the surrounding sand dunes most of the night.

Camp Pendleton and Fort Story are comparatively comfortable and the grub is good; but both woefully lack controlled recreational facilities, which chaplains are working feverishly to establish. Between the two posts lies a popular beach resort with only beer, bowling and billiards for soldiers. Nearest city is Norfolk, nineteen miles away, where no real effort is being made to entertain Army personnel or some 8,000 six-year-enlisted trainees from the fast-growing Naval Operating Base seven miles north of town. There's practically nothing for the boys to do but take on a few beers, catch burlesque shows and have mermaids tattooed here and there on the old epidermis. Something ought to be done.

CAMP BOWIE, TEXAS. One Mr. Louis A. Neveleff is in a jam. Before the draft Mr. Neveleff was with a Dallas millinery firm drawing $10,000 a year—as an executive. Now he's a military man pulling down $21 a month—as a private. Seems Mr. Neveleff has thought all along that he was born on April 10, 1905, which would make him thirty-six this week. But no. His birth certificate, belatedly summoned, shows that he was born a year earlier, thus

Applying emergency splint

Medical Unit Training. Camp Grant (Illinois) selectees with a flair for medical matters are routed from reception to Medical Replacement center where 7,500 can be trained at on
time in a three-phase maximum period of thirteen weeks. Time depends upon previous experienc
duty for which the man is being prepared and his ability to learn. In two weeks of basic training th
selectee learns Army fundamentals: How to care for and display uniform, how to march, how to pitch
tent. From then on until the end of the tenth week emphasis is placed on specialized, tactical and logistical training which will fit the student into a unit job. In this tactical period, specialists (such as X-ra

Lifting man onto litter

Swabbing throat or tonsil

**hnicians, dental, laboratory, pharmacy, surgical, sanitary and veterinary assistants) are segregated
m the group to study enlisted specialized courses lasting from two to three months, in medical depart-
nt service schools, general hospitals, civilian educational institutions. The basics enter a final three-
ek tactical period, at the end of which time a unit is prepared to establish and operate battalion or
imental dispensaries and function under combat conditions. Medical Replacement Center students
ll fill vacancies in medical regiments, hospital companies, laboratories and in infantry regiments. Pic-
es on these pages, showing training details, taken at Rockford for Collier's by Valentino Sarra**

Application of head bandage

proving that he has just celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday. Draftee Neveleff presented the natal document to his local draft-board chairman Roy James, who said, quote I don't know unquote. Camp Bowie officials likewise refused to commit themselves. But unofficially, Mr. Neveleff will probably stay in the Army because, although he's over draft age, he's not over military age. If you feel like feeling sorry for somebody this week, select Selectee Neveleff.

FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON. L. L. Montgomery of Tillamook, Oregon, did a four-year hitch in the Navy aboard the Pennsylvania and the Arizona, and became a first-class hospital man. Now in the Army on a year's volunteer service, he'll likely be assigned to the Medical Corps. "It's nice to be ashore and close to cities," says Montgomery, "and the Army's more comfortable. Look. If you want a shower there's a shower room and steaming hot water right in your barracks. In the Navy we had to bathe in a bucket. Your Army laundry bill is about two-fifty a week, even if you throw in ten shirts. The Navy just hands you a G. I. horse brush and some soap, and you do your scrubbing on deck. Me, I'll take the Army." The Navy won't like this.

MANY trainees are being pushed into yet unformed divisions; others are padding out understrength National Guard units. Lucky are those who will be assigned to old-line Army organizations—outfits with a staff of wise, sun-wrinkled veterans and a regimental tradition, like the 15th ("Can Do") Infantry, which has been training some of the new men. Since before the last war the 15th was stationed in China, returning about three years ago to its present base at Fort Lewis. After years of keeping the Chinese railroad open to the sea, the quiet pace of Army reservation life was too much for many of the old-timers, who transferred to outfits abroad.

Among the handful of China Service men is James V. Hendrix, a W. C. Fields kind of man in bulk, wit and easygoing outlook. Hendrix joined the Army a quarter century ago and has a box full of service pins and victory medals, for Verdun, St. Mihiel, Chateau-Thierry, Aisne, Champagne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne . . . Hendrix calls himself a "barracks bag tramp," meaning he stays long enough in one company to work up to a sergeancy, gets restless, then shuffles off to some other outfit to start from scratch. Doesn't take him long. You don't have to believe it, but they tell about the time a captain called up Hendrix's company. "If Private Hendrix is there, send him over," said the captain. "Yessir," somebody answered, "but he's Corporal Hendrix now, sir." Big Hendrix presently appeared at the captain's office, saluted, said proudly: "Sergeant Hendrix reporting, sir."

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA. Shortly before forty-seven members of the 501st Parachute Battalion were selected to begin training in mass jumping, a movie called Geronimo was exhibited at the Post Exchange. For some reason which nobody seems able to explain the jumpers made Geronimo their rallying cry. Now, each man shouts the word lustily as he dives out into space. The original forty-seven parachutists have been augmented by several hundred, and training has advanced to the point where an entire company will jump at one time.

FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY. Col. Lansing McVickar of the 156th Field Artillery tried out a speed-up system the other day but its efficacy is doubted by a number of amateur efficiency experts. The colonel called out the regimental band to pep up the two or three hundred soldiers who were perspiringly draining a gun park and building a mudproof road with a corduroy pattern of logs. Slow work. For two afternoons the band went all-out in an hour's concert, while picks and shovels kept time. The job got done, all right; but some of the bystanders thought the boys worked harder in order to be spared anything more from the band; others were convinced that When Irish Eyes Are Smiling produced *(Continued on page 50)*

BRITISH COMBINE

Hot food, cooked in communal kitchens and served in underground shelters at low cost, helps to maintain the excellent morale of English worker families

CABLED FROM LONDON

Workingman's War

By Frank Gervasi

Shanghai, Madrid, London—it's a familiar story: bombs don't break hearts. Come into London's dismal workers' slums with Frank Gervasi, where misery and squalor are forgotten as England's laborers resolve to "See it through"

INTERNATIONAL

Gas-mask drill is a puzzling game to these nursery-school kids, who learn never to remove the strange gadgets until permission is given

ENGLAND owes her life to a few men in Spitfires. Everybody knows that. Each is grateful in his own way. Churchill expressed Britain's debt to the men when he said that never in the history of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few.

Britain's past, too, she owes to a comparatively few men—men who carved out her empire and defended it in men-o'-war, men who manned the merchant ships that brought food to England and carried away the goods she sold wherever men had money to buy or coconuts or tea to trade.

But England's future rests on Charlie Brickett and Minnie Cotter—upon the many who have toiled so long to provide so much for so few. There are eight, nine, perhaps ten million Minnies and Charlies in England. They're in mines, mills, shipyards, munitions factories and on farms. They're Britain's greatest army; their average weekly pay is about $16. They're in this war as much as the men in the Hurricanes and Whitleys; as much as the men who are ramming tanks and cannon through Mussolini's empire, or those waiting on the chalk cliffs of Dover for the invader who must come or fail.

They live in a land where for generations there has been an insurmountable wall of caste between wealth and almost indescribable poverty. In peace their lives were dismal enough. Now they are more dismal than ever. Minnie and Charlie have been bombed out of their homes. They work harder and longer. They are tired and hungry and desperate.

But the amazing fact emerges that they are unconquerable, as much for these reasons as for the fact that they're—British. It's an ironic circumstance that the survival of this "green and pleasant England" depends so much now upon those who live their lives in the black shadows of Stepney gasworks and Limehouse docks and Manchester mills. They have seen little of that green and pleasant England where men and women chase foxes, play tennis on velvet, age-old turf and shoot grouse on the moors.

They've seen as little as the small boy who was being evacuated from Lambeth. When the train got out into the country he peered from the window and shouted: "Look, look! They've taken the streets and houses away."

You may wonder why Minnie and Charlie fight on. It sounds banal to tell you, but it's the truth: They fight and will fight to keep their basic privileges—privileges they have won with toil and tears in the long years since the industrial revolution—since man began competing with machines.

They fight on for the right of collective bargaining and the preservation of their trade unions; the right to grouse and grumble. They have been economic slaves for generations, and they know it, but still they don't want to let go of those few rights they've won in dockside and mill brawls, in strikes and strife.

Oswald Mosely tried to Black-shirt the workers of Stepney and Limehouse. The Communists tried to regiment them into a revolutionary machine to tear down "the bosses," but the workers ran them out. They saw that their destiny lay in a slower but surer fight for social justice. They knew they were no match for tanks and soldiers. They found that out during the general strike.

Things Worth Fighting For

They didn't want war. They didn't want it any more than Frenchmen or Dutchmen, Danes, Czechs, Poles or Greeks—probably no more than the enslaved workers of Germany and Italy. They saw war as detrimental to their cause; they realized that England might adopt totalitarian methods in order to beat totalitarian attack and they dreaded what this would mean.

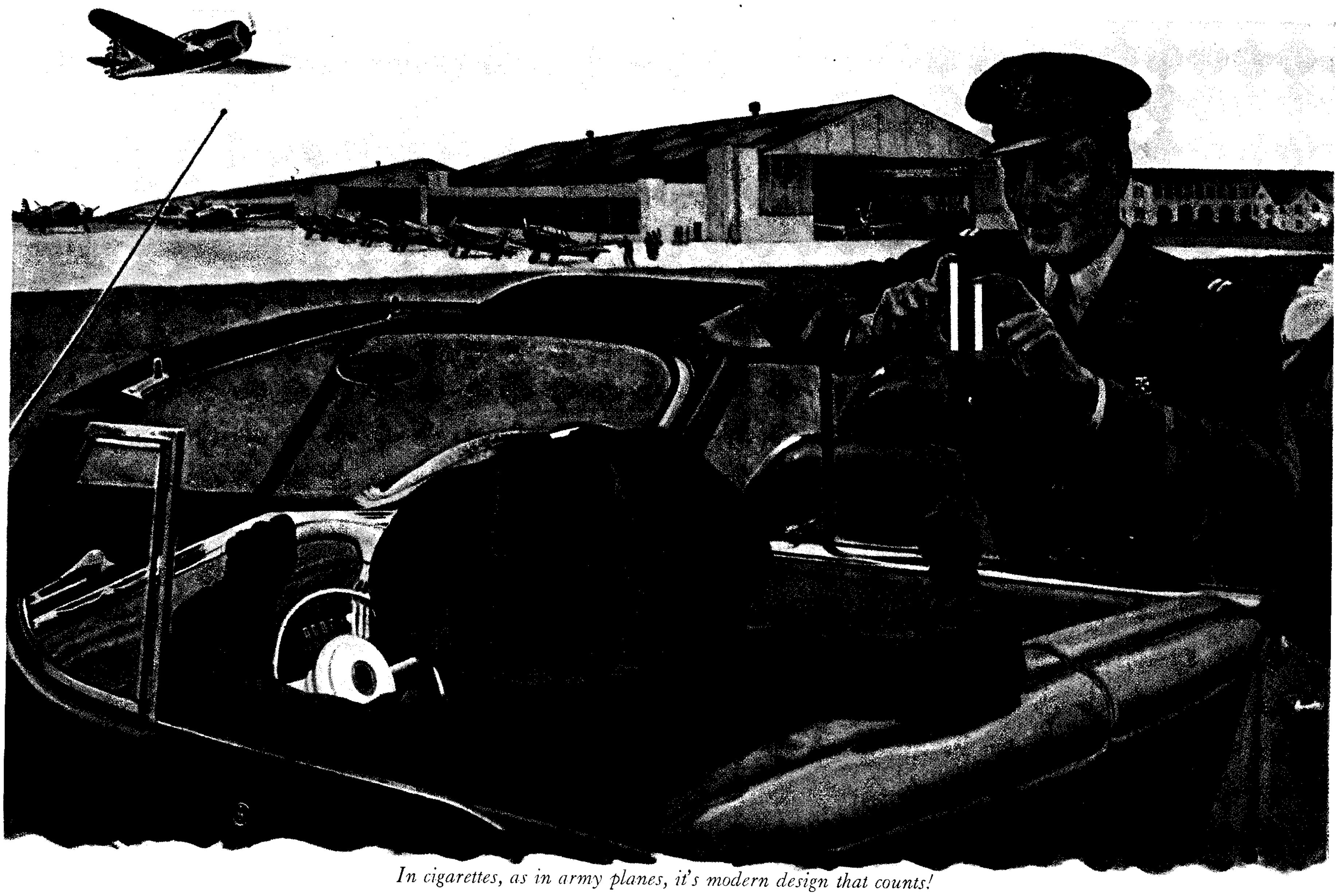
It would mean probable loss of all their prerogatives as men and as workers; a possible irreparable setback to their sweat-won progress. As yet, this hasn't happened. Britain's workers still are free men and what's happened in England since the war began gives the lie to those who insist a democracy can't function efficiently enough to overcome the advantages dictators enjoy in being able to conscript labor as well as capital for the war effort.

There hasn't been any conscription of labor in England. The short-cut artists who write our newspaper headlines might call it conscription, but if English labor were conscripted there wouldn't be any strikes in England. There are strikes, though fewer than ever. But when a latheman or a fuse-cap applicator or a miner has a legitimate squawk he can make it and have the wrong set right.

Charlie Brickett can still stand on a rough bench in the parish church at Stepney—a church that's been converted into an emergency feeding center—and shout that the food is bad, that there isn't enough soap and that the washroom towels are dirty. I know what I'm talking about because I heard Charlie complain—and heard Minnie chide him with: "Y'r off yer nut, y'are!"

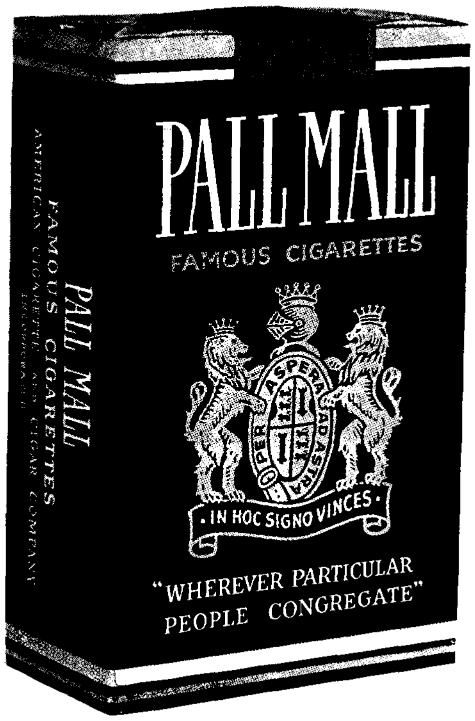
I had lunch with Charlie and about 150 of his fellow workers, men who eat with their caps on and whose idea of washing their hands is a dip into cold water and a hasty wipe on the trousers. We ate at a communal feeding center where, during the September to December blitz, women cooked stew and brewed tea in field kitchens contrived from odd scraps of sheet iron and a few bricks. Gas mains, water mains and current conduits had been broken by bombs. Coal had to be scrounged by

(Continued on page 38)



In cigarettes, as in army planes, it's modern design that counts!

"You girls know the importance of design,—modern design!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY

● LOOK AT Pall Mall closely. It's not merely a longer cigarette. It's a milestone in cigarette history!

For Pall Mall is a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking.

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING.

Because this careful Pall Mall process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors and aromas blend with one another. All harshness is gradually softened.

Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

"You girls know the importance of design,—modern design!"

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

An Open Letter to General Motors Dealers

THROUGH all the years that General Motors has been in business, you and we have worked together.

They have been great years, despite their headaches from time to time.

We were building a business together — a new business based upon a new product, destined to revolutionize the living and broaden the horizons of millions.

Our job has been to build that product better and better — to deliver the finest automobile values that General Motors research and manufacturing resources can provide.

Your job has been to distribute that product and maintain it in service — a pioneering job, in which there still is and always will be much to be done.

As a group you have so far done that job so well that steadily increasing numbers of people in America have come to own and enjoy and benefit from the cars you sell.

Here is a story few people know — few, even of those who benefit most.

It is a story of how 18,000 local businessmen have stepped up to a difficult job.

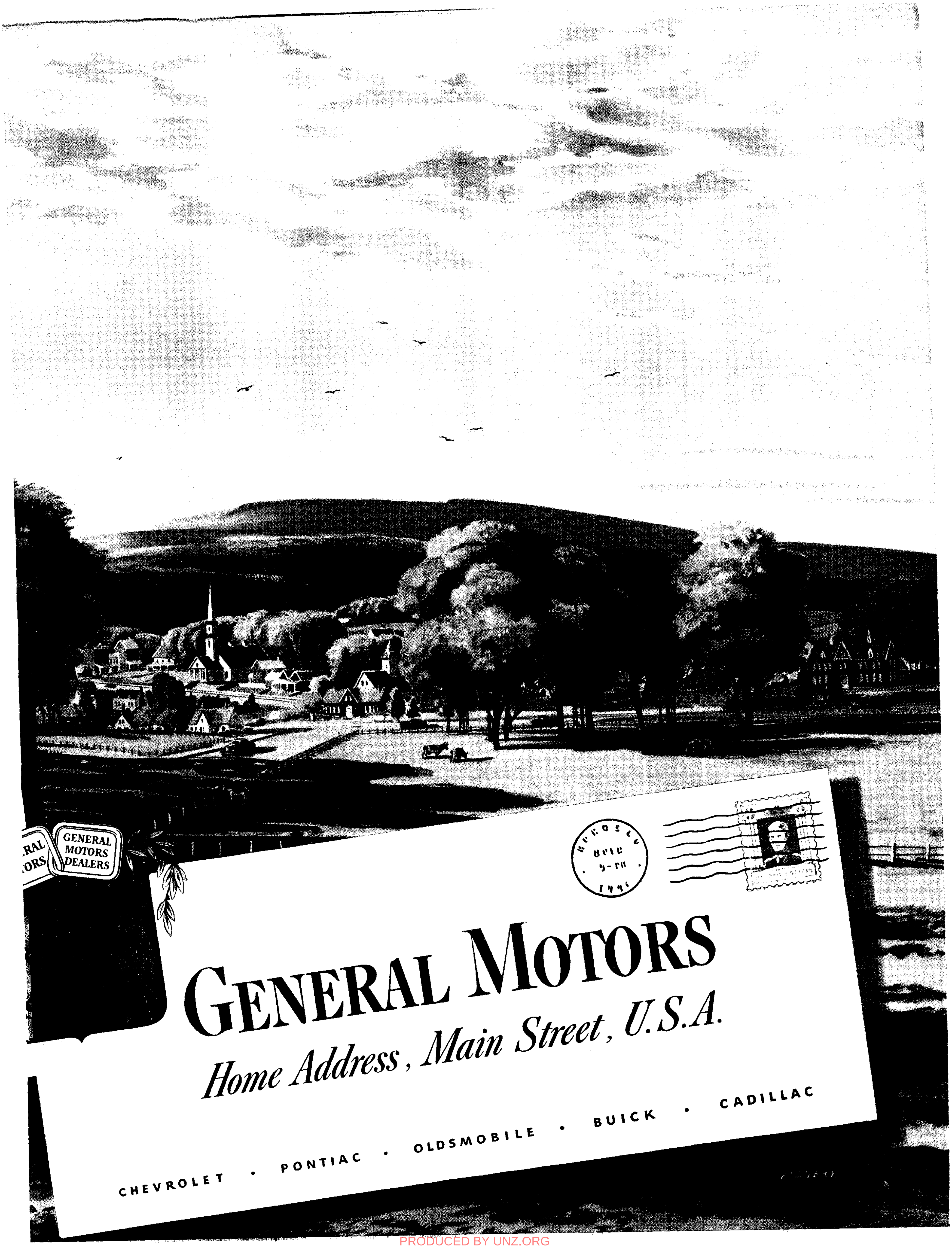
It is a story of hard-won progress — of challenges met in management — of steadily advancing standards in selling and servicing — of learning to know what your local customers want and when they will want to buy.

Few other groups of merchants in America have made a record finer than yours.

We believe the people of America — the people of your home town — need to know that story.

That is why we tell it here, why we plan to retell it in these pages in the months to come.

Alfred P. Sloan Jr.
Chairman
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATI


GENERAL MOTORS DEALERS
GENERAL MOTORS
Home Address, Main Street, U.S.A.
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

"Good-bye, Mr. Clutch!"

NO GEARS
TO SHIFT
NO CLUTCH
TO PRESS

THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY'S SAYING AFTER TRYING A *Hydra-Matic*★ OLDS!

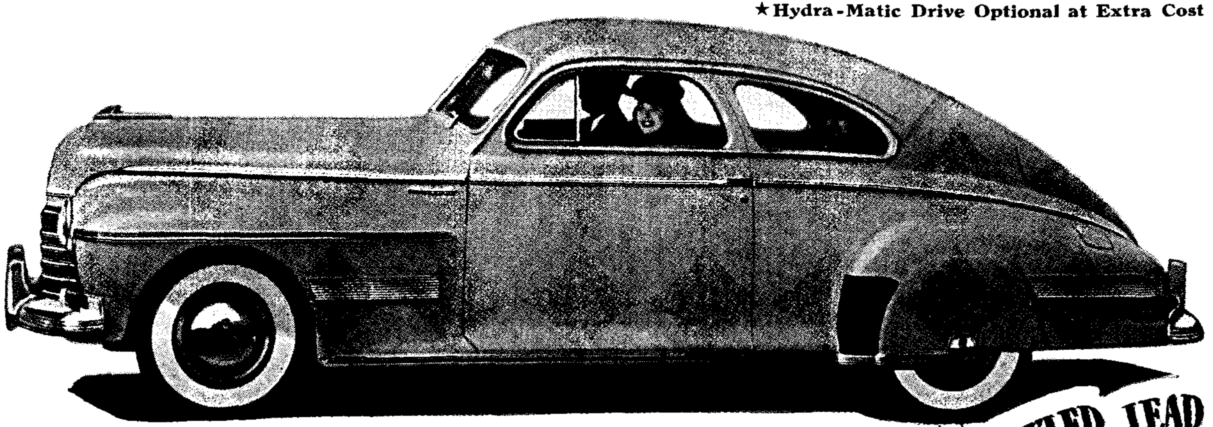
In some cars, you use the clutch pedal all of the time. In some, you use it part of the time. But in an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive, you don't use it at all—because there *isn't any clutch pedal!* You don't shift any gears, either—because gears shift themselves *automatically* through four forward speeds. All *you* do to drive is step on it, steer and stop. It's simpler, easier, safer—and *thrilling!*

★Hydra-Matic Drive Optional at Extra Cost

SEE Oldsmobile's three stunning series of sleekly streamlined cars—the magnificent Custom Cruiser, the popular Dynamic Cruiser and the big low-priced Olds Special. Try out Oldsmobile's flashing, plentiful power—the big 100 H. P. Econo-Master Six or the superb 110 H. P. Straight-Eight Engine. Then drive the Hydra-Matic way. You'll agree that there's nothing else at prices like Olds' that matches an Olds Hydra-Matic.

PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!

Compare deluxe models of lowest-priced cars with the big, luxurious Olds Special. You'll find the difference in price but *little*, the difference in cars *tremendous*—with Oldsmobile way out front in value!



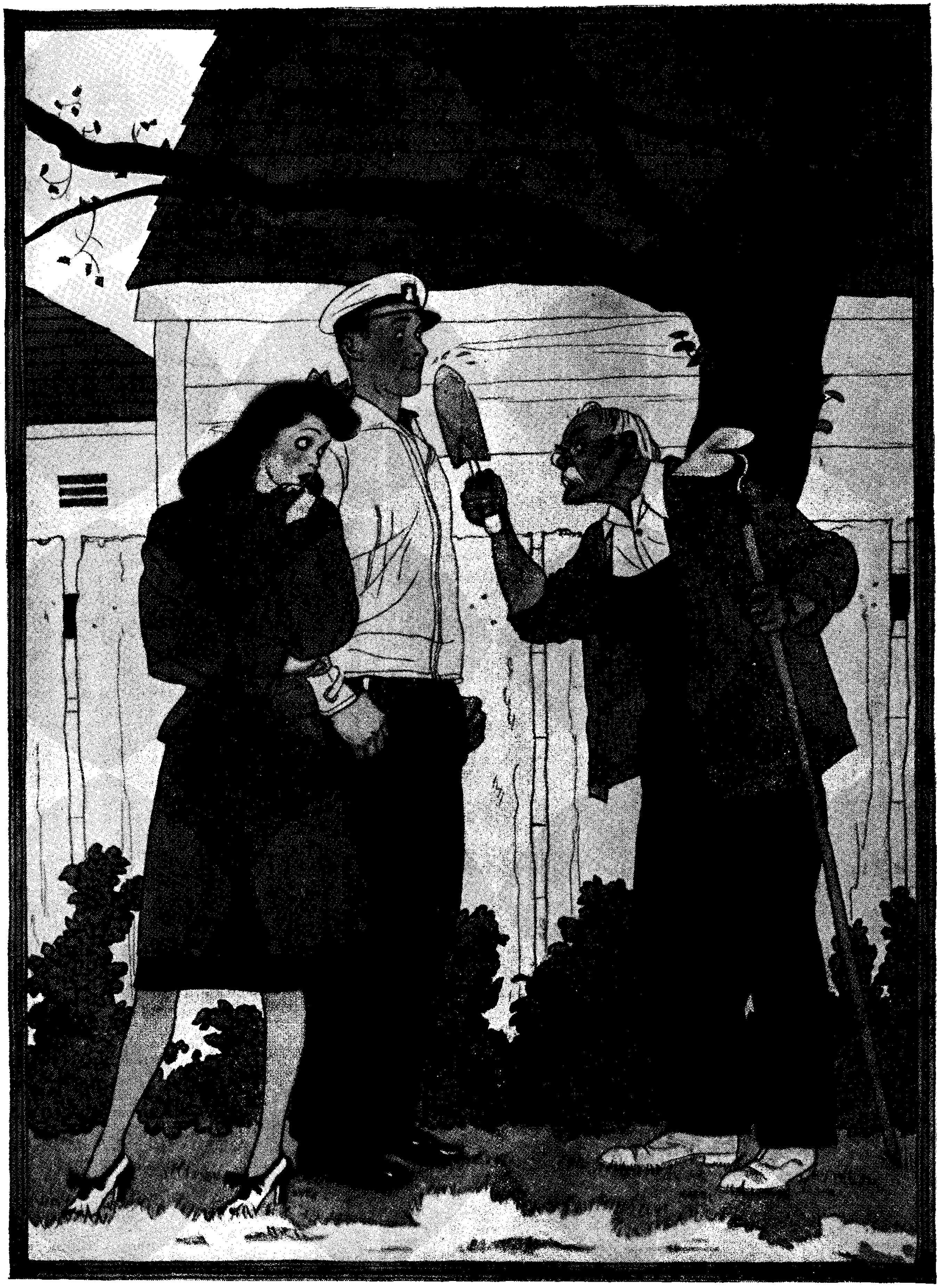
THE CAR *Ahead!* IT'S OLDSMOBILE

STYLED TO LEAD
BUILT TO LAST

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



"You Navy boys catch up that traitor or us boys'll have to take a hand in it," he warned

The Story Thus Far:

CAPTAIN HARTNEY, U.S.N., in command of a small Western naval station, introduces his daughter, Phyllis (a remarkably resourceful girl) to a man from Washington—Lieut. Commander Kirstell—and tells her that she is to help the newcomer in finding a traitor who is operating at the station!

Decidedly skeptical, Phyllis goes to work. The most obvious suspect is Commander Sedden's son, Bert. Knowing him to be a conscientious objector, Phyllis keeps an eye on him. To her amazement, she soon learns that he had once been a Russian spy, and that his closest friend is "Dutch" Prentice, a civilian engineer, who, with "Pat" Rorabeck, another civilian, and Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts, is working on a secret marine engine of revolutionary design.

Again and again, someone tries to destroy the engine. *Who?* Commander Sedden feels sure that he knows the answer—he is convinced that Bert, who has caused him no end of trouble, is the traitor. He commits suicide. . . .

Lieutenant Roger Collins, Captain Hartney's aide, is in love with Phyllis. Unfortunately for the lieutenant, Phyllis gives every evidence of being strongly, *very strongly,* attracted to Savvy Roberts. Collins (for some reason that Phyllis cannot discover) hates Jack Murphy, an ensign. And, because Murphy is much too attentive to his wife, Lieutenant Bob Cowles also hates the ensign. So Phyllis is not surprised when Collins and Cowles set upon Murphy with their fists, in a lonely spot, and almost kill him. She is not surprised, but she is shocked. And when Collins prefers charges against Murphy for striking a superior officer (Cowles) she informs him coldly that he can no longer regard her as a friend.

Then comes another shock: A collection of pro-Nazi pamphlets is found in Lieutenant Roberts' room, after someone, who makes his getaway, slugs Pat Rorabeck into unconsciousness. Phyllis reviews the evidence, makes her own deductions. Learning that Roberts is at a hotel in the near-by village of Arcadia, she goes there in a car.

She finds Roberts at the hotel. With him are Pat Rorabeck (propped up in bed), Dutch Prentice—*and Bert Sedden!* Phyllis has a sharp exchange of words with Pat and Dutch. *Then she accuses them of treason!*

Lieutenant Roberts listens to her. He opens the door. "We're going for a walk," he says to the excited girl.

VIII

I FOLLOWED him like a whipped and cowed pup. When we got down to the sidewalk in front of the hotel, he said, without looking at me, "Do you know anything about this town?"

"Not much," I said.

"This is Front Street."

"I do know that, sir."

"The town is named Arcadia after a clipper ship, the Arcady Bound, which grounded on the Point in 1836—Cap'n Withrow of Boston commanding. You see that corner where the bank is?"

"Yes, sir."

"The cap'n lost fifteen men out of a crew of thirty-seven—in a fight with Spaniards and Indians. The point of the quarrel was quite interesting, I think. He had an escaped slave who was serving as cook. The local authorities said the black cook could not own his share of the land the Arcady Bound people chipped in to buy. Cap'n Withrow gave this fellow his rightful plot of ground and stuck up a sign saying 'Negro Willie, his land.' That started the fight."

Then Savvy set off along Front Street, with me tagging at his heels.

"See that filling station over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"The salmon stopped running up the river. Folks changed to lumber. That was the site of Tobey's Bar at the end of the old Skid Road. A lot of the men too late for the gold rush came in to work the lumber camps. Tobey's Bar was famous for a big recruiting rally in '61. A guy named Jeptha Howes raised a company to march overland and join the Union army. Jeptha and two others reached the Mississippi ten months later."

Well, a girl can certainly learn a lot of history and cover a lot of ground in an hour. Arcadia, it appeared, had been shaken into rubble by an earthquake, burned out in a forest fire, reduced to fewer than a hundred inhabitants by a smallpox epidemic—but Arcadia, there she stood.

"In the last war," Savvy said—we were now on a hillside path overlooking Coot Bay—"the local draft board had only one problem—keeping fishermen and shipwrights at home. You see that old rusty derrick arm over yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's where they hanged a German saboteur who was caught trying to set fire to the shipyard."

I was still mystified by the fondness with which Savvy looked at the houses and streets of this ratty little town.

"Were you *born* here, Savvy?" I asked.

Savvy filled his pipe and squinted at

(Continued on page 69)

"I hate to be a cat, dear, but Alice could sweeten her breath a bit with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS."

BUTTER RUM
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVER

Popular favorite: tasty, delicious Butter Rum. Remember, everybody's breath offends sometimes; let Butter Rums, Pep-O-Mints, or any of the 12 other tasty mint and fruit LIFE SAVERS save yours. Everywhere, 5¢

MORT WALTON

THE Benson Ford—two hundred yards of her—shoved her blunt bow out past the red-and-green blinkers that glowed weakly through the gray fog, marking the gap in the breakwater. She was down to her marks and the short chop of the sea kicked up by a mild nor'wester scarcely moved her. In the pilothouse Captain Andy Pedersen, peering out through the murk, rang the engine to full speed. The chuckle-uckle-chuckle-uckle of the Diesel horses far astern stepped up to a faster pace. Wind-blown spray scudded across the low deck 'midships.

Three bells tinkled from the clock on the after bulkhead of the house—1:30 on a foggy morning. "Lights burning brightly, sir!" from the misted figure of the lookout forward. "Lights burning brightly!" from Captain Andy, in the immemorial echo of the sea. He gave the course to the wheelsman and turned the ship over to the mate. Through the fog and the wind and the spray the ship plodded along down the thousand-mile trail of water that is America's life line.

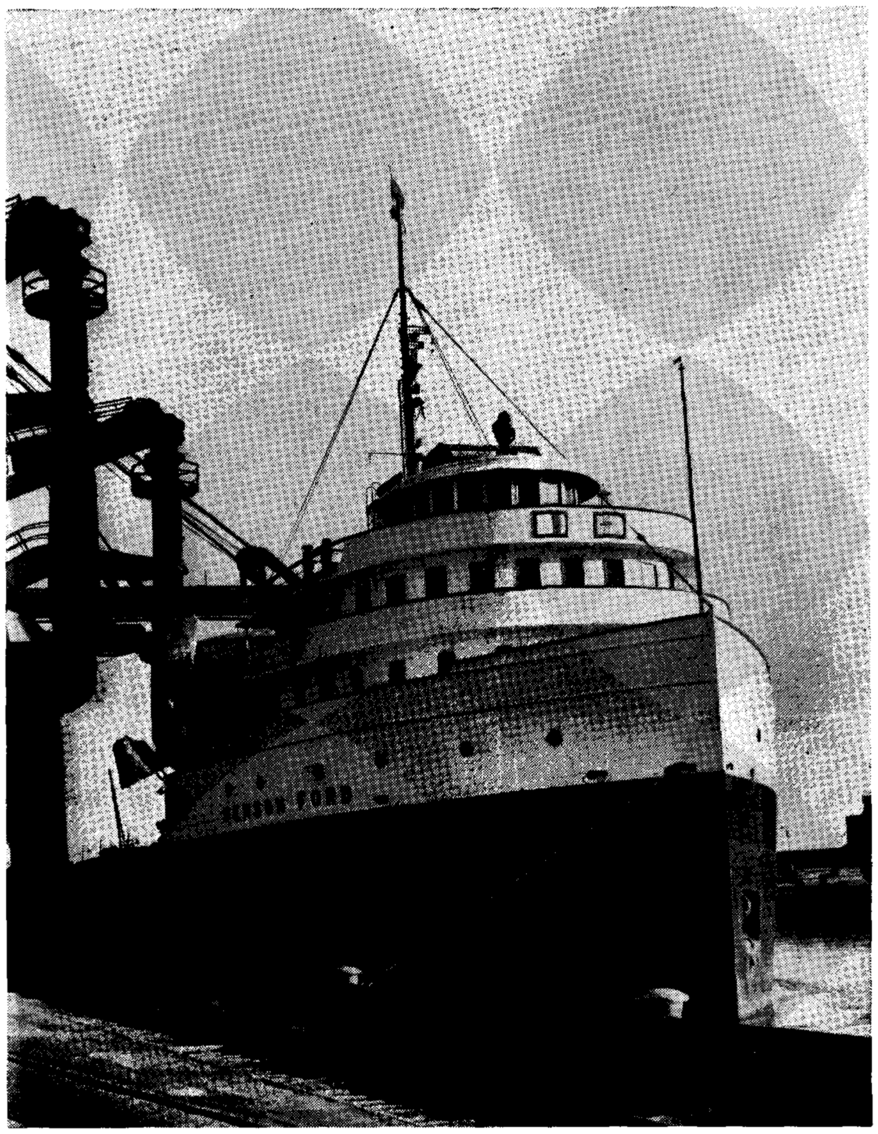
Everybody has heard of England's life line, and can name you points on it: Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden . . . America's line is marked by such names as Kelly Lake, Allouez, Whitefish Point, Isle Parisienne, Strawberry Island, Mahoning, Chequamegon Bay. Not one American in ten, at a guess, could tell you, from those names, where the line runs.

It runs, as a matter of fact, from the ranges at the far western end of Lake Superior, south and east to Buffalo on Lake Erie, with a branch south into Lake Michigan. On the safety and continuous operation of this line we depend for many things. Wreck it in peacetime and our national economy goes haywire. Disrupt it in wartime—and we might lose the war.

To realize the importance of the life line, let's take a look at ourselves: We live in what the economic sharps call a steel civilization. Take away iron and steel and everything stops: No transportation, no farming, no construction, no communication, no power. No Army or Navy, either. Back to the Stone Age.

Today, we produce, consume and export more steel than any other nation on earth. That's why we're the Number One Nation. But it wasn't always that way. In 1870—as late as that—the experts looked over the situation and announced we'd never be any great shakes in the steel game. They pointed out that the ore, the limestone and the coal needed to make steel lay too far apart. In England, then the world's steel boss, the ingredients lay close together. That made steel production cheap.

Fifty years ago England made more pig iron than we did—although we had double her population and vastly greater quantities of raw material. But we had no swift, cheap way of getting our raw



aterials together and things looked etty hopeless.

Recently, though, our iron and steel oduction has run from four to six nes that of Great Britain. Let's see hy.

You understand, of course, that life is st an assembly job, depending on ansportation. Everything, from a hunk pie to a battleship, is the result of sembling things from all over the untry—maybe all over the world. But 's hard to think of anything you can semble without the help of steel somehere along the line. Even ideas.

Formula for Abundance

To make steel you have to have four ajor things: Iron ore, limestone, fuel -and grain. Coal to feed the furnaces here the ore and stone are melted; ain to feed the muscles that tend the rnaces. With these ingredients you an make steel. Add fast, cheap transortation of the raw materials and you an make cheap steel in abundant uantities. Plenty of cheap steel means any things to all men—everyone who des a mile, plows a wheatfield, builds home, buys a car, works in an office or ooks a steak.

Now we come to the why and how of e life line, down which we're rolling on e Benson Ford, which is an ore boat perated by Henry Ford of Detroit. The ke fleet of nearly six hundred vessels owned by a hundred concerns, big and ttle, from steel companies operating a core of ships to operators of one or two mall craft. The railroads don't own ny of the long ships; there's no such ing as a monopoly of the system. But, bout the life line:

Iron ore—unlimited tons of it—lies round the southern and western shores f Lake Superior, right in the middle of he continent. The great Mesabi Range, hundred miles long and a mile wide, s full of ore and less than three hours' rail haul from lake ports. There's plenty of coal in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky, close to the south shore of Erie. Around the junction of Huron and Michigan, at Mackinac Strait, there's limestone for the quarrying. Every year the grange states of the North pour in a river of grain—the fourth ingredient. Four hundred million bushels of it flow down the life line every twelve months, to feed the men who feed the furnaces.

The limestone? You have to have that to act as a flux—something to help separate the iron from the dross in the ore. Limestone and dross rise to the surface; the iron sinks. Simple. And the stone, too, is increasingly used in construction.

Making steel fifty years ago was a tough job because assembling the far-apart raw materials was slow and expensive. It took weeks to convert ore into finished products. Today—because the life line works so fast and efficiently —ore in the ground on the Iron Range Monday morning often rolls out of plants at the south end of Lake Michigan as a finished product seventy-five or eighty hours later. You can scoop a shovelful of ore out of the Mahoning pit Friday morning—and drive it away, made into a car, from the River Rouge plant, by noon the following Tuesday. One hundred hours from mine to motor. That's speed.

For that speed, and for the comparative cheapness of automobiles, tractors, plows and everything made of steel, you can thank the men who invented and built the life line, and those who operate it with incredible efficiency and economy. The line isn't the brain child of any one man. Topsylike, it just growed because miners, railroad men, steamship operators invented gadgets and methods and slowly put together a system that is unique in the world.

Heart of the life line is a fleet of about three hundred ships like nothing else

The General Joins the "Regulars"

MY DAD, THE GENERAL, is a man of few words and strong determination. "When you get into trouble," says he, "face the enemy and fight it out." And here he is—praising, for my innocence, the merits of a good, strong, old-fashioned *purge.*

BUT I, TOO, had something to say about that. "You and your pitched battles with constipation! Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of the trouble? You come down to breakfast; I want to show you something."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

"NOW, WHAT'S THIS MIRACLE?" says he. "No miracle at all," says I; "just a crisp, toasty breakfast cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will really correct the cause of it. But you should eat it every day and drink plenty of water."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

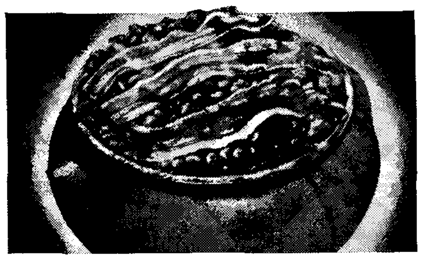
"HEY!" SAYS DAD. "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If a breakfast food as delicious as this can make you 'join the regulars,' I'm signing up for the duration." And, bless your life, he did!

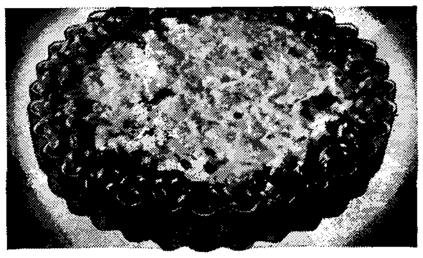
Join the "Regulars"
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

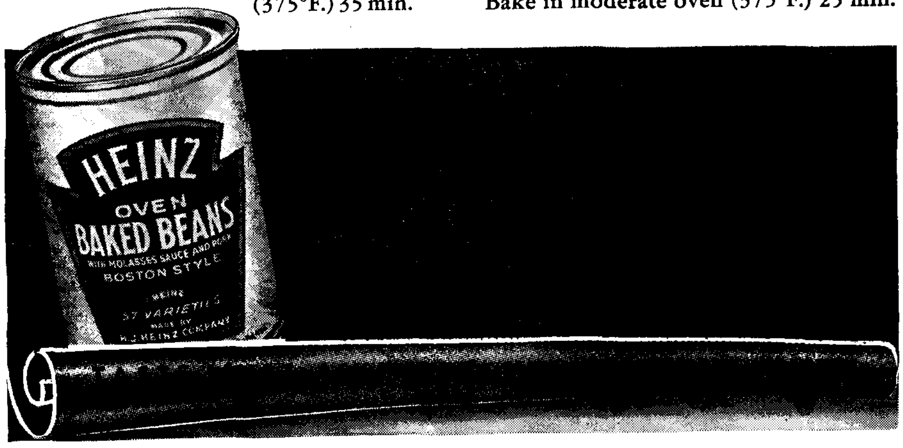
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

STEEPED IN TRADITION
These Heinz Oven-Baked Beans Will Make Your Men Folks Cheer!

HEAP these tender, mealy, golden-brown beans high on the plates. Men folks call for plenty! That's because Heinz Baked Beans taste just like the honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned *homemade* kind. Baked in hot, dry ovens, they're enriched with tender pieces of well-cooked pork and a tempting sauce of thick New Orleans molasses and fine spice! Besides the popular (1) Boston-style with pork and molasses, Heinz prepares (2) oven-baked beans with pork and tomato sauce, (3) vegetarian-style, in tomato sauce and (4) oven-baked red kidney beans with pork. All four kinds are delicious.


COMBINATION BAKED BEAN CASSEROLE—Arrange Heinz Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce and Heinz Red Kidney Beans in alternate layers, spreading each with Heinz Ketchup. Top with strips of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 35 min.


BAKED BEANS, DAIRY STYLE—Pour contents of an 18-oz. tin Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Vegetarian-style, in casserole. Sprinkle with shredded sharp cheese. Cover with a second tin of beans. Pour ½ cup thick sour cream over top. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 min.



afloat, called bulk freighters. Get yourself a steel box five hundred feet long, sixty-five feet wide, thirty deep. Stick fifty feet of bow on one end, seventy feet of stern on the other. Put a pilothouse up forward, an engine and propeller aft—and there's your ore, stone, coal or grain carrier, by all standards the most efficient ship ever built.

Up and down the life line these freighters plug along at from ten to thirteen miles an hour, carrying a ton of freight ten miles for a penny. They work cheaply and efficiently for two reasons: First, competition; second, because they have to do a year's work in eight months, while the lakes are not iced over. During the eight months, or less, of open water, the fleet must move around sixty million tons of ore, forty million tons of coal, twelve million tons of grains and about the same amount of limestone. All this has to be moved about eight hundred miles, one way or another. Ore, grain and stone move east and south; coal, north and west.

The movement starts when the first boats can smash through the ice, usually late in April; it stops when ice, gales and bad weather end navigation sometime in December.

On the Colossal Scale

The lake trade is built around the movement of iron ore from the pits to the furnaces. Like to take a quick trip over the line? Okay. First we go up to Hibbing, in Minnesota. Up there, on the Mesabi, is the great Mahoning pit, the biggest man-made hole in the world. (You'd better get used to superlatives, because everything connected with the life line is the biggest and fastest and most extra-supercolossal.) Panama and Suez were peewee dirt-moving jobs beside Mahoning, which has more than fifty miles of standard-gauge railroad track winding down into it. In the pit, electric shovels scoop up from ten to sixteen tons of red-brown ore at a swoop, dump it into cars, strings of which wind upward over the lip of the pit and start to roll down the hill toward the ore docks at Allouez, near Superior, Wisconsin. Never mind the French pronunciation on that—the boys call it "Allu-eez."

Steelmakers want certain kinds of ore, so much iron, so much this and that. The stuff the shovels scoop out may run from fifty to seventy per cent iron, while the furnaces are yelling for sixty-two per cent ore. So there's mixing to be done. It's accomplished by sampling each car as it comes out of the pit. This assay is wired down to the docks as the train goes down the hill.

Assembled in the Great Northern yards at Kelly Lake and other points on the range, the cars are made up into the heaviest trains on earth, averaging from one hundred and fifty up to one hundred ninety-five cars long. A hundred cars make a long ordinary freight train. Naturally, some of the world's most powerful locomotives handle the ore drags.

Down at Allouez the cars are shoved, twenty at a time, up onto the great ore docks, eighty-two feet above the lake, stretching a quarter of a mile out into the water. With a fistful of assays, a railroader shuffles the cars around, mixing their content so that the ore pockets into which the stuff is dumped will contain the right mix.

Everything is tailored to fit. The cars fit over the ore pockets; the hatch openings of the ore boats are spaced to fit the long steel spouts that shoot in the raw material.

Alongside the docks slides a slim ore boat, hatches open. She's hardly made fast before a stream of ore is rushing into her. A usual loading speed is one hundred tons a minute, but the boys are always going out after records in the good old American spirit of competition. Once, they put 12,508 tons of ore into a laker in sixteen and a half minutes. It's everyday stuff to load from twelve to thirteen thousand tons in less than three hours. It takes an ocean-going ship two or three days, or more, to load half that amount.

Unloading a ship isn't quite as fast, but the lads at the ore docks down-lake can get five thousand tons out of a ship in an hour without running a temperature. Steamship and dock men on the lakes smiled a while back when Liverpool, England, let out a brag about getting 4,960 tons of ore out of a ship in twenty hours. A score of ports on the lakes could do it in less than two.

Tom Greene, assistant superintendent on the Great Northern docks at Allouez, knows all the records. He has loaded as many as eighteen ships in a day.

Over the river, in Duluth, the lads hang up some records of their own. They rolled up their sleeves not long ago when the Homer D. Williams came in with 11,494 tons of limestone. They had that out and the holds filled with 12,922 tons of ore in nine hours, thirty-five minutes, flat. Down at Chicago the grain boys have poured 238,000 bushels of corn into the Taurus in ninety-five minutes. Not to be outdone, the coal jugglers at Toledo can put a carload of coal into a ship every fifty seconds—by the simple method of picking up the car bodily, turning it upside down over the ship and then setting it back, right side up, minus the coal.

"Of course," admits Tom Greene, "some of the records are stunts. We get ambitious once in a while, make preparations, and go out after a new mark for loading. It helps keep us interested—and it's useful practice in case an emergency ever came along and we had to get ore down the lake in a hurry."

While we've been record-hunting the spouts have been shooting ore into the Benson Ford. Her powerful pumps have been pouring seven thousand tons of water ballast back into the lake and she sinks slowly under the iron load. So we might as well climb the ladder, go aboard and ride her down the life line, eastward on Superior, through the Soo locks—they're Sault Sainte Marie on the map—south on Huron, threading our way along the narrow channels of the St. Clair River, past Detroit, eastward again on Erie to the unloading docks at Ashtabula, Ohio, sixty miles east of Cleveland.

Why Everybody's Happy

Captain Andy, proud of his ship, shows us around. Like many a lakes skipper, he's Scandinavian by ancestry, with all the Norwegian's ability to shove a ship along come hell or high water. The ship is a democratic little state; everybody gets the same food; every member of the crew knows what to do, and does it. The few commands are almost conversational.

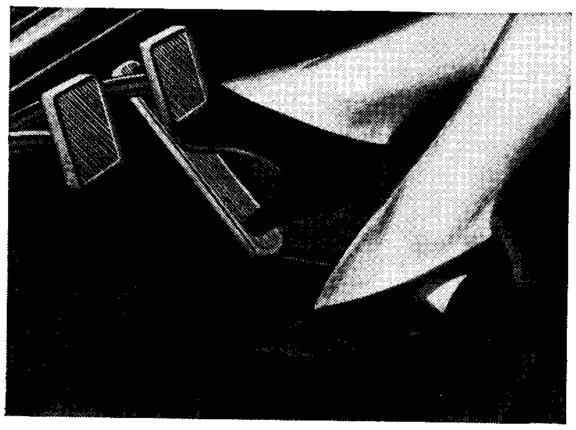
"Most of the boys have been with me on the ship for years," says Captain Andy. "It's the same way on most ships, which makes the work easier . . . Want to look around?"

Most lakers are coal-burning steamers, but the Benson is Diesel-powered as are all of her line—and cargo-handling machinery is electric. A big ocean-going ship has from six to eight hatches—openings in the deck for loading and unloading freight. The Benson has eighteen.

"See the hatch covers," says the Old Man. "They're all slid on and off by electric motors. Another motor, over here, hauls the steel lines that shift the ship backward and forward along the dock to bring the hatches under the right

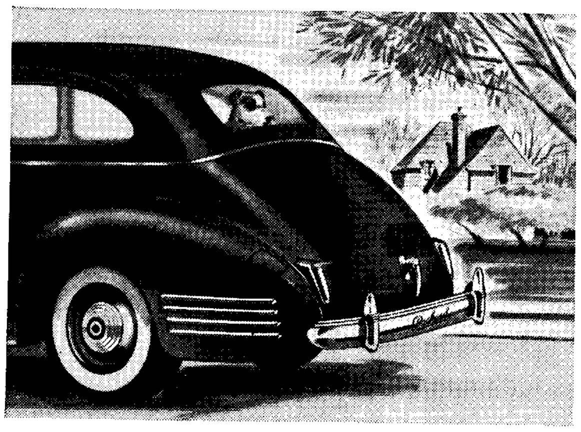
This little foot went to market....

(BUT JUST FOR THE RIDE)

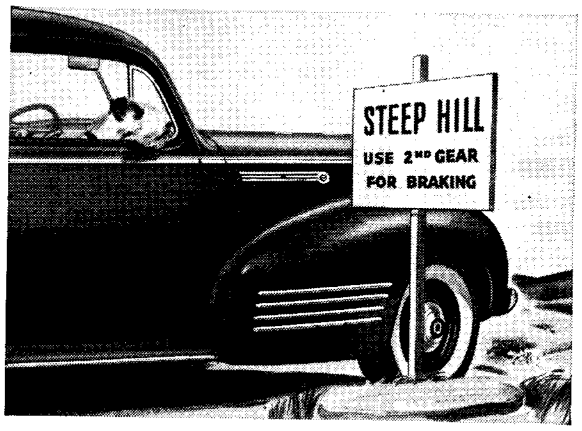


Driving is a lot easier—a lot *surer*—when you get behind the wheel of a 1941 Packard with Electromatic Drive*. Even in reversing, you never touch the clutch pedal. There's *nothing* for your left foot to do—it just goes along for the ride!

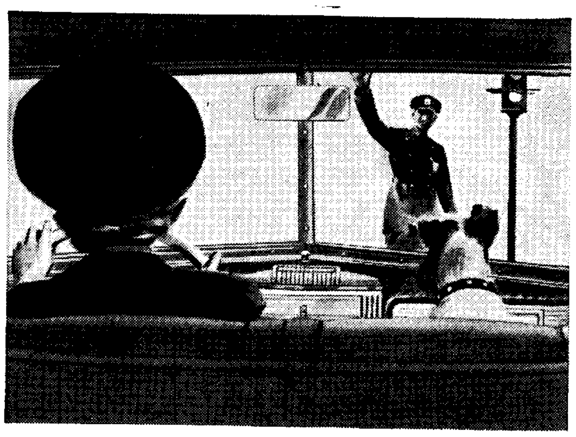
And what a blessing in traffic! Electromatic Drive lets you stop-and-go with effortless ease—quickly, smoothly, with what it takes to keep you out in front. Just forget the clutch—the car itself does the work *and does it better!*



Get-away is lightning fast! With Packard Electromatic Drive you *zip* ahead from stop lights—no trace of "lag." The clutch engages, *automatically*, but with all the quick, positive response you are used to, and whisks you smoothly on your way.



But sometimes a clutch pedal is mighty useful—for instance, to avoid "drag" in cold-weather starting, or for engine-braking on a steep grade. So Packard provides a handy dash control to permit conventional clutch operation whenever you wish it.

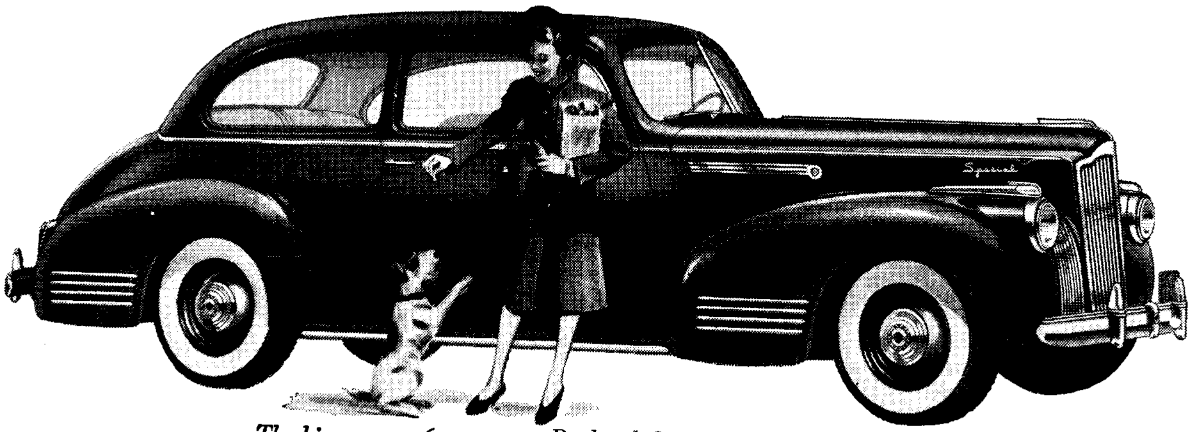


Stopping for a red light? You don't have to touch clutch or gear shift—nothing but the brake pedal. Nor do you ever have to use the brake pedal to keep the car from "creeping" forward on the level after coming to a full stop.

And that's not all! Shifting is easier—and you have full control at all times. You shift when *you* want to, not when the car wants to. No wonder Packard owners cheer for *Electromatic* Drive!

Simplified driving, at its very best, is just *one* of 64 improvements that we've packed into the stunning 1941 Packards for your amazement and delight. There are many other mechanical marvels, such as real, refrigerated Air-Conditioning*. . . the thrifty Passmaster engine, 10% more economical . . . and the famous Packard Air-Glide Ride. Here, definitely, is a car you *must* see and drive. There's a great big WELCOME on your nearest Packard dealer's doormat, and it's meant for you. Drop in and see this wonder car today—won't you?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



The big, roomy 6-passenger Packard One-Ten Sedan, $990★ (white sidewall tires extra)

PACKARD

the Class of '41

$907 TO $5550

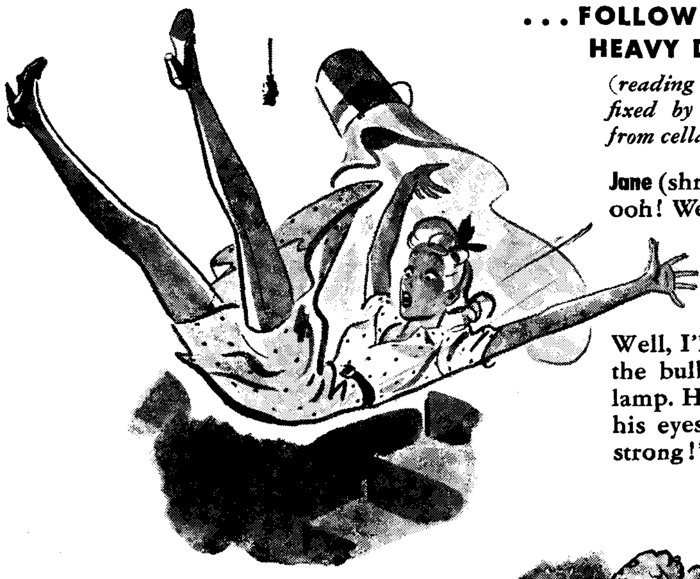
*★delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice. *Available at extra cost.*

April Showers ..INDOORS

LIGHT PRECIPITATION
preceded by thunder . . .

Bob (roaring): "Who snatched the bulb from my lamp? Can't I have any comfort around here?"

Jane (tearfully): "But I..I had to have some light in the kitchen . . . didn't I? After all, when Bessie took the kitchen bulb for the laundry . . . because you'd taken *that* bulb for the garage . . . (sobs)"



. . . FOLLOWED BY HEAVY DOWNPOURS
(reading lamp having been fixed by taking G-E bulb from cellar stairs)

Jane (shrieking): "OOO-ooh! Wet to the skin and covered with bruises! What I wouldn't do to that man! Well, I'll fix it! I'll take the bulb from Junior's lamp. He'll never notice; his eyes are young and strong!"

Result is practically VISIBILITY ZERO *for Junior, whose light is bad to begin with—*

Junior (grumbling): "Go 'way, Nifty! If you felt as dopey as I do after trying to do homework by that dim old lamp . . . guess you wouldn't want to play either. Gee, if I only had an I.E.S. Lamp like Butch!"

but it will be...
FAIR AND WARMER TOMORROW
. . . because Mother's seen what to do. She's going to put right-size G-E MAZDA lamps in every socket and plenty of spares on the shelf, so the whole family can *always* be sure of "fair weather" for seeing.

Light up . . . brighten up
PRICES BEGIN AT
7½, 15, 25-watt. . . . . 10¢
40, 50, 60-watt . . . . . 13¢
75 and 100-watt . . only 15¢
100-200-300-watt, 3-lite 60¢
Made to stay brighter longer

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

spouts. Everything that can be done by power is done. We do all our cooking on electric ranges; the heating plant is electric, too.

"Up forward here, we've living and dining quarters for the navigation officers and deck crew. Plenty of comfortable bunks and baths; a good library. Way back aft, the engineers live just as comfortably."

In contrast with the scores of men in the crews of ocean vessels, a big laker carries thirty-six. Two or three at a time run the engine room. A man at the wheel, a mate on watch. Five men operating twenty thousand tons of ship and cargo over the most congested waterways there are. Wages and living conditions on the boats usually are much better than at sea—but on the other hand, the service offers employment to most of its men only for eight months a year. Some concerns keep on their crews when the lakes ice up, with reconditioning or work ashore.

Ships and More Ships

Major fleets on the lakes are owned by private concerns and by subsidiaries of steel, coal and cement corporations. The Pittsburgh Steamship Company operates seventy-nine ships; International Harvester has a couple; three run for the Huron Portland Cement Company; Inland Steel has a quartet; National Steel, eight. The Interlake Steamship Company, with forty-seven, has a sizable fleet; the American Steamship Company has a fleet of self-unloaders that are among the most efficient on the lakes. The Great Lakes Transit Corporation has a dozen ships; there are seventeen in the Brown & Cornelius fleet; a couple of dozen in the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company. Columbia Transportation has a dozen; and the Pioneer fleet, eighteen.

The last ton of ore has hardly swooshed into the Ford's hold before the lines are cast off. The engine turns over and the long hull backs away, turns to port, straightens out, noses through the channel and heads up on her course. Like all ore boats, she is logy and plows through the swells steadily, but she can roll in a beam sea until you think she's going all the way over.

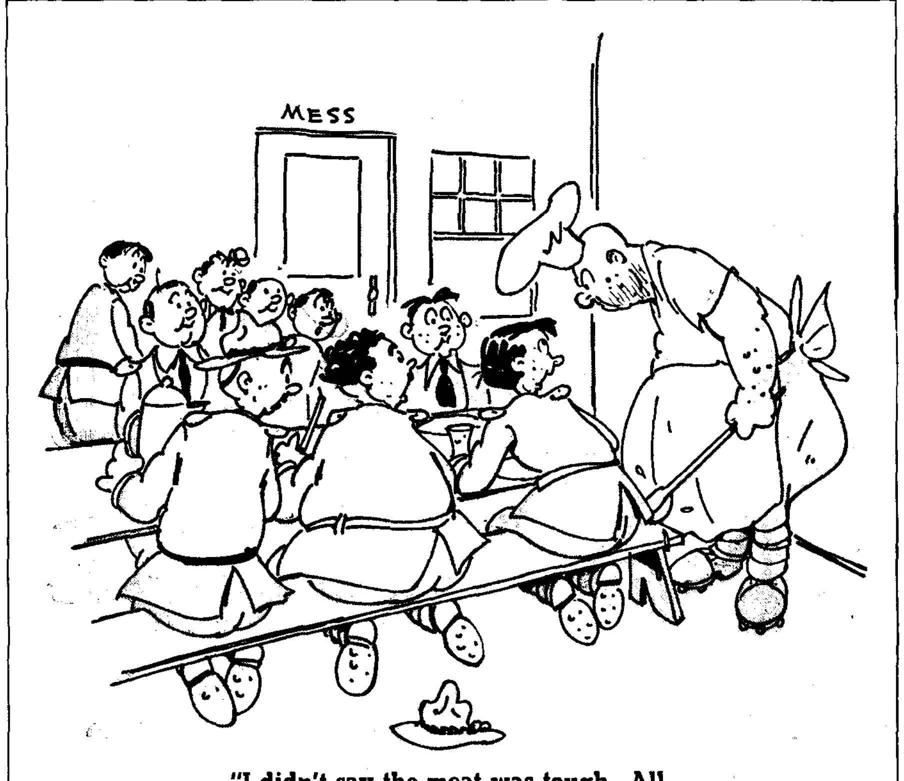
Lakers, because of their shape and heavy load, are tricky boats to handle in a seaway. In rough weather they may crack, or even break in two. When storms come up, the skippers hug the shore, dodge in behind islands and take few chances. On every ship there is the memory of the great winter storm of 1913, when seventeen ships went down with hundreds of men. The lakes can be rough and dangerous—but in the past twenty-five years only a few ships have been lost. Lake losses are only a fraction of ocean losses.

The Benson Ford plods along past the Apostle Islands, around "Cape Horn" on the northern tip of the Keweenaw Peninsula in Michigan, and so to Whitefish Point and the narrow, twisting channel into Sault Sainte Marie—the Soo. With another deep-laden ore boat she stops in the lock—there are five, counting the Canadian one. Here again you resort to superlatives—the Soo locks handle, in their eight months of operation, more tonnage than the Panama and Suez canals combined for a full year. The ship is dropped twenty feet into Lake Huron. Soon she's on her way again, bound southeast and then south for the day's run to Port Huron. Down the narrow St. Clair, past her home port of Dearborn, through the busy Detroit River. Just a unit in two long lines of freighters, upbound and downbound. Then out of the stream and headed up almost due east for Ashtabula.

No Time to Waste

In Ashtabula harbor she slides alongside the wharf with its batteries of huge unloaders backed by mountains of ore. These are the stock piles built up during spring and summer, used by the steelmakers in winter. Hatches are off and, almost before the ship has stopped, the buckets are dropping into the hold, rising with grabs of ore, shooting them inland to raise the ore mountains a little higher. Long strings of steel cars are filled and hauled out of the yards toward the furnaces. A couple of hours after her arrival the Benson Ford, emptied of her ore, but with seven thousand tons of water to steady her in the ballast tanks, heads out again, up the life line for another load.

The lake routes are crowded with boats—grain ships headed down with loads from the Dakotas, poured in at Duluth to be discharged at Buffalo. Boats full of limestone from Mackinac, downbound to Cleveland and Detroit;



"I didn't say the meat was tough. All I said was I couldn't slice the gravy"

REAMER KELLER

boats chockablock with coal from West Virginia or Ohio, upbound to Duluth to keep many a prairie farm and city home warm next winter.

All this great system of transportation and the industries it serves are comparatively young. It's just fifty years ago that ore was discovered in the ranges west of Lake Superior. Two years later the first car of iron-dirt rolled down to the tiny frontier villages of Duluth and Superior. That really started the industrial development of the country. Today, about forty per cent of us live around the lakes and depend on them—directly or indirectly—for a livelihood.

We think of the Great Lakes as ours but in reality only one—Michigan—is wholly in the United States. The rest are jointly owned by ourselves and Canada. As a matter of fact, out of a total shoreline of 8,300 miles, we own only about 4,000 miles. Around our shores we have about one hundred ports; Canada has half as many. But every lake skipper must know his way into every port—and out of it—come rain, shine, ice or fog. The captain of a round-the-world ship knows perhaps twenty ports—and then hires a pilot at each one to help him out.

From a war standpoint our life line is comparatively safe. This is partly because we have the Canadians for neighbors; partly because of geography. There are no warships on the lakes and we don't poke any popguns at the Canadians or vice versa. Their canals, lights and facilities are open to our ships, and ours to theirs, without extra charge.

The line is most vulnerable at the Soo locks—but there are five of these and putting them all out of commission would constitute a Grade-A miracle. Today, they are surrounded by barbed wire and searchlights, with hundreds of soldiers on guard continuously. Even tourists with cameras are frowned upon—though you can buy detailed plans of the locks for forty cents, and all the pictures you want for a dime. Apart from the Soo, most ore, coal and grain docks are guarded—more or less.

Ships might be sunk, by sabotage, to block some of the narrow channels between the lakes, but this would delay traffic only until they were blasted out. Even with the locks wrecked, cargoes could be portaged around St. Mary's Falls—the reason for the locks—and reloaded in Lake Huron.

A Self-Sufficient Business

The line, incidentally, is a monument to what is called private enterprise. The government has spent probably $100,000,000 in making it safe for navigation with radio beacons, lighthouses, fog signals and weather-forecasting services. The locks at the Soo cost about $40,000,000 and there is a sizable bill for operation of all these aids each year.

But, outside of these, the steamship and railroad people who have developed the line have never asked for a nickel from the Treasury. They have built the cargo-handling and transportation system from the ground up, made it the swiftest and most efficient—and cheapest—system on land or sea, under the drive of competition between themselves, and between themselves as a unit and the Canadians.

The Canadians have an edge because they don't carry as many men on their boats and pay them less. It costs them much less to build ships, in the first place. Their operating costs are only half of ours. In addition to good wages, American ship operators on the lakes run welfare associations and free schools in engineering and navigation for lakemen. There's almost no labor trouble on the lakes; never has been very much.

But the lake-transportation system has to fight for every dollar it makes. The ore it hauls is in competition with Cuban and Chilean ore, produced by peon labor, that comes in duty-free at Atlantic coast ports. This ore can be sold at some steel plants in Pennsylvania cheaper than Lake Superior ore, because of the shorter rail haul and lower production costs. The lower the lake carriers can make their rates, the farther east American ore can be sold. Putting up the rate even a mill a ton would kill part of their business.

Lake haulage is so cheap the railroads don't try to compete. They content themselves with building and operating ore docks and feeder lines, and in this more than a score of Eastern and Midwestern roads are involved. They form part of the life line. But they can't haul bulk freight for five times what the ships charge—and so they don't try.

The ships haul it so cheaply, in fact, that it costs less to move a ton of coal from Ashtabula to Duluth, more than eight hundred miles, than it does to move it across a sidewalk from a truck into the consumer's basement. Eight hundred miles against eight feet.

A Navy per Week

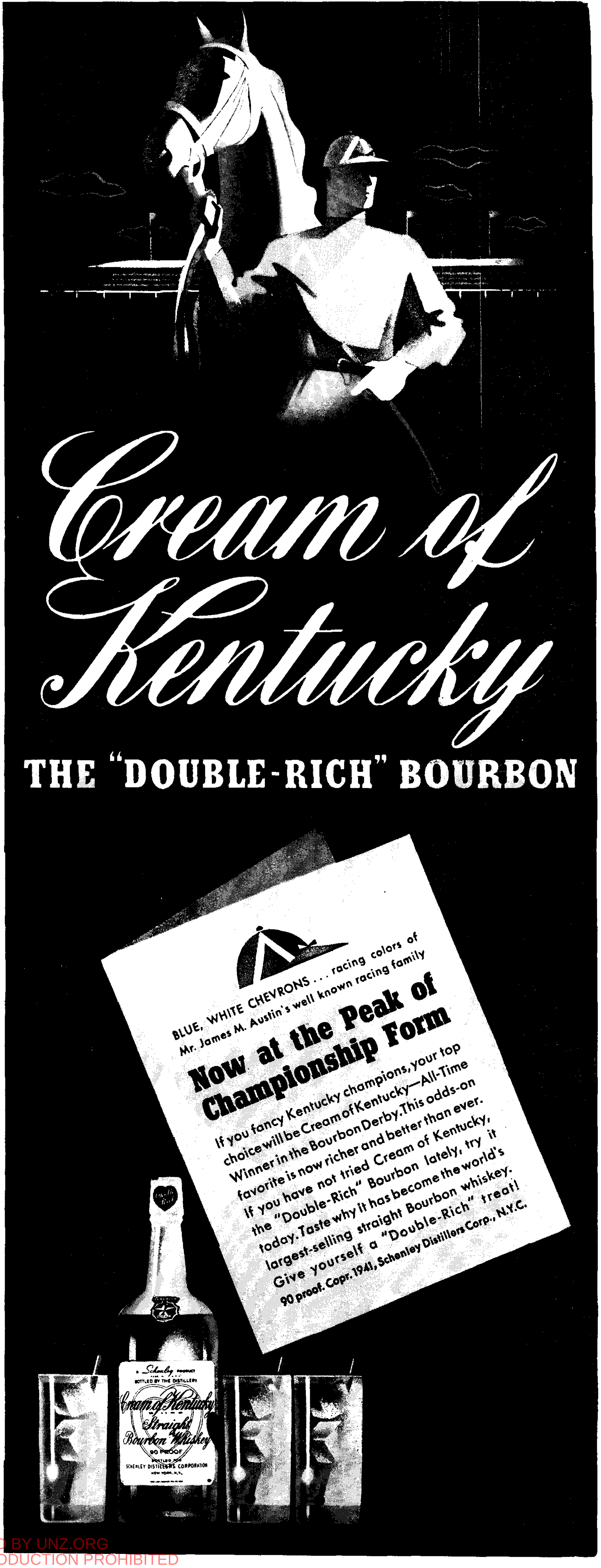
When it comes to rearmament, the lake boys aren't worrying. They can move three million tons of ore down the lakes from the ranges to the furnaces in less than a week, if anyone asks them. That's more than enough to build a first-class navy from chronometer springs to sixteen-inch guns.

About raw material to feed the line: Of course, there'll always be enough grain—usually too much. There's coal to last a hundred years; limestone unlimited. Nobody knows how much ore there is up in the Minnesota ranges. In fifty years, about one billion tons have been taken out—and that's all high-grade stuff. All the low-grade ore has been piled up. It'll stay piled up for at least thirty-five years, the figure sharps say, while we absorb the next billion tons. After that, the lower-grade ore—still much richer than most ore being worked in Europe—will last forty years more. No cause for worry there.

Only fly in the ointment for the line's operators is the threat of government interference. The brainstormers at Washington are always getting up schemes to regulate them .... Not long ago an earnest congressman invented a law that would have forced every lake boat to carry a "breath-condenser" for each member of the crew. A breath-condenser is a contraption like a gas mask. When shipwrecked and thirsty you breathe into it—if you happen to remember about it—and the moisture in your breath turns into water. You drink the water and survive—in theory.

It seemed like a good idea to the congressman and gave the lake people a swell laugh. They pointed out, however, that any seaman wrecked on the lakes would probably be picked up within twenty minutes and could wait that long for a drink without acute agony—and that, in any case, he'd be adrift in a boat on top of several thousand cubic miles of pretty good drinking water and hardly in danger of dying from thirst. . . .

The Benson Ford is headed uplake again, bound for another load of ore. The big Diesel in the stern goes chuckle-uckle chuckle-uckle, shoving her snub snout into the short seas whipped up by a half gale out of Canada. "Course two eight one," says Captain Andy Pedersen, leaning out of the pilothouse window, eying the smog over against the Ohio shore. "Course two eight one, sir," says the wheelsman in the immemorial echo of the sea. The life line carries on.



Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON

BLUE, WHITE CHEVRONS . . . racing colors of Mr. James M. Austin's well known racing family

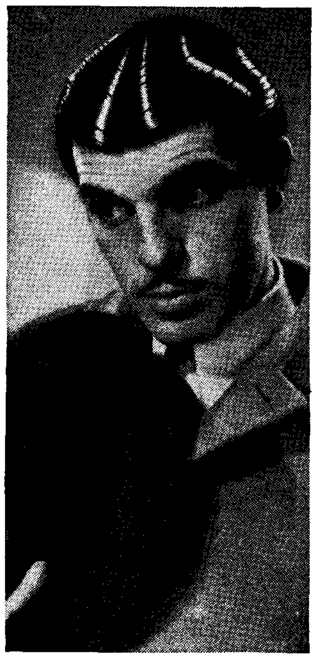
Now at the Peak of Championship Form

If you fancy Kentucky champions, your top choice will be Cream of Kentucky—All-Time Winner in the Bourbon Derby. This odds-on favorite is now richer and better than ever. If you have not tried Cream of Kentucky, the "Double-Rich" Bourbon lately, try it today. Taste why it has become the world's largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Give yourself a "Double-Rich" treat! 90 proof. Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

Memoirs OF A RECEPTION GIRL

◀ *Watered Willie:* Soaks his hair to comb it. Seldom gets to see anybody. Ought to know that water robs hair of natural oils, leaves it brittle, wild. Kreml keeps hair softly manageable.

Goose-Grease Gus: The ▶ masher type. Gets no place fast. Thinks he's irresistible with that greasy mat of hair. Usually has dandruff, too. Kreml greaselessly grooms hair and removes dandruff scales.



◀ *Baldy Bob:* Looks like a has-been with his "has-been hair". Acts apologetic from the moment he removes his hat. Too bad. Too late. Kreml and proper care might've helped him keep his hair.

Go right in, sir!" ▶ There's no waiting for men who know Kreml. It makes your hair a big business asset. Beneficial oils in this tonic-dressing keep hair lustrous and looking *naturally* well-groomed.

LET Kreml, *every day*, keep your hair looking its best — non-greasy, well-groomed.

Remember, Kreml does more for your hair than just give it good looks. Kreml actually checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales, relieves itchy scalp.

Even women say Kreml works wonders with hair — gives it an enviable sheen — makes it easier to manage, especially after permanents.

Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your drugstore and barber shop.

Ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. It has an 80% olive oil base and cleanses your scalp thoroughly, leaves your hair softer, more lustrous, more manageable.

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Workingman's War

Continued from page 26

parish padres—school children carted it in wheelbarrows and gunny sacks—and the hundreds of thousands who had been made homeless had to be fed.

The lunch was a good one—a deep bowl of mutton stew with potatoes, carrots and cabbage. We had thick slices of bread and then pudding with stewed fruit and tea. The whole business cost ninepence, or about fifteen cents, and was equivalent in quality and quantity to a fifty-cent meal in any popular restaurant in the United States. Before the war Charlie Brickett used to spend ninepence for fish and chips, which filled him up but didn't give him a very balanced diet. Now fish and chips cost about twenty-five cents, and many fish-and-chips shops have been bombed. Since these community feeding centers have been set up throughout the nation, along with emergency canteens and central restaurants to take care of workers in the industrial regions—there are three hundred mobile kitchens, for instance, in central London alone—the workers have been obtaining far better food than they did before the war when they earned an average of approximately eight dollars a week, which is less than they earn today.

Bombs Don't Spoil Appetites

In the lull that followed the bomb blitz and the fire blitz, feeding methods, menus and organization generally were vastly improved, as were air-raid shelters—which, however, are still dismally inadequate in size and numbers. The shelter situation would be more serious except that everyone has come to regard raids and the moaning of the siren that precedes them as a matter of course. Improvised field kitchens have become permanent affairs especially designed for their work and similar to army kitchens. They're protected by brickwork or reinforced concrete so that cooking can go on during the worst raids, and the people of East End London have become as blasé about eating while bombs fall as West Enders are about dancing, dining and wining in smart hotels while sirens wail, bombs crump and antiaircraft guns pump their shells at the invaders.

Such is the tenacity of human nature and its adaptability to abnormality that East Enders won't leave their homes, won't part with their children. There are still 110,000 children in London. Immediately after the mass evacuation in September and October the number was reduced to 90,000. Twenty thousand have returned to parents who couldn't do without their Billies and Lizzies, and if anybody tried to enforce any kind of law compelling parents to send their children away there'd probably be rioting in the East End. Most parents, however, have thought first of the safety of their children and next of family unity. There were nearly 700,000 children in Central London when war came.

In the central or congested areas only 150,000 people—of a population estimated at about eight million exclusive of Outer London, which is relatively safe—sleep nightly in public shelters. On an ordinary raid night about 250,000 people use shelters and on a blitz night, when eggs are falling everywhere and London is turned into an inferno of flame and violent steel, from 600,000 to 900,000 of London's 8,000,000 take shelter—which gives you an idea.

The effect of Hitler's bombs upon the lives of Charlie Brickett and Minnie Cotter has been twofold—physical and moral. Their normal lives, of course, have been wrecked, and the best way to understand that is to see Stepney. This borough of London, which is really a city in itself, is about as big as Bridgeport, Connecticut. You drive for a full mile along Commercial Road and another mile on Mile End Road and still another along Burdett Road into Limehouse. All the way, on either side of you, are obscene remains of houses, stores, markets, schools, hospitals and churches.

Whole areas equal to large city blocks of houses in America are razed, with only heaps of rubble with sheet-iron Anderson shelters protruding from the rubbish. Most of the churches, especially in the East End, have stumps of bell towers, their walls peeled off to expose fire-gnawed arches and flying buttresses like the ribs of charred prehistoric beasts.

Off the main road and in the chaos of small, narrow streets the houses stare at you with burned-out eyes and you are reminded of Madrid. Somehow, in some small way or great, the sooty brick warrens of workers in the East End of London (as well as Coventry, Swansea and scores of towns in the Midlands) have been rendered uninhabitable permanently or for various periods due to broken walls, burned or broken roofs or the blasting of water and gas mains.

It is arguable that Hitler's boys were aiming at military objectives. Neither Charlie nor Minnie stops to argue about whether Germans were aiming at docks or factories. All they know is that their homes are gone and they hate Nazis as no one who knows the British and knows that their racial tolerance matches their social intolerance ever dreamed Britons could hate. So far as the workers are concerned Hitler isn't making war against capitalism, as he says he is. He's not the great proletarian he brags he is, but is instead deliberately bombing civilians, their schools, churches, homes and hospitals in order to throw the civilian population into despair and terror. Well, he has failed.

They Just Won't Quit

In the psychological effect of the bombings of congested areas you're reminded again of Madrid. There, where as many as 4,000 died daily or were irreparably broken by bombs, shells, disease, starvation or firing squads, men and women came to accept the new way of life as normality. They just figured their chances for survival had been juggled from say one in a hundred to one in a thousand and went to movies and cafés as though falling debris and exploding projectiles were merely a bad storm.

Britons similarly adapted themselves to a new environment filled with indescribable noise and death and injury.

This man Brickett I've mentioned is no literary figment, no imaginary Joe Doakes. He's a pipefitter in a Stepney gasworks, and when he had done his grousing at the feeding center I asked him if perhaps he thought it might be better just to quit right now and ask Hitler to make peace. He looked with scorn at my clean shirt and semi-pressed pants and polished shoes and said, "Well, now you're talking about something else again. We're not quitting, not 'arf, we ain't." While we debated with Charlie a hollow-cheeked man with an unlaundered yellow scarf tied ascot-fashion around his neck sauntered in with his hands in his pockets and chimed in with, "Look 'ere,

NEW AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" FOR SPARK PLUGS GIVES VITAL FACTS OF MOTOR PERFORMANCE!

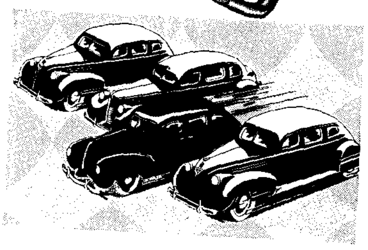
AUTO-LITE
"PLUG-CHEK"
INDICATOR
AUTO-LITE

HOW AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" WORKS TO PEP UP SLUGGISH MOTORS, SAVE YOU MONEY ON GAS!

THOUSANDS HAVE REPLACED WITH WRONG TYPE SPARK PLUGS—AND DON'T KNOW IT!

HERE'S a new service for motorists. A scientific device called a "Plug-Chek Indicator," helps every Auto-Lite dealer spot, more easily than ever before, plugs that are functioning improperly or have burned or fouled because of engine irregularities. If your motor is sluggish, lacks pep on the hills, fails to get away fast, ask your Auto-Lite dealer for a "Plug-Chek." He compares the "business end" of your spark plug with the "Plug-Chek Indicator." This reading enables him to better analyze your engine operation, helps him restore top engine performance, end costly gas waste. Ask about the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug that's "Ignition Engineered"—and be sure to get a "Plug-Chek" today!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO

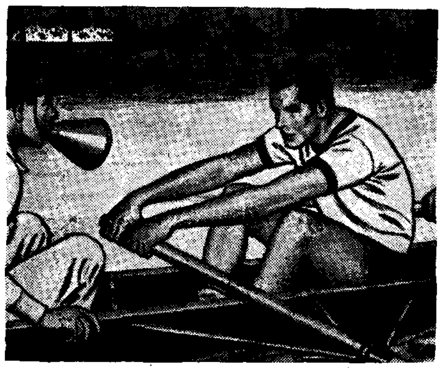


One Out Of Every 4 Cars is Factory-Equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS
We Are
SPARK PLUG SPECIALISTS
SPARK PLUG INSPECTION

Sam made the Crew —but missed the boat!



AS VARSITY STROKE, Sam set the Hudson on fire. But at the fraternity parties and dances Sam never went over. Socially and later in business—Sam just couldn't make the grade.

ATHLETES wear sweat shirts for athletics. But Sam wore sweat shirts everywhere—to dinners, dates and business. (Every shirt's a sweat shirt when a man neglects preventing underarm odor.) So the lady whispered—

SHE SAID- "TELL THAT TARZAN, A SHOWER ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION —MUM PREVENTS RISK OF FUTURE UNDERARM ODOR"

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT for Sam now—with *Mum.* People like him. He always had brains and ability—Mum let him capitalize on them. Underarm odor dims many a bright future —unless a man plays safe—*with Mum.*

● PLAY SAFE socially and in business against underarm odor. The tragedy is it's so easy a fault to detect in others, so difficult to detect in yourself. A quick dab of Mum under each arm after your shower —30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or evening long. Harmless to skin or clothing —does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

chum. Just ye give us ships to carry our food and munitions and we'll fix the Hitler bloke fer ye."

I asked them what they thought of Roosevelt. I called him just Roosevelt. They called him Mister Roosevelt. It wouldn't do to quote what they said about our President. You wouldn't believe it all. I'll just report truthfully that the burden of what they said indicated that, next to a man named Churchill, Roosevelt is the greatest man in the world, for in England he emerges from the American scene in the minds of even the most inarticulate and uncultured Britons as a sort of righteous Moses.

In Coventry you meet the aristocrat of British workers. He's a skilled mechanic. He earns an average of forty-five dollars a week and lives in one of the rows of small six-room houses, each as similar to the others as a succession of smiling Dutch faces. He's considerably more articulate than Charlie Brickett and proud of his craft.

One of their leaders, the head of the Engineering Workers Union, calmly told me that labor is fighting for the socialization of Great Britain. He said, "We believe that production in this country must eventually pass into the hands of the people. What we want to see after this war is the extension of political democracy to economic democracy."

Labor Looks Ahead

The British worker has been talking like that for decades. He has been the industrial world's most socially conscious individual. "The trade-union movement," a sheet-metal worker's deputy explained, "is a Socialist movement. We're no party to the continuance of existent inequality in the distribution of material wealth. And we're thinking definitely of the future. Make no mistake—our biggest concern aside from winning the war is what's ahead. We won't tolerate unemployment nor the least sacrifice in our privileges as free men."

The million pounds of German bombs that the Luftwaffe dumped on Britain's Detroit failed to shake Britons loose from their dream of a new world. They've clung to it more securely than ever. As one put it, "We know damn' well that if we don't win this war we'll be worse off than before."

The labor shortage, which might eventually become acute, is beginning to make itself felt. At the end of February, after seventeen months of war, Britain began the training of thousands of operators for the machines that produce her weapons. Forty-two training schools have been started for women throughout the country. They'll be paid while training, moved into semiskilled jobs now held by men and the men will be released for more advanced jobs.

Revolutionary schemes have also been evolved by Captain Oliver Lyttleton, president of the Board of Trade, calling for "mobilization" of two thirds of Britain's nonessential industries—producers of gloves, hosiery, shoes, hats, luxuries as well as necessities. Hands "freed" from such work will be more usefully employed making machine guns, ammunition and other paraphernalia of war. At least half a million, perhaps a million, workers will thus be thrown into the British war effort or made available for military service.

That Britain faces a desperate emergency—implicit in the fact that 48,000,000 Englishmen are fighting some two hundred million Germans, Italians and satellites—none denies. But that won't prevent them from criticizing, arguing, debating. Real trouble in England would come in the event that these prerogatives were curtailed. There might be revolution.

I wanted desperately to know whether the workingmen of England know where they're going or what's ahead. So I called on Father St. John Groser in his vicarage in Watney Street in Stepney. He's known as "The Saint of Stepney" —a tall, godly man of spare frame and white hair and sharp features. There are 200,000 people in Stepney and he knows at least 30,000 of them by name and holds the loyalties of 100,000.

Father Groser told me, "They're not thinking much now. They're thinking only of survival and of the imperativeness of seeing this ugly business through. If they're thinking at all about the future it's in terms of security and of holding the gains they've made in social legislation which protects them through trade unions.

"They're wary of all labor leaders after Ramsay MacDonald deserted them, but they trust their Minister of Labor Ernest Bevin."

They don't read much and their relaxation they derive from "a bit of gab over a pint of pyle ayle" or a game of darts. The London county council and the relief agencies bring them films that are shown them in the larger shelters or churches. They listen to probably dull lectures by refugee Poles, Frenchmen and Belgians on conditions in the conquered or occupied countries with particular interest when they concern working conditions and labor's status.

Another Anglican clergyman, Father Carter of the Bow Common parish, who looks after 13,000 people—sees they get coal, food and blankets—told me the war had brought a revival of interest in religion. It's not a revival in the camp-meeting sense but a reawakening of interest in the Supreme Being.

He confirmed, too, what Father Groser had said and what I'd observed—that if there's to be any appeasement of the dictators it won't come from the laboring classes. And Winston Churchill has checkmated the Tories, among whom there might possibly be some last-minute appeasers, by moving in as the leader of the Conservative party. If anybody can keep old appeasers thoroughly under control it's Churchill.

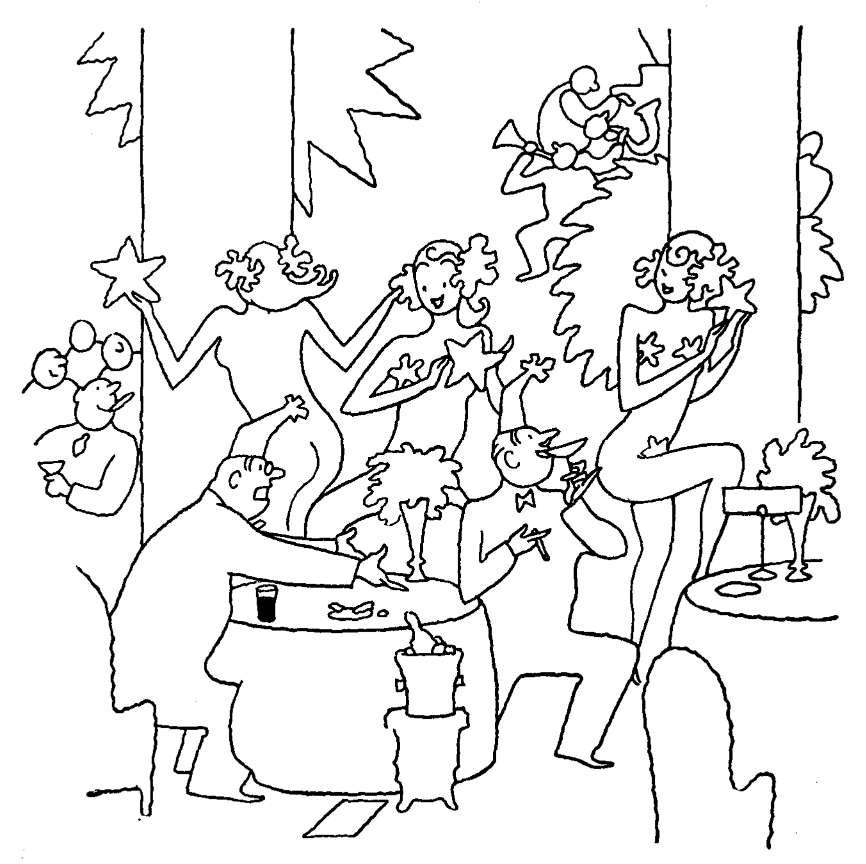
This determination of the worker to "see it through" isn't entirely attributable to fatter pay envelopes. His wages, with bonuses for overtime and working Sundays, have increased by from 20 to 50 per cent. But prices of goods have gone up by 48 per cent, and despite the fact that rents have decreased generally by about five per cent he's not particularly better off than he was before the war started. Furthermore, he has lost lots of sleep and considerable property, although he's being indemnified now for furniture and personal losses incurred in the bombings.

No Place for Isolationists

Those who know agree with our own observations that British workers realize Fascism and Nazism are phony ideas which, if triumphant, would mean annihilation of their personal rights. Father Groser is a shrewd old skeptic. He thought so and so did Father Carter and the Reverend Doctor Cobb and Schoolmarm Ruby Hodges and Miss Grenfell, the social worker down in Old Highway by the docks, who runs a settlement house for children in what used to be what's politely known as a house of ill fame. Now it's a place where children get milk and gaily colored paper with which to make cutout pictures. Miss Grenfell of the Labrador Grenfells has spent twenty years down in the East End and she knows what the kids' parents think and that there are no isolationists in Stepney. They're as scarce as capitalists.

The settlement house was bombed the other day but Miss Grenfell got the place fixed up and when I was there children from five to thirteen were learning to sing a song called Jerusalem.

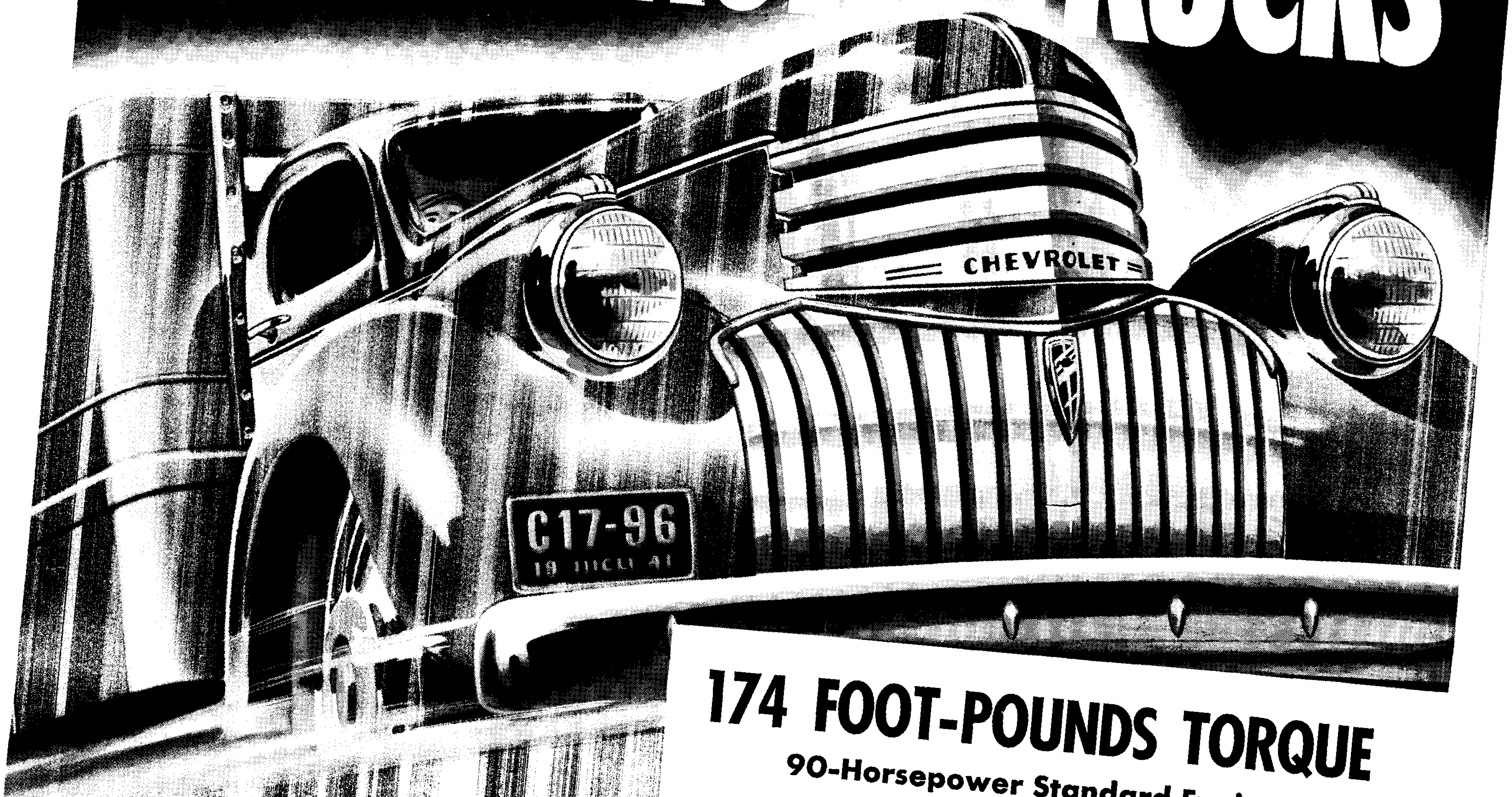
Minnie—that's the siren—moaned low and high and low and high but the kids went on singing a bit louder than before "—till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." Miss Grenfell said thanks for the waterproof raincoats and ponchos Americans have sent. They're handy in damp air-raid shelters. She said sweetened powdered cocoa would be good to have and the syrup that makes coffee when hot water is added.



"But listen, Mr. Terwilliger. I didn't come all the way from Oswego to fritter my time in night clubs. I came to give you an order!"

GARDNER REA

NEW CHEVROLET TRUCKS



MOST POWERFUL

of all low·priced trucks

174 FOOT-POUNDS TORQUE

90-Horsepower Standard Engine

192 FOOT-POUNDS TORQUE

93-Horsepower Heavy Duty "Load-Master" Engine *(Available at extra cost on Heavy Duty trucks)*

These new Chevrolet trucks are the most modern, most comfortable, most popular low-priced trucks you can buy.

Trucks with Passenger Car Steering Ease by the World's Leading Truck Builder

60 models on nine longer wheelbases ... a complete line for all lines of business

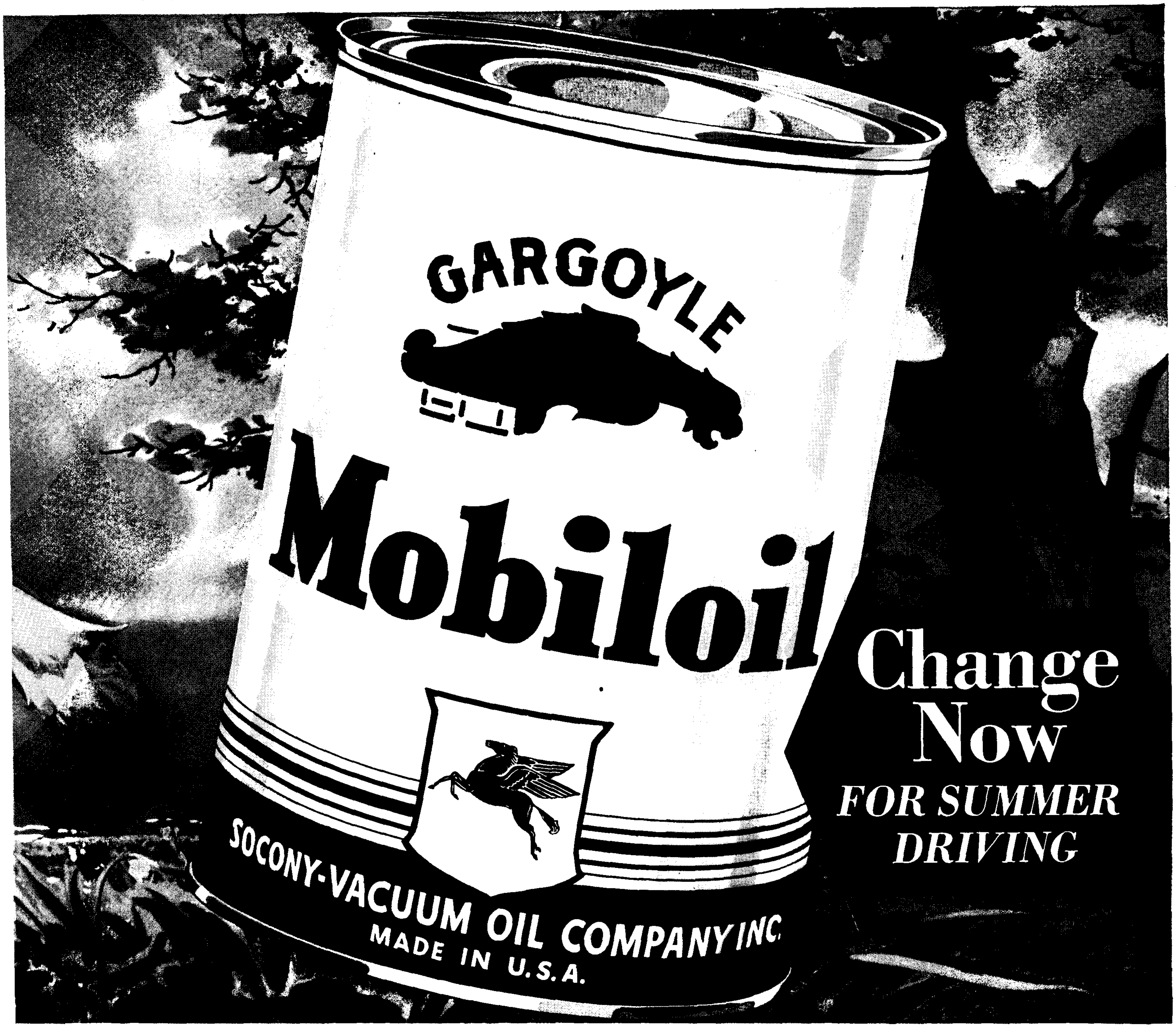
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

OUT-PULL . . . OUT-

Winter..Ba-a-a

GIVE YOUR CA
A FRESH STAR

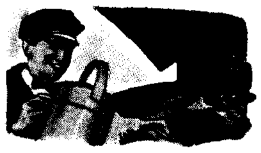
!...Spring's Here!



Here's how to give your car a FRESH START from bumper-to-bumper...

YOUR MOTOR OIL CHANGED—Grimy winter oil replaced with improved Mobiloil. This improved oil gives extra protection against costly wear. *It cleans as it lubricates!* A clean engine saves on gasoline and oil...delivers extra power. *Improved Mobiloil gives your engine a* FRESH START!

YOUR RADIATOR CLEANED FOR SPRING—Mobil Radiator Flush cleans winter-clogged passages of rust, scale, grease. *That's a* FRESH START *for your radiator!*



YOUR GEAR OIL CHANGED—Clean Mobiloil Gear Oil, in the correct summer grade, replaces dirty winter gear oil. *That's a* FRESH START *for your gears!*

YOUR CHASSIS LUBRICATED—Tough, wear-resisting Mobilgreases stop those irritating body squeaks and groans ...help keep your car riding quietly, smoothly, and handling like a "million." *That's a* FRESH START *for your chassis!*

PLUS A TANKFUL OF LIVELY MOBILGAS—Jam-packed with life-giving energy, Mobilgas is now specially made for driving in this season's weather!

Remember, you'll want them all—every one of these services and products—to give your car a real FRESH START for wonderful spring trips ahead.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

COPR. 1941, SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

CANADA SPEAKS

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER
CANADA

Ottawa,
February 6, 1941.

To the Citizens of the United States:

I am pleased to extend to you an invitation on behalf of the people of Canada to visit our country in the course of the present year.

When you come to Canada, you will be able to cross the border without difficulty; you will need no passports; you will suffer no restrictions; you will be as free in our country as you are in your own.

You will meet with the warm friendship that good neighbours entertain for one another. Our country and our institutions are somewhat different from your own. But these variations will add interest to your visit.

You will find good roads on which to travel, fine gardens, lakes and rivers, mountains and meadows, and peaceful homesteads. You will also find great national parks preserved and dedicated for the health, refreshment, and entertainment of the people of Canada and their friends. We have splendid hotels, railway systems of which we are proud, and many pleasant places along our highways and byways where the visitor may rest.

For your money, you will receive the full premium. The American dollars which you leave behind will be used by the Government of Canada for purchases to be made in the United States. These purchases will be used for the defence of the ideals of freedom and justice which we hold in common.

The fact that we are at war will not occasion the slightest interference with your enjoyment and freedom.

W. L. Mackenzie King.

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

Game Guys

Continued from page 14

be achieved. Through these few the news leaked out, to the keen delight of sports writers from coast to coast. The boys oiled their typewriters with vitriol and went to town.

They were a little hazy as to facts but this expedited rather than hindered their sermons. They agreed that the rebellion was all wrong and that the Indians had violated some sacred canon of baseball, but on certain other points they couldn't get together. As a group they were unable to identify the ringleaders of the revolt, but as individuals they knew precisely who was behind it all.

Name Your Own Suspect

Joe Williams of the New York World-Telegram described Mel Harder as the No. One Bolshevik of the team, presumably because he had arranged the audience with Bradley. The fact is that Harder, a gentle soul who is incapable of hate and nearly immune to anger in any situation, was asked by other players to telephone Bradley simply because he was the senior member of the team. Three managers who preceded Vitt will testify that Harder is the personification of loyalty and tractability.

Herbert Goren of the New York Sun also was very sure of the identity of the man behind the movement. In the Sun the honor went to Luke Sewell, a coach, who was, as Goren explained, anxious to undermine Vitt in order that he might step into the job. The truth was that Sewell, immediately upon learning of the players' meeting with Bradley, hastened to the president to assure him that there wasn't enough money in Cleveland to induce him to take Vitt's place in the event that Bradley decided to change managers. Not only did he not want the job, but he wouldn't take it under any conditions.

Several writers unmasked Bob Feller as the villain of the piece and more than one moving essay bewailed the fact that another idol had been shown to have feet of clay. Among the other players who were identified by various commentators as leaders of the revolt were Hal Trosky, Ben Chapman, Rollie Hemsley, Ken Keltner, Johnny Allen, Jeff Heath and Roy Weatherly.

But by all odds the most popular choice was Trosky. In Cleveland, where a good ballplayer in the throes of a bad year ranks somewhat lower than the torso murderer, the fans immediately singled him out as the ringleader.

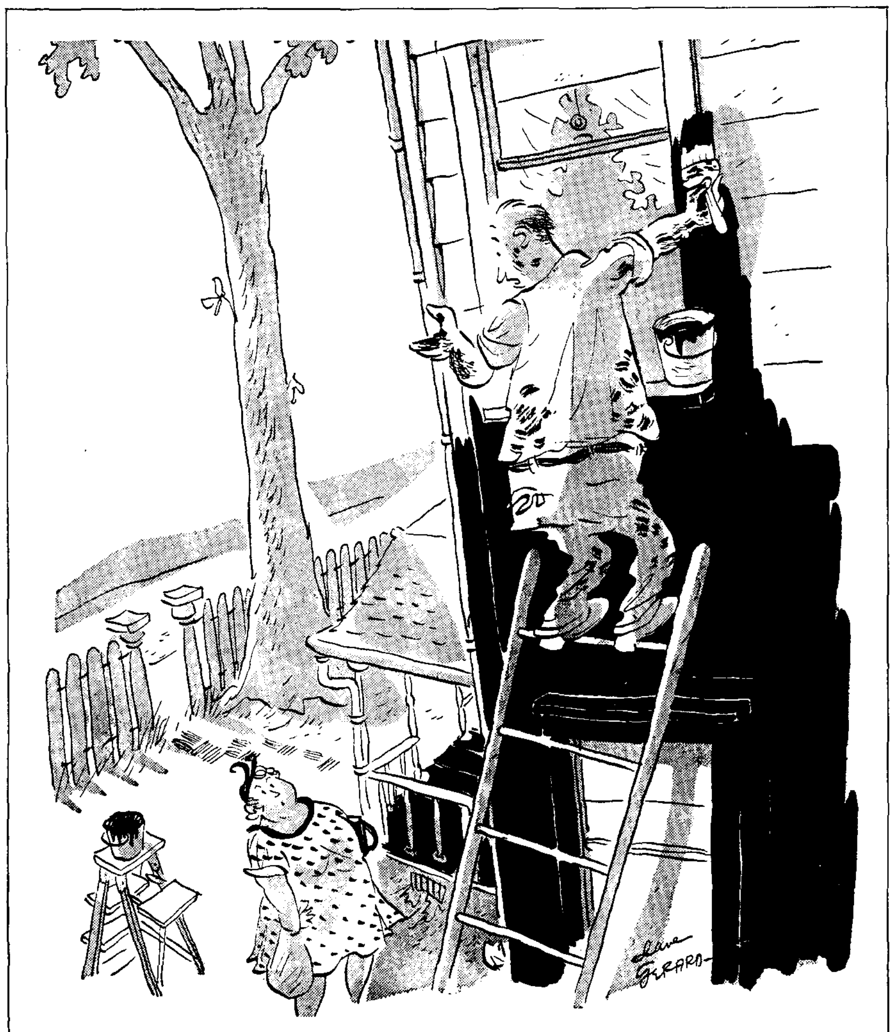
It happened that when Trosky stepped from the train on the morning of Rebellion Day he was informed of his mother's death in Iowa. He did not attend the meeting with Bradley, but left for the West. When he returned three days later he received, not sympathy, but a stormy chorus of boos from the grandstand.

The reason for the all but unanimous assumption that the giant first baseman was the chief plotter against his manager was the object of long and earnest and—until recently—fruitless research. But the explanation, a ridiculously simple one, came to light the other day.

A fan was heard to express the conviction that peace would never be restored among the Indians "until they get rid of that troublemaker, Trosky." He was asked, as a point of information, how he knew that Trosky was a troublemaker.

"How do I know!" the fan snorted. "He's a Russian, ain't he?"

He ain't. He is a combination of German, Irish, Jewish, French and plain Iowa corn-country stock. If he were named Johnson or Hawkins or Schultz his reputation would be as clean as any player's can be while he wears a Cleveland uniform. But at about the time that the Indians went after Vitt's scalp the world was reminded dramatically that a fellow named Leon Trotsky was the foremost exponent of Bolshevism. Hal Trosky didn't have a chance.



"Well, I painted the kitchen chair like you said to, and I spilled some on the kitchen floor—so I painted the kitchen floor—but I tracked it out on the porch—then after painting the porch—"

DAVE GERARD

Nor were the players the only ones deemed worthy of suspicion in this strange journalistic guessing contest. Bob Ruark of the Washington News advanced the daring hypothesis that when the smoke of the disgraceful affair had cleared away and the sordid facts had come to light it would be found that the Cleveland baseball writers were at the bottom of it.

Enter the Mystery Man

No matter which player or group of players, which writer or group of writers was blamed for the uprising, in the background of every commentator's consciousness lurked the malevolent specter of Cyril C. Slapnicka, vice-president and general manager of the Indians and the only man who came out of the affair with a reputation blacker than Trosky's. Slapnicka was variously portrayed as a hopeless dope, a meddlesome busybody, a scheming Machiavelli and a pop fly that fell foul by a foot.

As chief scout for the Indians a few years ago Slapnicka laid the foundation for the present team by digging up, often under the noses of rival ivory hunters, a succession of good ballplayers. As general manager he has made money for the owners where money formerly was lost by the bale.

Neither before nor after the rebellion did Slapnicka attempt to conceal his anti-Vitt leanings. He tried with all his eloquence a year ago to dissuade Bradley from rehiring the manager for the 1940 season, warning that great caldrons of grief were brewing and would surely boil over if Vitt were returned to the job. Bradley thought *he* was exaggerating.

And yet it was Slapnicka who picked Vitt for the post three years ago.

In Roger Peckinpaugh, who comes back this season for his second shot at the job, and his successors, Walter Johnson and Steve O'Neill, the Indians had had a line of managers of whom it was said that they lacked the fire and dash that could inspire a team to do just a shade better than its best when the occasion demanded it. When Bradley decided that O'Neill must be replaced at the end of the 1937 season he tried, on Slapnicka's urgent recommendation, to lure Bill McKechnie away from the Boston Bees. McKechnie wavered for some weeks between the Indians' offer and one from the Cincinnati Reds. Finally he chose to stay in the National League and the Cleveland club began to cast about for another manager. Bradley and Slapnicka agreed that their man must be the antithesis of Peckinpaugh, Johnson and O'Neill. He must be volatile, effervescent, fiery. He must have oomph by the carload.

Slapnicka suggested that Vitt, whom he knew only casually, seemed to be such a man. Besides, Oscar had just won the International League pennant by the record-breaking margin of twenty-five

Ron Bacardi Superior
BACARDI y Cia.
SANTIAGO de CUBA
YES..
BACARDI
COCKTAILS
MUST*
BE MADE WITH
BACARDI

*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936

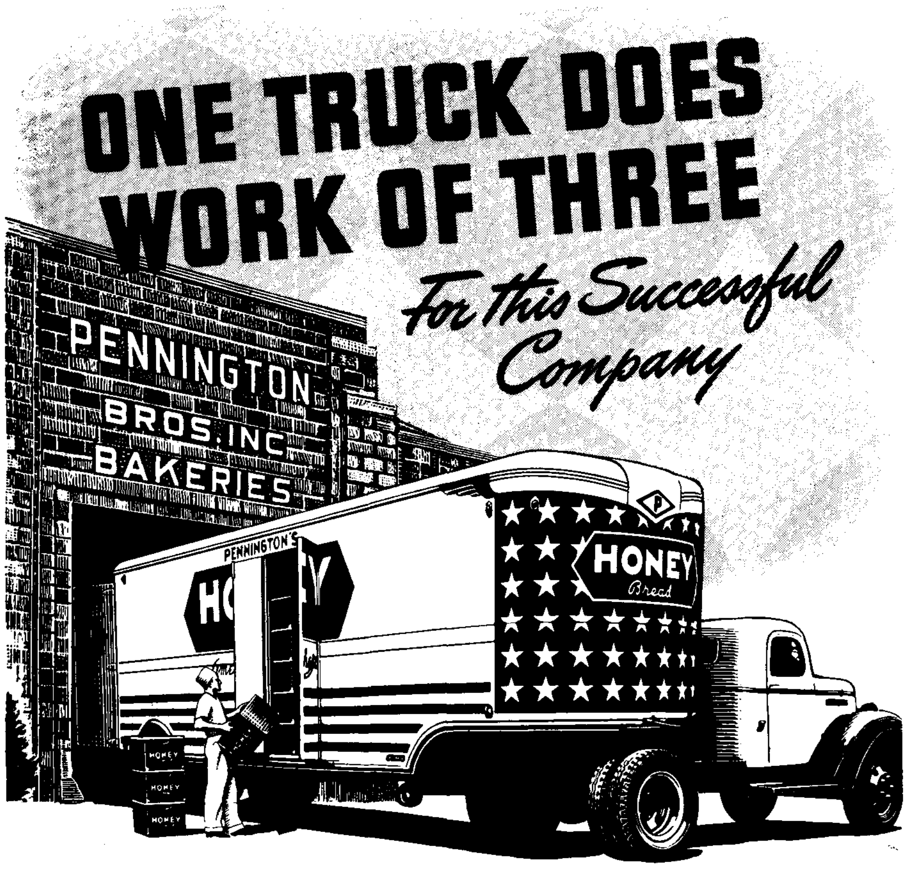
The Official Recipe in Rhyme!

A LITTLE SOUR,
(Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET,
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
(Ice and shake well)

It's tart ... it's smart ... the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail ... always correct ... and always welcome ... at every season ... and for every occasion. Be sure to make it correctly, with Bacardi, the world's finest rum, since 1862.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941



ONE TRUCK DOES WORK OF THREE

For this Successful Company

THIS TRUCK-TRAILER UNIT REPLACED THREE TRUCKS
. . . AND IN ADDITION CUT MILEAGE 30%

HERE is a typical instance of how the Truck-Trailer method works: Pennington Brothers, Inc., Cincinnati, now use one truck and Fruehauf Trailer to do the same hauling that previously required three trucks. Think of the savings! Gasoline, oil and upkeep costs for only one truck . . . Far smaller investment in equipment . . . Far less to write off in depreciation . . . And, above all, a saving each week of more than seven hundred miles of travel as a result of the more efficient routing made possible by the Truck-Trailer method of hauling.

It's surprising how much you can save—and the reason is simple. A truck, like a horse, can *pull* far more than it can *carry*—at least three times as much. In short, you can pull your *usual* load with a *smaller* truck or you can pull a much *larger* load with a truck of the *same capacity* you have been using. Your costs are sure to be lower in either case.

Another source of big savings lies in the use of the "shuttle" system. Instead, say, of using three load-carrying trucks, you use one truck and three Trailers. You leave only the Trailers to be loaded or unloaded and keep the truck busy constantly, pulling first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved.

The Truck-Trailer method has proved workable for literally tens of thousands of business men. The chances are great that you, too, will profit by its adoption. Why not call in a Fruehauf man and get the interesting facts?

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities
Factories: Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Toronto

BEFORE

NUMBER 1 TRUCK made eight round trips each week, traveling 618 miles.
NUMBER 2 TRUCK made eight round trips each week, traveling 832 miles.
NUMBER 3 TRUCK made six round trips each week, traveling 1014 miles.
TOTAL for the three trucks: 2464 miles.

AFTER

Because of the large capacity of the Truck-Trailer unit, this one vehicle handles the deliveries formerly made by the 3 trucks. Result: only 6 round trips are required per week, many empty return trips are eliminated. Total weekly mileage covered is 1730.

SAVINGS

In addition to the obvious savings in equipment expense and operating costs, the Truck-Trailer unit reduced the mileage traveled 734 miles per week.

Four and one-half million trucks and three and one-half million trained trucking men are ready to help defend the nation. Furthermore, motor transport is supplying a large part of the tax money needed to build and maintain roads vital to America's defense.

"*Engineered Transportation*" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

and a half games, which indicated that he had something more than a bubbling personality. Accordingly, Bradley invited Vitt to Cleveland for a conference after the 1937 World Series, and was so deeply impressed that he signed him at once to a two-year contract—the first long-term agreement he had ever made with a manager.

Vitt went from that meeting to his home in California and was followed in a day or two by Stuart Bell, a Cleveland sports editor bent on obtaining the life story of the man who would lead the Indians out of the baseball wilderness.

Within a week the seeds of the Slapnicka-Vitt feud had been sown. Vitt told Bell that he would be goldarned if he stood for any front-office interference from Slapnicka. Specifically, he intended to pitch Bob Feller in turn and if the general manager thought he was going to make a Sunday pitcher out of Rapid Robert he had better think again because he, Oscar Vitt, was going to run the ball club and he didn't mean maybe.

This was the first evidence Cleveland had of the absence from Vitt's make-up of any talent for discretion or silence. Slapnicka considered his utterances a flagrant instance of hollering before getting hurt, and began to entertain some misgivings as to the wisdom of his choice. Before long they had crystallized into a profound conviction that he had booted one when he recommended Vitt for the job.

Though outwardly their relations were those of any reasonably compatible business associates, a deep antagonism between the two men developed. It puzzled and worried Bradley, who had become personally fond of Vitt and cherished a high regard for Slapnicka's knack for making money.

Mr. Slapnicka Takes the Rap

In personality, Vitt and Slap were direct opposites. Vitt was lively, voluble, an excellent raconteur who instantly captivated every interviewer. Moreover, being one of the most photogenic men who ever wore spikes, he was a favorite with press photographers. Slapnicka was dour and sometimes crabbed. He distrusted newspapermen and, in consequence, became the victim of a conspicuously bad press, which was reflected in a hostile public attitude.

And yet the suspicion is growing that in many of the acts for which he was mercilessly blasted he took the rap for someone else. In one notable case, at least, this is known to have been true.

Ray Mack and Lou Boudreau, who have been pronounced by Connie Mack the finest second-base combination since Eddie Collins and Jack Barry were killing 'em off two at a time, were with Buffalo in the early part of the 1939 season. Their sensational performances there were eagerly chronicled in the Cleveland press and it was freely predicted that they would be the hub around which a formidable team would revolve in 1940.

In August, 1939, Slapnicka announced that he was bringing Mack and Boudreau in from Buffalo and that they would make their joint debut in a night game on August 7th. For this he was vigorously panned on the ground that he was rushing a pair of promising youngsters into company that almost certainly would prove too fast for them, all for the sake of a few quick dollars at the gate. Outraged reporters asked Vitt if he didn't think it was a crying shame. He agreed that it seemed rather unwise, but said resignedly that he guessed he couldn't do anything but make the best of it.

It became known later, and through no word from him, that Slapnicka, against his own better judgment, had recalled the two players from Buffalo at Vitt's insistence. He offered no defense against the storm of criticism, but the incident did nothing to enhance the warmth of his feeling for the manager.

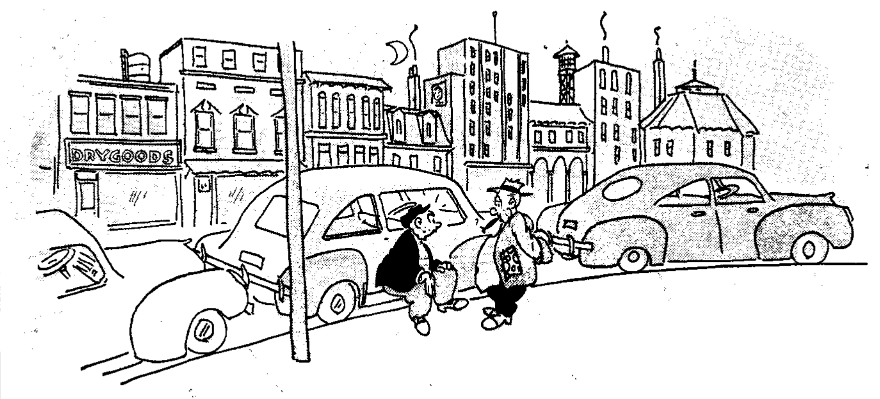
The Man Who Wouldn't Talk

There is no doubt that Slapnicka was aware of the rising tide of the Indians' feeling against Vitt. For more than a year before the storm broke he had been hearing rumblings of gathering trouble. He knew that the players had intended asking for Vitt's removal late in the 1939 campaign, and that before they could get around to carrying out their plan Bradley had stunned them with the announcement that he had signed Vitt for another year.

He knew that when the team went to Florida for spring training a year ago the players agreed to wipe the slate clean, to forget their old grievances against Vitt and to pull together for a pennant in 1940. And he knew that before the season was two weeks old the feeling against the manager had surged back more fiercely than ever.

But that he knew of the plan to call on Bradley on June 13th is to be doubted. Had he been consulted he might not have urged that the whole project be abandoned but, being a fellow who operates on the theory that what the newspapers and the public don't know won't hurt them, he certainly would have impressed upon the rebels the importance of the utmost secrecy. The fact that it was not kept secret was proof positive to all who know him that Slapnicka was innocent of any direct connection with the affair.

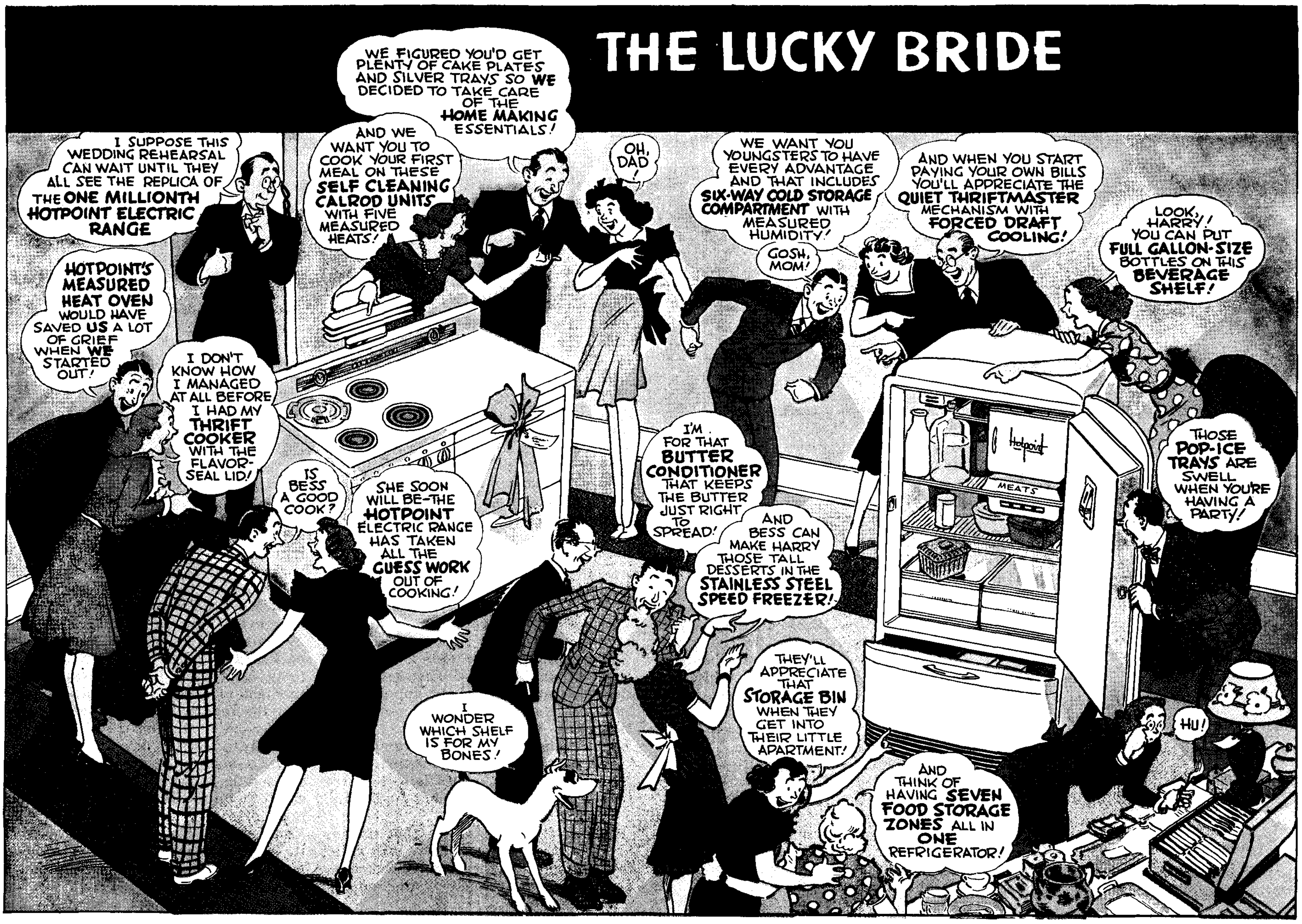
Bradley has been no less vigorously berated than Slapnicka, Trosky, Feller, et al., for his part in the proceedings. It was said (1) that he should have refused the players an audience; (2) that, since he was foolish enough to grant it, he should, once he learned the nature of their message, have kicked them out of his office and fined each of the complainants $1,000 and (3) that he should



"I doze off and two chiselers drove off without payin' me for watching their cars!"

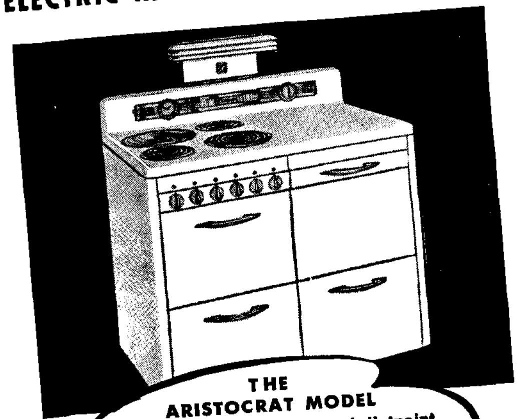
REAMER KELLER

THE LUCKY BRIDE


WE FIGURED YOU'D GET PLENTY OF CAKE PLATES AND SILVER TRAYS SO WE DECIDED TO TAKE CARE OF THE HOME MAKING ESSENTIALS!
I SUPPOSE THIS WEDDING REHEARSAL CAN WAIT UNTIL THEY ALL SEE THE REPLICA OF THE ONE MILLIONTH HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE
AND WE WANT YOU TO COOK YOUR FIRST MEAL ON THESE SELF CLEANING CALROD UNITS WITH FIVE MEASURED HEATS!
OH, DAD!
WE WANT YOU YOUNGSTERS TO HAVE EVERY ADVANTAGE AND THAT INCLUDES SIX-WAY COLD STORAGE COMPARTMENT WITH MEASURED HUMIDITY!
AND WHEN YOU START PAYING YOUR OWN BILLS YOU'LL APPRECIATE THE QUIET THRIFTMASTER MECHANISM WITH FORCED DRAFT COOLING!
GOSH, MOM!
LOOK, HARRY! YOU CAN PUT FULL GALLON-SIZE BOTTLES ON THIS BEVERAGE SHELF!
HOTPOINT'S MEASURED HEAT OVEN WOULD HAVE SAVED US A LOT OF GRIEF WHEN WE STARTED OUT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I MANAGED AT ALL BEFORE I HAD MY THRIFT COOKER WITH THE FLAVOR-SEAL LID!
I'M FOR THAT BUTTER CONDITIONER THAT KEEPS THE BUTTER JUST RIGHT TO SPREAD!
Hotpoint
MEATS
THOSE POP-ICE TRAYS ARE SWELL WHEN YOU'RE HAVING A PARTY!
IS BESS A GOOD COOK?
SHE SOON WILL BE-THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE HAS TAKEN ALL THE GUESS WORK OUT OF COOKING!
AND BESS CAN MAKE HARRY THOSE TALL DESSERTS IN THE STAINLESS STEEL SPEED FREEZER!
THEY'LL APPRECIATE THAT STORAGE BIN WHEN THEY GET INTO THEIR LITTLE APARTMENT!
I WONDER WHICH SHELF IS FOR MY BONES!
HU!
AND THINK OF HAVING SEVEN FOOD STORAGE ZONES ALL IN ONE REFRIGERATOR!

NOW IT'S EASY TO OWN THESE TWO GREAT WORK-SAVERS!

NOW! ONE MILLION HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGES HAVE BEEN SOLD!



THE ARISTOCRAT MODEL

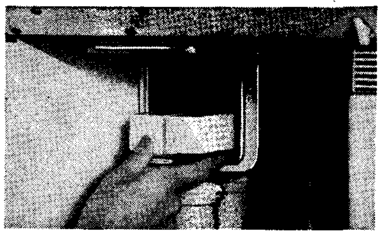
An Exact Copy Of The Millionth Hotpoint Range—Is Now Offered At Only

$179.50 *F. O. B. Chicago. Installation extra*

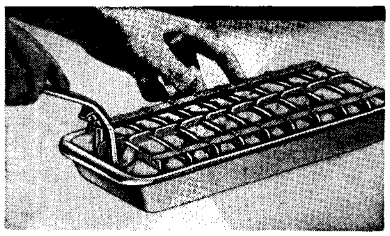
- A million women have enjoyed the thrift, cleanliness and safety of cooking on Hotpoint Ranges! See the special new Aristocrat model commemorating our millionth range!

HOTPOINT RANGE PRICES START AT $89.95 *at the factory*

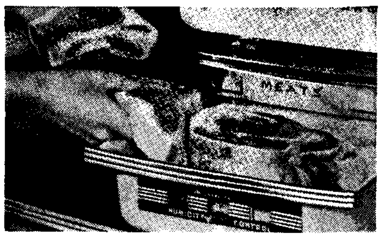
The New Hotpoint Refrigerator Brings You Every Modern Convenience Feature!



HOTPOINT'S NEW BUTTER CONDITIONER keeps a chip or a pound of butter at smooth-spreading consistency—ready to use at any time. Saves annoyance and waste in spreading.



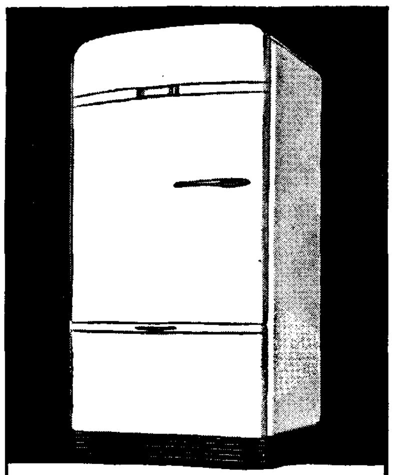
POP-ICE TRAYS save time and waste by enabling you to remove two cubes or a trayful quickly and easily. Handy for freezing homemade popsicles and desserts.



MEASURED HUMIDITY keeps meats and fowl fresh much longer by providing the correct combination of moisture and cold. Degree of moisture may be controlled.

GREEN PEAS
BANTAM CORN
LIMA BEANS
BROCCOLI
RASPBERRIES

STAINLESS STEEL SPEED FREEZER combines fast production of ice cubes and frozen desserts with a spacious compartment for frozen food storage. Holds a large supply.



Model shown, Doric De Luxe 7 cu. ft. $214.95

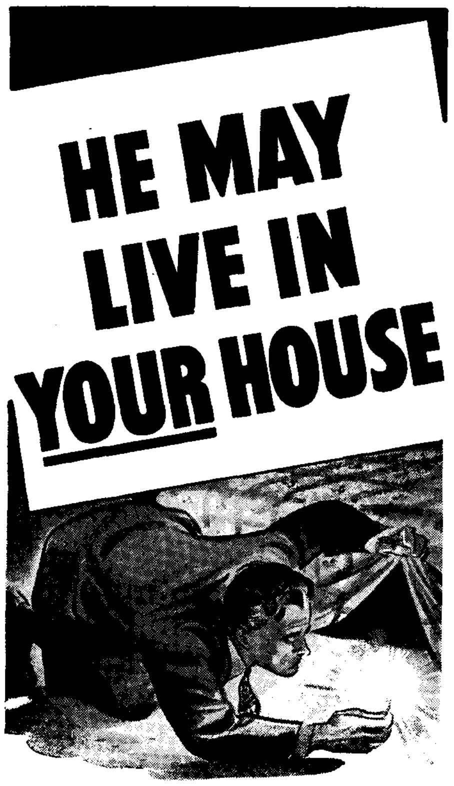
REFRIGERATOR PRICES START AT $119.95

Easy To Buy On Hotpoint's Friendly Finance Plan.

See Your Classified Telephone Directory for Name of Hotpoint Dealer Nearest You

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC., 5636 WEST TAYLOR STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hotpoint



123,232 Pipe Smokers are still missing!

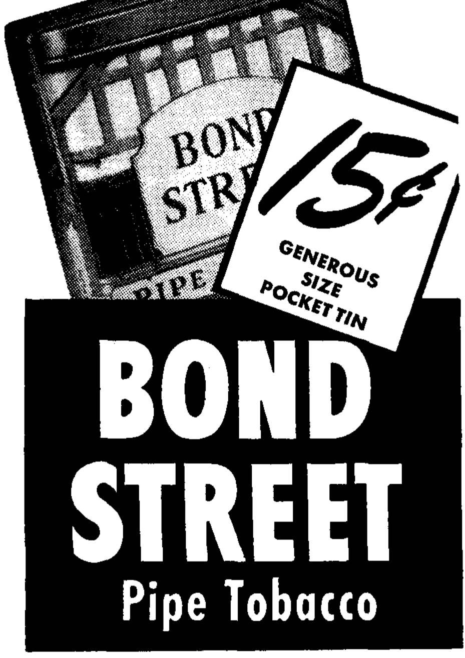
Among hard-to-please pipe smokers a high percentage naturally enthuse about BOND STREET.

Our experience proves this percentage—and so we know that about 123,232 pipe-smoking readers of this magazine—for whom BOND STREET is a real "natural"—still have this grand discovery to make.

So come out of hiding—and *try* this *completely different, genuinely aromatic* pipe-mixture . . . BOND STREET!

It contains *a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in a popular price mixture.* Rich-tasting, bite-free—leaves no tobacco odor in the room—*even the ladies approve.*

Try it—today! Only 15¢ for generous pocket tin.



A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

either have fired Vitt at once or made it clear to one and all that he would back his manager to the limit.

It was typical of the weird journalistic handling of the rebellion story that at no time did any reporter outside of Cleveland ask Slapnicka or the players for a statement of their side of the case —a courtesy which invariably is extended to ladies who kill their husbands with a meat ax. It wasn't until late September that Joe Williams got around to discussing the matter with Bradley. In Cleveland with the Yankees, Williams called at Bradley's office on other business and, in the course of a conversation that touched on many things, voiced the opinion that the club president could have saved himself a lot of trouble by slapping a fine of $500 on each of the protesting players.

Bradley's reply was, "I have been in business in Cleveland for 35 years and in that time my relations with my employees have been governed by one fixed rule. It is that any man who works for me, whether he be an elevator operator or the holder of an important post in a big company, can see me any time he has something to say. If he has a grievance, or thinks he has, I'll listen to him."

A Problem in Ethics

Had no news of their call on the president leaked out it is entirely probable that the players would have got their wish, that Vitt would have been removed from the job before midseason. For Bradley, in investigating their charges, was shocked to discover that the twelve players who visited his office spoke for twenty-four. The only man on the team who did not endorse the demand for Vitt's removal was Roy Weatherly, the center fielder.

"Oscar hasn't got a friend on the ball club—not one," Bradley regretfully reported.

To help in solving the problem, he sought advice in several quarters. He appealed to Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who replied that the players had acted entirely within their rights. The substance of the high commissioner's comment was that it was Vitt's responsibility to keep his house in order, and that for his failure to do so he had no one but himself to blame.

Bradley also asked the counsel of William Harridge, president of the American League, Connie Mack, who was playing professional ball when the white-haired Judge Landis was in short pants, and other responsible baseball men. The consensus was that it would be a grave mistake to fire Vitt while the season lasted, but that it would be a more serious mistake to retain him in 1941. It was on this advice, which confirmed his own feeling, that Bradley acted.

The vicious criticism of the Indians was, in general, not based on the contention that Vitt was a good manager. For some obscure reason the critics didn't presume to rule upon this point, although they ruled pontifically and in magnificent ignorance of the facts upon practically every other phase of the revolt. They seemed to argue only that, even if Vitt were a bad manager, it was no skin off the players' noses and they were heels for blowing the whistle.

It was precisely on this problem in ethics that the whole matter hinged. The players believed their noses were being skinned to the extent of between $4,000 and $6,000 in World Series money and they saw no reason why they should submit to the operation without protest. It was a question of self-preservation, and in their eyes there was very little moral difference between Vitt's going to Bradley with a request that one or more of them be fired and their going to the same authority with a demand for Vitt's scalp, so long as each side believed it was acting in the best interest of the team.

Was Vitt a good manager?

The question isn't particularly important so far as the rights and wrongs of the case are concerned. But for the purposes of academic discussion it can be stated emphatically that he was not —for the Indians. He might have been a good manager for the Yankees or Phillies or Cubs, but he was not the right man for the Cleveland team.

A manager's first and by all odds his most vital task is to win the confidence and respect of his players. If he fails in that the strategical genius of Mack, McGraw and Stallings all rolled into one will avail him nothing. The tactics of baseball are so standardized that the sandlots and bushes are fairly crawling with men who "know the game" as well as any big-leaguer. The difference between a good manager and a bad one is not in their baseball knowledge, but in their understanding of what goes on under a player's cap and behind the monogram on his shirt. Vitt knew the Indians' minds and hearts so little that he believed implicitly in his popularity up to the moment when he was told that his players had asked that he be fired.

The reading public has been led to believe that the Indians' revolt was the first such event in baseball history. It was not. It was only the first honest revolt.

Back in 1932 the Giants mutinied against John McGraw. They refused to take his orders. They appointed a leader of their own choosing, who gave the signs and planned the strategy. They finished in seventh place and McGraw, beaten and broken, resigned. The following year the same Giants bounced back and won the pennant under Bill Terry.

Some of the leaders of that mutiny are still in harness—and are still being fawned upon by the same sports writers who were outraged by the Indians' orderly protest.

No examination of the Cleveland situation would be complete without a glance at the Cleveland newspapers, which have been the subject of nearly as much unfavorable comment as the Indians.

One important and significant difference exists between baseball writing in Cleveland and baseball writing in, say, New York. Excepting the Daily News, every New York paper allows the Yankees, the Giants and the Dodgers to pay the expenses of their baseball writers in their travels about the country. Transportation, meals, hotel room and certain incidental expenses are paid for by the club whose activities the writers are covering on the road. The same system is in effect in other cities.

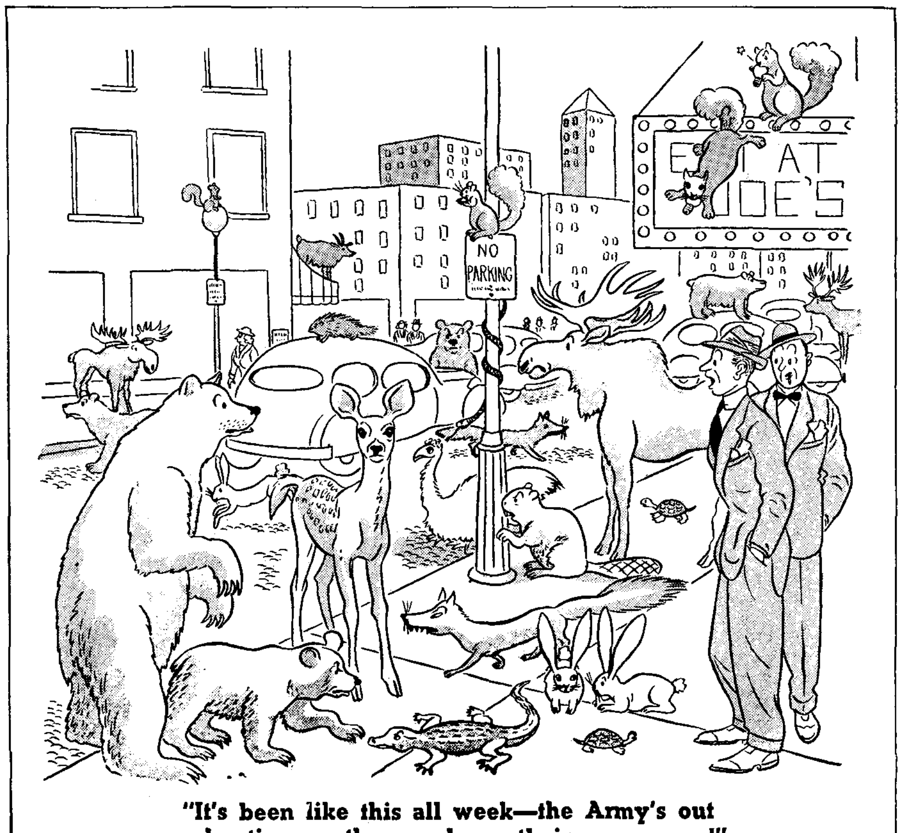
In Cleveland the bills for their traveling baseball correspondents are footed by newspapers, not because the ball club is not willing to pay them but because the editors believe it is bad journalistic practice to accept what amounts to several thousand dollars a year from a news source.

The Game That Took Courage

When we started this article we referred to the gameness of the Cleveland team last year. We mean just that. Anybody who traveled with them can testify to the viciousness of the attack upon them. They were booed and hooted on the playing field; they were cursed in hotel lobbies and subjected to attack by hoodlums. It would have broken the nerve of any but the most courageous of men.

When they lost three straight to Detroit in a crucial series late in the season, everybody said the Indians had cracked. They came back from that, only to run into another series of defeats. The critics were certain this was the last of them. They rallied again. But the real test of the quality of the team came even after they had lost the pennant to Detroit. Floyd Giebel, a recruit, defeated the great Feller. That seemed the crowning blow which should crush them but there remained still the need of saving second place from the Yankees. They stuck in there and won it, taking the last game after a 14-inning struggle.

We say that takes guts, in the face of apathy from the home-town fans and derision and murderous insult in other cities and from all writers but the Cleveland clan. We hope this closes the episode but we want this testimonial to go into the record. They did what they thought was right and they didn't flinch under a flood of abuse that has no parallel in American sport.



"It's been like this all week—the Army's out shooting up the woods on their maneuvers!"

JEFF KEATE

"I FEEL LIKE A *Queen*... on a **Pullman** !"

IT DOES NOT PAY to endure unnecessary travel discomfort, when Rail-Pullman offers the country's most comfortable transportation! It does not pay to get there tired and all worn out from your journey!

The great advantage of Pullman travel is that it enables you to travel at night and get a good sleep that fits you for the next day! It permits you to retire in the same complete privacy that you enjoy in your own home . . . giving you a variety of hotel-like comforts and conveniences that no other form of travel affords.

So, decide to be truly comfortable when you travel. Go the way that gives you so much more for the money. The way that makes travel a memorable experience. The way that's *dependable*, too! Go Pullman, the safest fast transportation in the world.

You'll feel "tops," when you go by Pullman! You'll get there refreshed and looking your best. (Note more complete list of Pullman advantages in the panel below.)

YOUR DAY starts right in a dressing room like this. Lots of light and mirrors, chairs, dressing shelf. Plenty of towels and hot water, of course! Every convenience for toilet, dressing. Comparable facilities in men's dressing rooms.

7 *Great Pullman Travel Advantages*:

SAFETY *many-times-greater than any other form of transportation. On Rail-Pullman you're protected by the country's greatest safety system.*

DEPENDABILITY *and convenience unmatched. Fast, frequent schedules . . . Hundreds of Pullman trains serve America every day regardless of the weather.*

ROOMINESS—*room to "stretch out." Room to take it easy and move about. Ample space for personal luggage, without extra charge.*

"HOME-LIKE" COMFORTS. *Completely-equipped dressing rooms. Individual toilet facilities in private rooms. Principal trains carry club cars.*

SERVICE—*courteous, efficient, hospitable.*

PRIVACY—*freedom from unwelcome intrusions. Your accommodation is your own—you don't have to share it with anybody!*

SLEEP, *undressed, in a real bed—just as you do at home. Pullman gets you there feeling fit!*

Travel on new Credit Plan. Ask your ticket agent about it. Pullman service also available over certain routes in Canada and Mexico.

Go *Pullman*...the "1st CLASS" Way to Travel

To or From
The Pacific Coast...Take Advantage of

STOP-OVER ALL-EXPENSE TOURS
Banff
LAKE LOUISE
EMERALD LAKE
in the Canadian Rockies

SPECIAL THRIFTY PLAN GIVES YOU 3 VACATIONS IN ONE!
600 MILES OF Canadian Rockies
VICTORIA
VANCOUVER
LAKE LOUISE
BANFF
FROM THE EAST
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
Low rail fares via Banff to or from Pacific Northwest and California on Canadian Pacific through transcontinental *air-conditioned* trains.
NO HAY FEVER IN THE Canadian Rockies
CANADA WELCOMES U. S. CITIZENS . . . No Passports
Your American Dollar Goes Farther In Canada

1. BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL...*famed for its* appointments and service. Celebrated cuisine . . . golf . . . tennis . . . riding . . . fishing . . . hiking . . . swimming . . . social gaiety.

2. LAKE LOUISE... *glamorous* Chateau at the edge of the loveliest of glacial lakes. Bridle paths, mountain climbing, motoring, tennis, swimming.

3. EMERALD LAKE... picturesque Chalet in a Swiss village setting...informal atmosphere... boating, riding, hiking.

COSTS SO LITTLE TO SEE SO MUCH

● Your stop-over tour enables you to see Banff, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake—2 to 6 days—for $36.25 to $73.25 up per person. Tours begin at Banff, June 7, and include hotel accommodations, meals at Banff and Lake Louise, visit to Emerald Lake and 126 miles of mountain motoring—or in reverse direction from Field. Add rail fare to Banff or Field. Columbia Icefield tours at small cost.

Ask your travel agent or nearest Canadian Pacific office in NEW YORK (344 Madison Ave.) • BOSTON PHILADELPHIA • WASHINGTON • ATLANTA BUFFALO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • PITTSBURGH CINCINNATI • CHICAGO (71 E. Jackson Blvd.) ST. LOUIS • KANSAS CITY • OMAHA • DALLAS MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL • SEATTLE • PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL and other cities in U. S. and Canada...or write Manager, Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alta., or Chateau Lake Louise, Lake Louise, Alta.

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Our New Army

Continued from page 25

too much sad and thoughtful shovel-leaning.

"TRAILER LADY" stories usually encourage a bit of on-the-spot investigation by any number of detective-minded doughboys—always purely out of academic interest, of course. Sure. Well, the report that ladies might be found in trailers near Fort Dix led a nameless hero to near-by Bordentown (he had no luck elsewhere, he says) where he finally found Exhibit A—a large, luxurious trailer parked hard by a filling station, with a bit of dainty feminine apparel fluttering from a clothesline on the roof. The McCoy, clearly. Our subject was standing irresolutely some ten yards away, when the trailer door opened and out stepped a little lady of twelve years, dressed in Girl Scout uniform and whistling God Bless America. Our agent scrammed.

FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS. "It's a racket," yapped a selectee. "Just one of the ways officers have of keeping most of us from taking week-end leaves. We're all set to go, see, and then somebody in the regiment comes down with scarlet fever, and we're all put on working quarantine. That's the racket. We carry on with our regular work but we can't leave the post. Look at me. I'm under a working quarantine right now but my job calls for meeting civilians and soldiers who're free to come and go. Maybe I'm a menace. But I understand all this goes on because they don't want too many soldiers flocking into towns around here."

There never has been any real scarlet-fever epidemic at Devens—less than fifty cases at any one time, out of twenty thousand soldiers—yet when a thousand men of the 101st Cavalry planned to leave camp on a recent week end, their leaves were suddenly canceled after two members of the regiment busted out with spots.

Civilian committees to arrange entertainment for visiting soldiers from Devens have been formed in Boston, Lowell, Ayer, Fitchburg, Groton and Shirley, in Massachusetts, and in Providence, Rhode Island. At Falmouth and Hyannis on Cape Cod, two women's clubs have Saturday-night dances and serve refreshments, all without charge, for the lads from Camp Edwards. (Perhaps they, and others, might want to offer some advice to Mrs. Warner Blair, who heads the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Recreation Committee, and has asked this department how best to set up entertainment facilities for Albuquerque Air Corps Station men.)

●

FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY. About 30,000 soldiers are scattered over the 80,000 acres comprising this headquarters for the First Armored Division. Main argument is the relative merits of tents vs. barracks. Tent dwellers claim they suffer less from colds, and prefer canvas because it enables them—with a modicum of ingenuity—to keep radios and lights on long after nine P. M.

A group of selectees is planning to attend the Kentucky Derby, a couple of weeks hence. All they have to do is figure out how to get there. Even on normal days there's said to be a several hours' wait for bus room to Louisville.

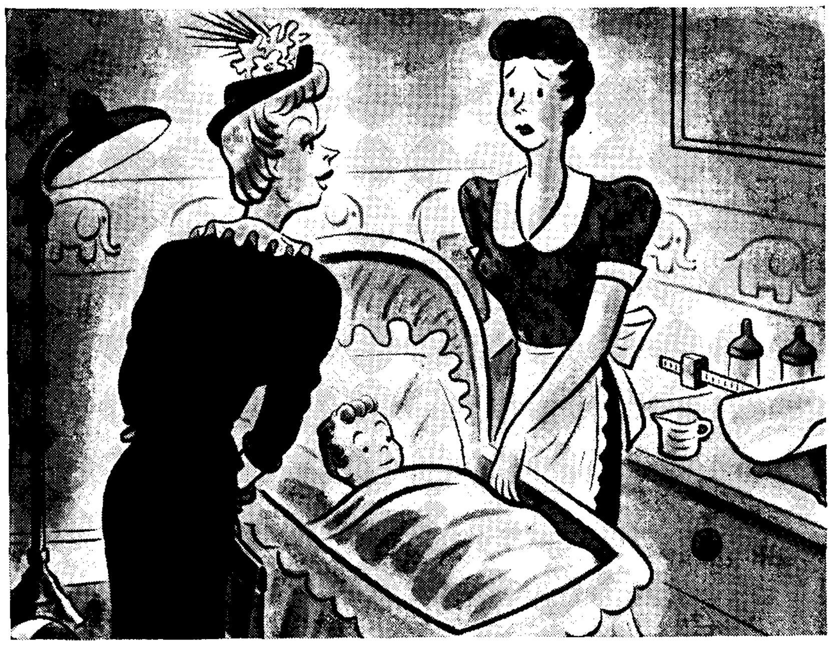
Some selectees, grousing recently about chow, were overheard by a sergeant. "Well," offered he, "at least, you don't get horse meat." A former insurance man agreed. "Not," he said, "since they mechanized the cavalry."

●

RECOIL. From Canada comes an avalanche of protests against our proud proclamation that the U. S. private is the best-paid soldier under arms. We climb down. The Canadian army private gets a straight buck-thirty a day, or $39 a month. Furthermore, the soldier's wife gets $35 a month for her own maintenance, and $12 for each child up to and including two offspring. Most enthusiastic and critical of our informants was Mr. George Lloyd, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. "Just in case you haven't heard," he writes, "the Canadian army is the best paid in the world. Twenty-one bucks a month? Pooey!"

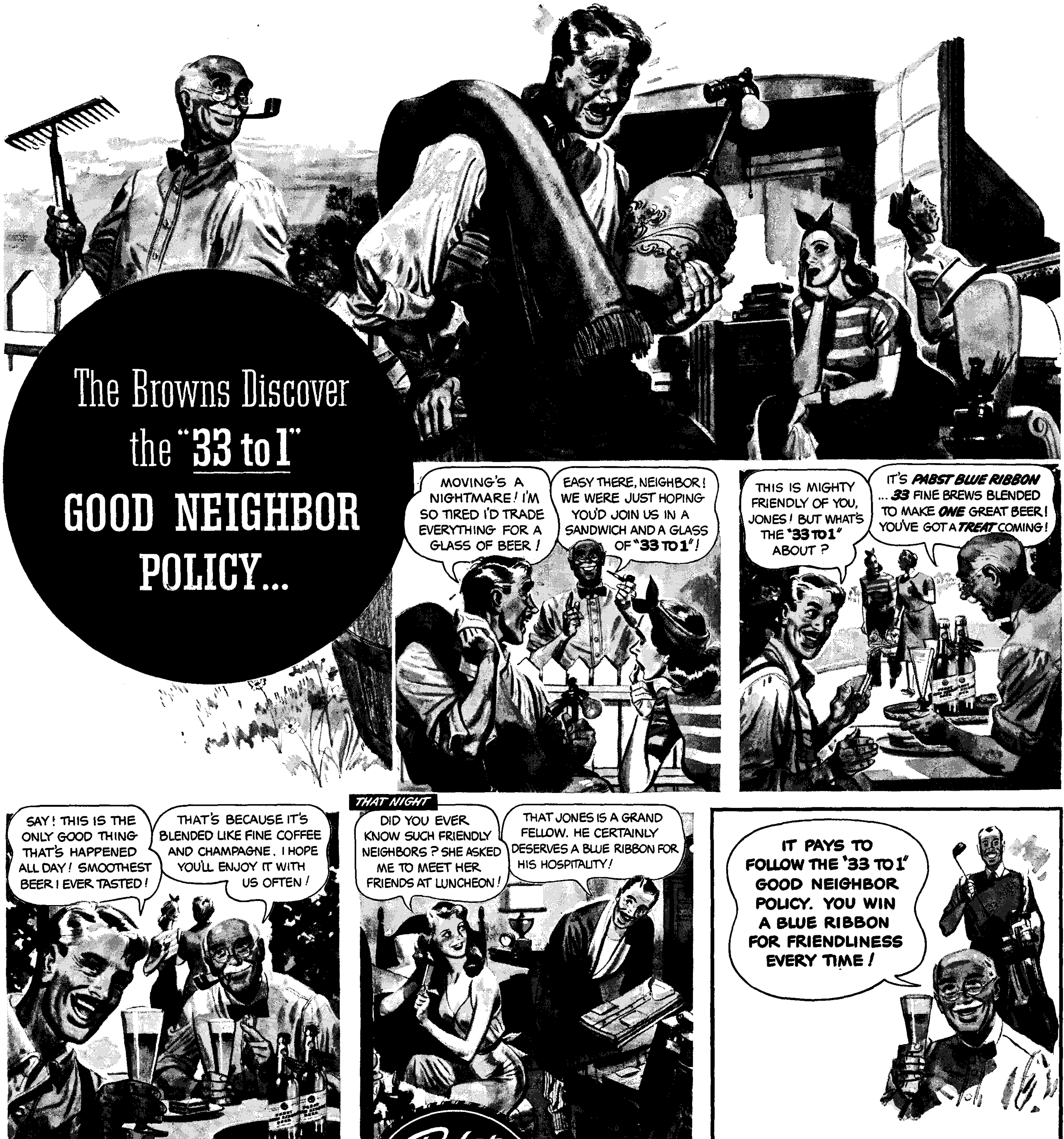
THE word is phooey.

G. W.



"Are they any trouble?"

FRANK BEAVEN


The Browns Discover the "33 to 1" GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY...
MOVING'S A NIGHTMARE! I'M SO TIRED I'D TRADE EVERYTHING FOR A GLASS OF BEER!
EASY THERE, NEIGHBOR! WE WERE JUST HOPING YOU'D JOIN US IN A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF "33 TO 1"!
THIS IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY OF YOU, JONES! BUT WHAT'S THE "33 TO 1" ABOUT?
IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON ... 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER! YOU'VE GOT A TREAT COMING!
SAY! THIS IS THE ONLY GOOD THING THAT'S HAPPENED ALL DAY! SMOOTHEST BEER I EVER TASTED!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S BLENDED LIKE FINE COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE. I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT WITH US OFTEN!
THAT NIGHT
DID YOU EVER KNOW SUCH FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS? SHE ASKED ME TO MEET HER FRIENDS AT LUNCHEON!
THAT JONES IS A GRAND FELLOW. HE CERTAINLY DESERVES A BLUE RIBBON FOR HIS HOSPITALITY!
IT PAYS TO FOLLOW THE "33 TO 1" GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY. YOU WIN A BLUE RIBBON FOR FRIENDLINESS EVERY TIME!

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

...IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER
...IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

...with a Blue Ribbon on it

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

When you serve Pabst Blue Ribbon, your guests enjoy something found in no other beer: a blend of *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! Like the finest champagne, or your favorite coffee, it's *expertly blended* to make it SMOOTHER...TASTIER ...ALWAYS THE SAME! Today—give your neighbor a Blue Ribbon treat. Let him discover how delicious a beer can be when it's blended "33 to 1"!

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Trail Town

Continued from page 21

"Figure out a better way."

"You buffaloed the wrong man. He's no cow hand to be kicked around. You did a lot of damage."

"Figure out a better way," repeated Mitchell, and rode up the street to the jail office. Ad Morfitt stood in the doorway.

Mitchell went into the jail office and walked over to unlock the cell. Hazelhurst came out complaining: "Damned vile smell in there."

"The smell of sin," said Mitchell.

He hung up his gun. "Your town, Ad," he said, and moved toward the doorway. The twelve-hour pull, with all its action, had tired him. He didn't know it, but his nerves were wire-tight.

From her window, Sherry Gault had closely watched everything occurring on the street, and had guessed at the scene inside Charley Fair's saloon. Mitchell alone had broken up the crowd. alone had emptied the town. Perhaps Balder and Fair laid down the rules but to her logical mind it was Mitchell who made the game work. This man had power, and power was a thing she greatly admired. It was one thing to be far-seeing and scheming and tirelessly shrewd, as was Ford Green; it was another thing to sit on a horse in the middle of Race Street and look out on a mass of men, gambling with every passing moment, and at last breaking those men to a stronger will. Reluctantly, Sherry Gault gave Dan Mitchell credit for his strength. And then as he wheeled from Race Street into Briar her admiration changed to scornful anger. For she knew, as the whole town knew, that when his night's tour was done he turned toward Big Annie's. Methodical in all things, he was methodical in this.

"You fool," Sherry Gault said aloud, "you cheap fool." And standing quite still, she was astonished that she had the power to make her angry.

MITCHELL took the buckskin to Brinton's stable and returned to pass down Race.

He entered Briar, reached Bismarck Alley and let himself into Big Annie's house without knocking. Tom Leathers had preceded him and now sat in the ornate parlor, idly tinkering with a little jug that gave out music when lifted. This parlor reflected Big Annie's tastes—its red, rose-spattered rug, its ebony Chinese chairs and its mirrors all gilt and cupid-strewn—and it had been bought from the ample revenues of The Dream dance hall which Big Annie owned.

Somewhere in the back of the house Big Annie's raw Irish voice called: "I'll be in."

Deep in a chair, Tom Leathers relaxed and beamed like a brother. "You sure ran that string right down to the frayed end."

"One more night," said Mitchell, and let all his muscles go idle.

"This is sure one giddy palace," observed Leathers. "One jump from sagebrush to the loot of Chinese emperors." He was pleased with the fancy; he was a healthy man with a fair, smooth face and a shrewd eye. His seeming youngness and his complete attitude of "I don't give a damn" were an excellent mask for a tough, quick-witted fighter. The gleam of affability and sound good humor in his brown eyes was real, but he had a bottom, beyond that, made of rock.

"You're a stranger in town," said Mitchell.

"Got tired of being pure and uncontaminated. Thought I'd steep myself in sin for a couple days." He grinned whitely at Mitchell. "You look thin. What's a free man doing in harness when he don't have to be?"

"Don't know," Mitchell said. With this man in older days he had ridden the desert and searched the hills. The memory of that freedom and irresponsibility came to him now as a strong, raw wind. He had not known until this moment of contrast how completely Race Street imprisoned him. He spoke softly, begrudging Leathers' freedom: "You damned saddle bum."

"Last night," drawled Leathers, knowing this would sting, "I spread my blanket on Cabin Creek. I hooked a trout for supper and built me a fire and rolled in the blankets. I heard a big bullfrog honk. There was a bear a-gruntin' in the thicket. And I got to thinkin' of a fellow I rode with once. But he turned proud and went to town and took to packin' a star and now there's a crease down the middle of his eyes from waiting for somebody to dry-gulch him. The man's a fool."

"Sand in your boots," said Mitchell. "Holes in your socks. You've got dyspepsia from your own cooking. If life's so damned sweet why come to town? Don't sit there and lie to me."

"I sleep well," pointed out Leathers, "and I don't have to watch any alleys when I ride by."

They bickered amiably until Big Annie came in with a jug of hot water, a bowl of sugar and a whisky bottle. She put these things on a table and mixed a toddy for both men and one for herself. She took a chair and reached down and removed her shoes and greatly sighed. As she sipped her drink she kept her eyes on Mitchell. The study of man was Big Annie's trade, from which she had grown rich and powerful in this town, knowing as much of its politics as any man. Now she said:

"Charley Fair won't love you for what happened tonight. Neither will the storekeepers. You'll hear from Ed Balder. The Texans will hate you more—and so you have pleased nobody."

"Just like him," said Leathers. "Nothin' small about the things he does. Whole hog. Large and fancy and complete."

Big Annie, being twenty years older than Mitchell, spoke to him as a son: "A peace officer never has any real friends. He's always in the middle. Now if you were a politician you'd join up with one side or the other and be safe, as long as your side was safe. But, no, you play it alone. You ought to get out."

"Sure," chimed in Leathers, "he has got to share the burdens of the universe."

Mitchell grinned at these good friends, slowly relaxing and losing the tension of the day. It was for this reason he came to Big Annie's at the end of his long tour. This woman asked no favors. Here he might sit and drink his toddy and smoke his night cigar and feel no need of vigilance. So now he sat in this big chair and nursed back his faith and his sense of humor and his ease.

She said: "It's like two bulls in the same pasture. You're the man keeping them apart. But some day they'll meet heads down, and you'll be caught between the horns."

"That's right," he said, still smiling at her. "This is a good drink, Annie."

"Ah," she said, "you're proud. You think you can ride the storm. So has many another man."

"This town is mine," he told her, "until some man comes along who can bring on the fight."

"He'll come, Dan."

"Why," said Mitchell, "he's here now but he's not ready."

"Who's that?"

"Ford Green."

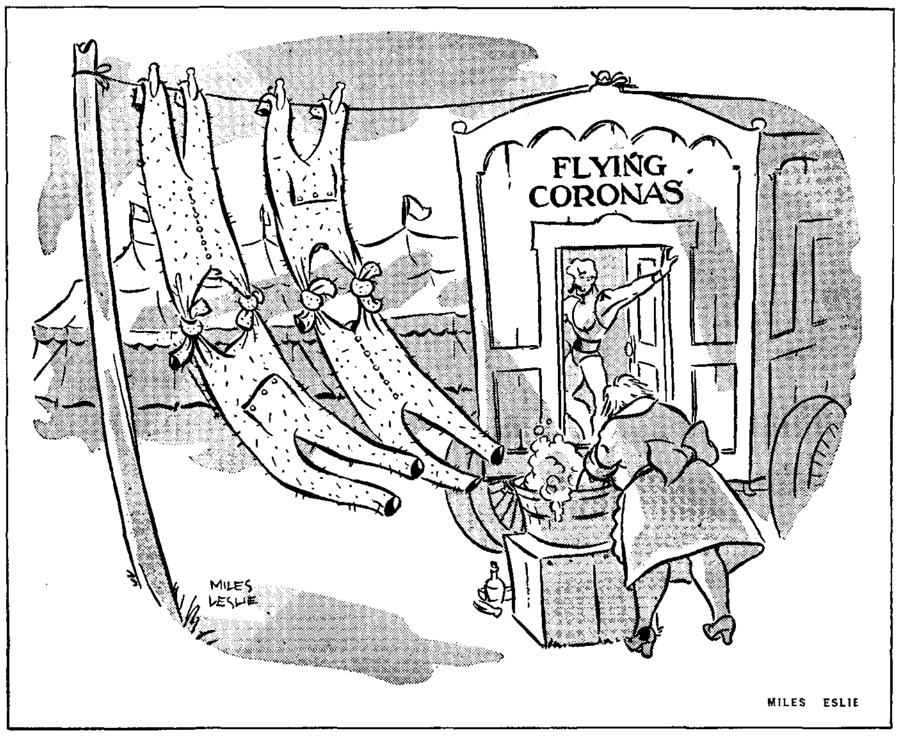
Big Annie thought about it, wrinkling her homely face. "Maybe. I don't trust quiet men."

THE girls from The Dream, done with work, came into the house and moved up the stairs in their short, bright dresses. Having smiled steadily during the night, they were weary of smiling now; having danced through four solid hours with the wild and clumsy Texans, they had no present interest in men and glanced incuriously at Mitchell and Leathers and went on up to their rooms.

Leathers, always cheerful and self-possessed, suffered an odd change. He sat low in the chair, growing grave. He watched these girls and he watched the door and presently when a last girl came in and paused before them, Leathers sighed quietly to himself and dropped his eyes to his drink. Mitchell said:

"Better have a toddy, Rita."

She was slim, with black hair pulled



MILES ESLIE

HOE . . .
WOE!
AND QUICK RELIEF!

Help Nature Reduce Fatigue Acids

- Ever wonder why a little unusual exercise makes your muscles so miserably sore and stiff? This overexertion has caused an accumulation of fatigue acids and that causes pain! But, here's *good news!* Fortunately, most of the muscles affected can be reached by the stimulating action of Absorbine Jr.

Relief! Splash your sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids. This helps reduce swelling—ease pain and stiffness. Then your muscles can relax again. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE—write W. F. Young, Inc., 201G Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

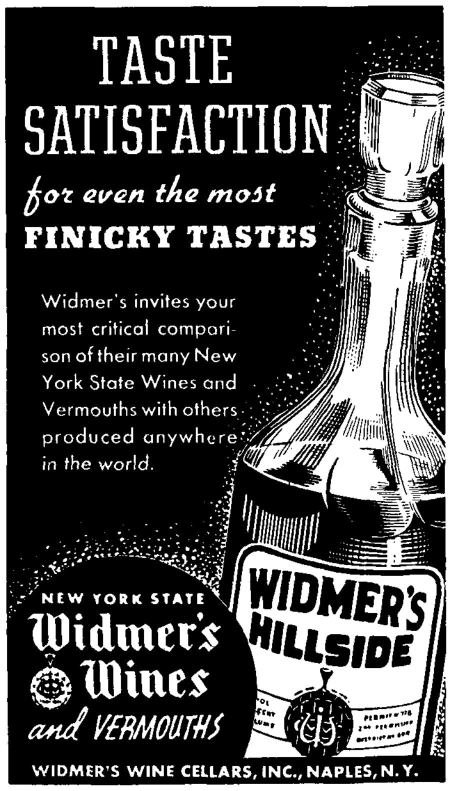
ABSORBINE JR.

Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Strains, Bruises

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 440-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution



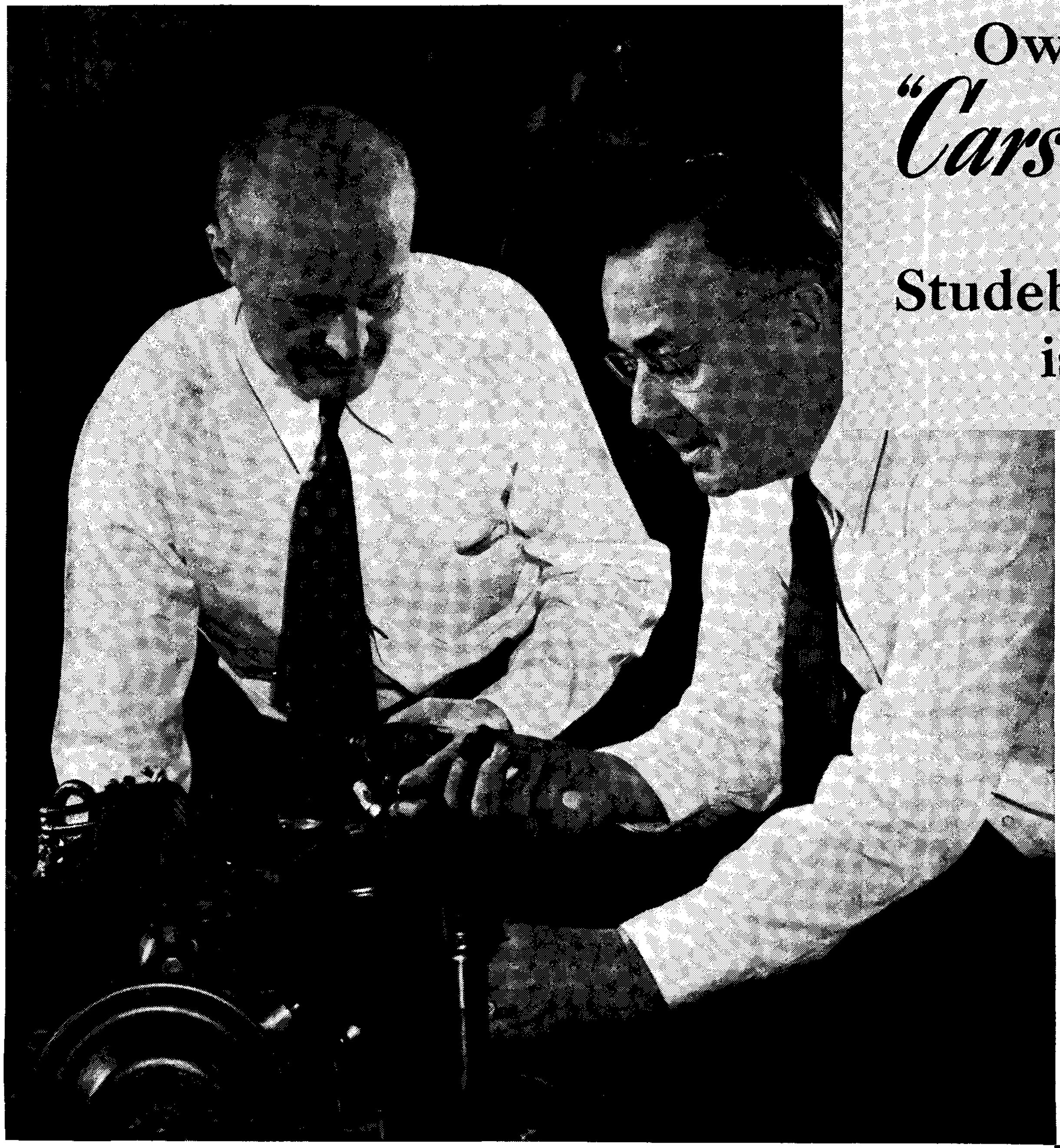
TASTE SATISFACTION *for even the most* **FINICKY TASTES**

Widmer's invites your most critical comparison of their many New York State Wines and Vermouths with others produced anywhere in the world.

NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's Wines
and VERMOUTHS

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

Owners call them *"Cars with brains"* and Studebaker engineering is the reason



What motoring "first" is on the way here? Pictured above are William S. James, chief engineer, and Roy E. Cole, vice president in charge of engineering, at Studebaker. They head a staff of brilliant men who command the respect of all automotive engineers for their development of "firsts", for their steadfast refusal to produce inferior or ordinary designs, for their fast action on tough problems.

WHEN you hear a Studebaker owner proudly boasting that his Studebaker almost "thinks" for itself, the genius that sparks Studebaker engineering progress gets a well-deserved compliment.

Studebaker cars run smoothly, dependably, with scarcely any driving effort, because—along with many other advancements—Studebaker engineers have pioneered more successful automatic controls for cars than any other group in the automobile business.

Studebaker owners enjoy these advantages, because Studebaker is an independent—and, for that reason, has always attracted to its research laboratories and engineering staff men of initiative and long-range vision.

Public demand has inevitably brought many important Studebaker engineering developments to other cars, later on. But you never need to wait for that. Right now, the brilliant Studebaker engineers, the able Studebaker production executives and the expert Studebaker craftsmen, as usual, are ahead of the times with the brilliant-performing Champion, Commander and President.

HIGHEST QUALITY CAR IN LOWEST PRICE FIELD

The sensationally popular 1941 Studebaker Champion—the highest quality car in the lowest price field and one of the most talked-about cars on the market. The long, low, exceptionally roomy Studebaker Champion Club Sedan, pictured, is packed with a long list of quality features yet it delivers, completely equipped, at factory, South Bend, Ind. for $740—contrasting color belt at slight extra cost. See your local Studebaker dealer. C.I.T. terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT
$695 FOR A COUPE

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Indiana, as of Mar. 15, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included.

Craftsmen averaging 44 years of age and 13 years on their jobs!

There's no group like Studebaker's master craftsmen in any other automobile factory. Pictured is Wm. C. Zetowski, a Studebaker man since 1903. Studebaker cars stay singularly free from costly repairs, bring exceptionally high allowances as used cars, because Studebaker's painstaking craftsmen proudly remain Studebaker craftsmen for a lifetime!

STUDEBAKER

THE GREAT INDEPENDENT

"Remember the tune they were singing... the night we fell in love?"

This "Penny Serenade" Is The Kind Of Music A Man Plays On A Woman's Heart-Strings!

★The kind of love story you've always wanted for these thrilling stars!

★Excitingly Reunited

IRENE DUNNE CARY GRANT

George Stevens' PENNY SERENADE

BEULAH BONDI · EDGAR BUCHANAN · ANN DORAN

Based on the McCall's Magazine novel by Martha Cheavens
Screen play by Morrie Ryskind · Directed by George Stevens

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ Watch for it at your local theatre!

back from a round, pale and lost face. She said, "No," in an uninterested voice.

Mitchell said: "You want to walk out in the sun and put on some color."

"Why?" she asked. She watched Mitchell, as though she really wanted to know if he had an answer for that. She had not looked at Leathers but in a little while, with a rather deliberate effort, she turned her attention to him and said: "Hello."

Without his smile, Leathers had a sharp pair of eyes and it seemed to Mitchell, who observed this scene with his interest hidden, that Rita was afraid of Leathers and made herself look at him out of effort. Mitchell had noticed this before and had also noticed that Leathers' laughter and easy humor always dried up before her.

"Guess you'd be tired," said Leathers, just making talk.

"Oh," she said, indifferently, "I suppose," and turned away from them. She walked up the stairs slowly, her hand pulling on the banister. Leathers stared at that stairway after she had gone. He had forgotten his drink. Mitchell got up.

"What's troubling her, Annie?"

BIG ANNIE, a talkative woman when she chose to be, could also be reserved; and it was a point of pride with her that she took care of her girls and neither talked about them nor permitted talk about them. So she only said, "Didn't notice she was."

Mitchell drawled, "Good night," and left Big Annie's, Leathers trailing behind. Down Briar, Leathers stopped and murmured, "See you later," and faded away. Warmed by the toddy, Mitchell came to Race and aimed for Webber's. The night was soft and warm and the town silent and as he strolled forward he saw Sherry Gault's lights turn out in her room. He moved up the stairway to his own room and went to bed and for a little while his mind played over every scene of the day, selecting those things which had a meaning and putting them in a back part of his head; and then he remembered Sherry Gault as she had been silhouetted against the light of her window earlier in the evening and one fresh, strong wave of imagination tumbled his other thoughts away. And so he fell asleep.

At seven-thirty in the morning, crossing from Webber's to the stable, Mitchell met Ad Morfitt at the mouth of Bismarck Alley. Morfitt gave him a sleepy look and continued on; but in a moment he swung back. "Jett Younger came in with four of his crowd about three o'clock this mornin'. Still here—at Thacker's Lodging House. Rode up in a hell of a hurry."

Mitchell went on to the stable. He saddled the gray road horse, turned through Willow and Antelope and struck out across the flats toward the Aspen Hills. Not more than a mile ahead of him another rider raked up a steady dust, traveling at a lope. The gray had the morning bit in its mouth and went on at a first great run, eating up the interval, and presently the rider ahead looked around and drew in. Coming abreast, Mitchell lifted his hat to Sherry Gault.

The early air had brought strong color to her cheeks. She sat quite straight on the sidesaddle and her glance forced its reserve steadily against him. She said in a neutral voice: "Since we are going the same way we might as well ride together."

"That's the reason I let the gray have its head."

Always he had for her that mixture of interest and repulsion, as though she was drawn by certain qualities she saw and yet could not wholly believe. He turned beside her and for half a mile they continued on in silence.

Then she said: "Do you know just what your job is in that town?"

"Yes."

"Do you really know?" she spoke in a slightly different tone, less friendly. "Your job was described to me last night by a man who called you a chore boy for Ed Balder and Charley Fair."

She was never less than blunt to him, her talk consistently warmed or chilled by an emotion toward him that he could not define. "Probably right," he agreed.

"If I were a man I would rather be called a scoundrel or a thief. Anything but that."

"Maybe," he said. He had his own rough temper and when he looked directly at her she saw an expression that brought up her full guard. But he had nothing to offer and so she spoke again:

"You run through a good deal of danger on that street at night. What holds you to a job in which you are not your own master? If you must fight for something, why not for something of your own?"

"Pride," he said. "The same kind you have."

"And it permits you to spend time in Big Annie's?"

He had never had a woman speak so plainly to him and for a moment he was embarrassed and showed it. "Big Annie," he said, "is one of my best friends. I go there because she likes my company and I like hers. She asks for nothing and her place is safe."

"Safe?" said Sherry Gault.

"Maybe the wrong word. Should have said a refuge. A refuge from Race Street and the Charley Fairs and Ed Balders of the town."

They were on Aspen grade, climbing slowly around its turns. Near the summit she turned on him again. "Why did you want to overtake me?"

"Last night," he said, "I saw you standing in the window."

Sherry Gault said: "What else?"

"Every man sees his own kind of beauty." He smiled, and ceased to smile. The guard was up in her eyes again and now she looked at him with an expression she had shown him so many times before, full of dislike and some scorn and still with an interest she could not suppress. Then he dryly added: "Tough on me, but you are the kind of beauty I see nowhere else. No other woman seems to possess it for me."

FROM the moment he had first met this girl he had guessed at her depth. No woman could show the world so much pride without having somewhere the power of great emotions. In her eyes and lips lay flexible capacities carefully controlled—as though she feared to reveal herself. Now he had a view of the undertow of her spirit. Startled by his direct words, she forgot her reserve and looked upon him with the full-open eyes of a woman momentarily and completely engrossed.

"From you," she said in a wondering tone.

"From the man who rides in dust and deals in the grime of other people. From the man who may be Ed Balder's chore boy or Charley Fair's crook."

She threw her question at him: "Are you either of those things?"

"I ride the town twelve hours a day. Nobody knows what I am and nobody will know until the town breaks up."

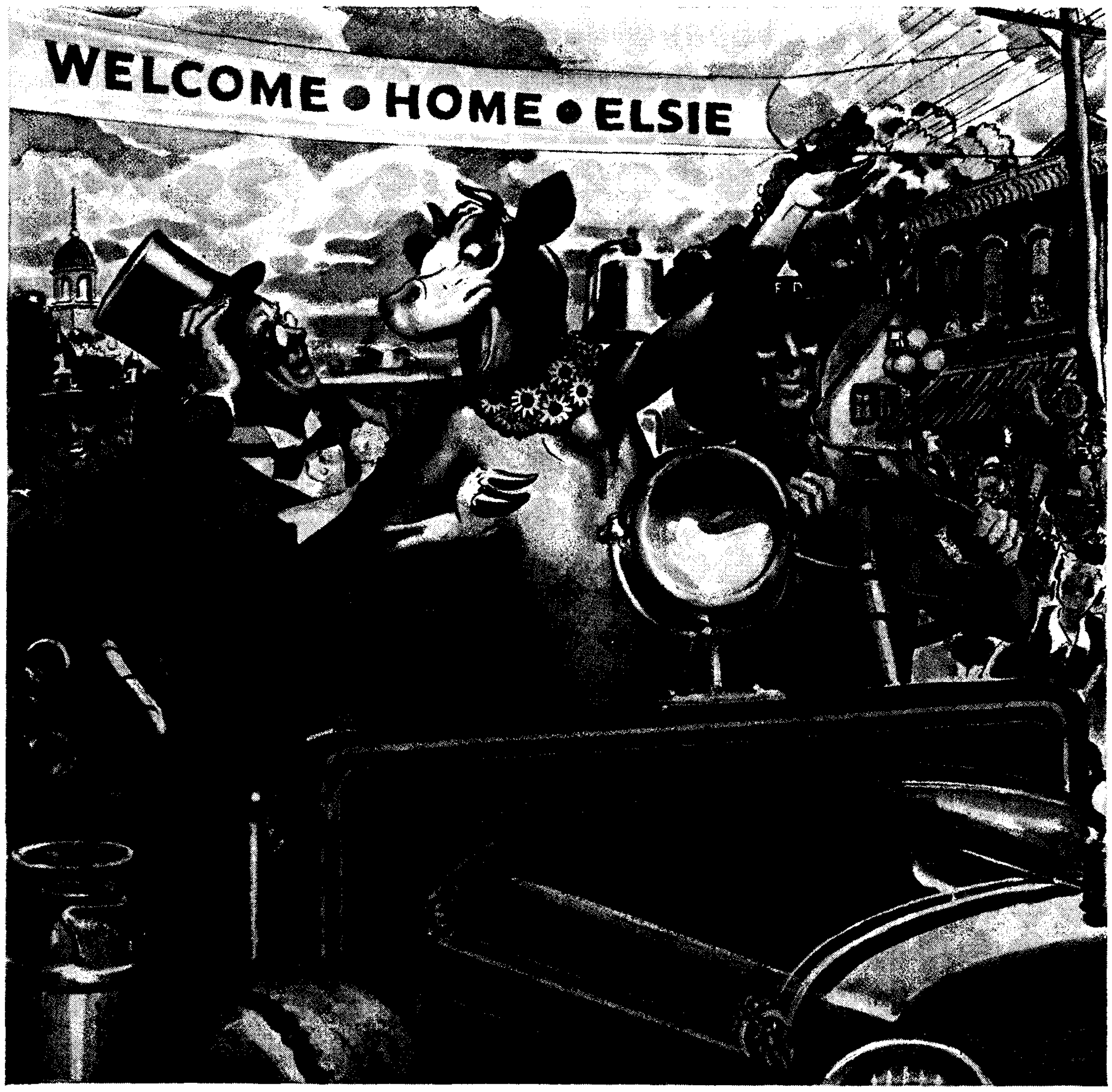
"Will it break up?"

"Nothing stays half one thing and half another. It will break."

"And where will you stand then?"

He said: "We were talking of what a hungry man sees in a woman, Sherry."

She dropped her eyes and her lips moved and pressed together. When she again looked at him she was once more


WELCOME • HOME • ELSIE

"My, I just feel like a four-alarm fire!"

"WITH ALL THESE handsome firemen being so attentive to me," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, at her welcome-home celebration, "you make me believe I'm hot stuff!"

"And you are, Elsie!" beamed the Mayor. "Your old home town is proud of you! Why, you were the toast of the New York World's Fair, the darling of Hollywood, and—"

"And tonight at the Firemen's Ball, I suppose I'll be a fire-belle!" laughed Elsie. "But you're forgetting my *real* career — producing just about the best and purest milk there is for Borden's."

BORDEN'S
MILK IS A REAL ACHIEVEMENT!
Borden's

"That *did* sort of slip my mind," admitted the Mayor.

"Those Borden experts never let it slip *mine*," said Elsie. "They never relax a single minute with the care they give me, or the skill they devote to the products folks count on so much."

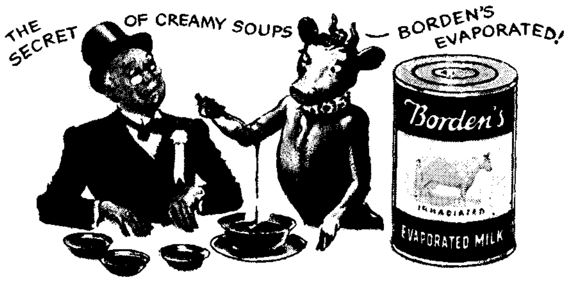
"Count on?" asked the Mayor curiously.

"Why, of course!" nodded Elsie. "Think of all the people who look forward to dinners that include any of my fine cheeses! *Especially* Liederkranz—that tangy dessert cheese that's strictly an American creation, and is a meal-time tradition with millions of Americans. I couldn't let *them* down, could I?"

"Golly, I hope not!" breathed the Mayor. "My wife would miss it just as much as I would!"

LIEDERKRANZ—HIGH SPOT OF MEALS!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

"She'd probably miss my Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk, too!" said Elsie. "Like thousands of women, she knows it's the secret of delicious cream soups and snowy-mashed potatoes. And then think of all the lusty babies who are thriving on it, too! Doctors, you know, like to see it used for infants' formulas because it's so easily digested and so rich in Vitamin D."


THE SECRET OF CREAMY SOUPS—BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Say, Elsie," said the Mayor, "this celebration doesn't do you justice. Maybe a statue would pay tribute . . ."

"Oh, shush!" smiled Elsie, not *too* modestly, "I get all the tribute I want when folks' faces light up over the lovely cake icings and candies and cookies made from Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk — one of my very best achievements, by the way!"

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS GRAND FOR ICINGS!
MAGIC RECIPES
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

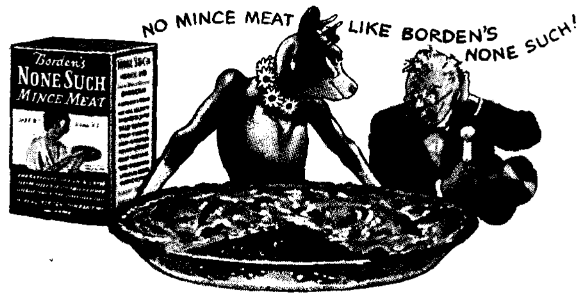
"Then," mused the Mayor, "maybe some sort of crown would be . . ."

"Not that, either," interrupted Elsie. "My crowning glory is Borden's Ice Cream. It's really one of the most delicious forms of my rich milk. It's so smooth and creamy, every refreshing spoonful reflects credit on me — and on Borden."

ICE CREAM AT ITS CREAMY BEST—BORDEN'S!

"I'll concede that right now," laughed the Mayor — "without mincing words!"

"Did you ever mince pies?" quipped Elsie. "The best pie-makers say that Borden's None Such Mince Meat is the spiciest, most delicious filling of all. And goodness, it *ought* to be—it has the same fine quality and expert care that distinguishes *all* Borden products."


NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"Well, Elsie!" smiled the Mayor. "You certainly have made good!"

"Oh, that's a 'must' in my life!" replied Elsie. "You see, people everywhere have learned to depend on this: *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden . . . and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

COPYRIGHT 1941 THE BORDEN COMPANY

hiding behind reserve. "Don't say that to me again."

"I probably will."

She had on riding gloves. Suddenly she removed the glove from her left hand and held it out, showing the engagement ring on her finger. This was her answer, but he shook his head. "That makes no difference to me."

"In some things," she told him, very carefully choosing her words, "I admire you. Last night, watching you on Race Street, I thought you were a great man—until you turned into Bismarck. For a little while you were all that a man should be. But this job has left its scars on you. Some of the deception and brutality and looseness you see all day has gotten into you. When you speak to me as you do now it is as though you laid the barrel of your gun over my head." She was on the edge of real anger. "Go tell Ford Green what you have said to me."

"I will," he answered. "I will, today."

She gave him a half-startled glance. The anger dissolved. "No, don't do it. You have enemies enough."

"It won't be adding another. He's my enemy now."

"How did you know that?"

"The man's ambitious. What does he want?"

"I'll let him tell you that, in his own good time." She straightened in the saddle, justifying Ford Green to Mitchell. "I like ambitious men. I like men who go after the things they want. I don't like men who are content to ride through their days without effort."

His body threw a shadow across her. Sometimes, as at present, he seemed taller and heavier than she supposed him to be. His face had its heavy, solid bones covered by a skin deeply tanned and without a wrinkle. When he smiled—and he was smiling now—he seemed very young and in his eyes was his approval of her and a clear, bold expression of want. She said, rather hurriedly: "Don't ride with me again, please. It might lead Ford to think the wrong things."

Now he was pleased and let out a great, long laugh. He dipped his hat to her, watching resentment cover her cheeks. She was really angry. He said, "I'll ride with you again," and took the trail toward his ranch.

JETT YOUNGER came from Thacker's Lodging House around nine o'clock and took his breakfast from the previous night's leavings on The Pride's free-lunch counter, buying a whisky for a chaser. He might have had a decent meal from any of the three eating houses in town, but in this man there was a streak of closeness. He was a strange-shaped individual, big of leg and hip and gradually tapering to small shoulders. The sun had scorched him rather than blackened him, so that the surface of his face and the tip of his nose were a fire-red; and in this bright blaze of color his eyes were like blue marbles, close-set, beneath pale brows.

Charley Fair came from his back office, saw Younger and turned into his office again. Younger followed, closing the door behind. Observing that instance of caution Charley Fair asked: "What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," said Younger. "You got another cigar, Charley?"

He took the cigar and wasted some time lighting it. Charley Fair stood against a wall, knowing Younger too well to rush him. Presently Younger spoke up in a kind of idle, roundabout fashion: "We came in about three this mornin' and put up. I sort of hankered for a bed with springs on it. Been a long while. We started from the foot of the Aspens, down by Little Bear Creek, and made it here in two hours and five minutes. That's good ridin'."

"All right—all right," Charley Fair grumbled.

"Last afternoon we happened to come across a trail herd and told the fellow we wanted to cut it to see if they was any strays bearin' our brand. Well, we weeded out about twenty and I thought the trail boss was goin' to be smart enough not to squawk about it, but the damned fool trailed us into the hills." Jett Younger blew a good deal of smoke from a cigar, quietly adding: "We had quite a scrap and we killed one of those fellows. It was the Crazy L outfit, so their brand read. They'll be in here today makin' a stink about it. I reckon Bravo Trimble will have to put on a chase just to make it look right. Tell him we'll get out of his way so he won't bump into us."

Charley Fair said: "What did you do with the twenty beeves?"

"Way back in the hills. Thought I'd work over the brands a little and sell 'em to you next week."

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds

NO TRESPASSING
Larry Reynolds

"If anybody says anythin', we can always say we didn't see the sign"

"Not this time. Take them over to Chuck Milner at War Bonnet."

"He don't pay much. Why don't you buy 'em?"

"There was some trouble here last night. Now you get into a scrape. No use making it worse. And don't come clattering in to see me the morning after a deal like that. It looks bad."

"Why, sure," admitted Jett Younger with some surprise, "but who's goin' to kick, outside of the trail boss, which don't matter?"

"Might matter if we get all these outfits sore. You better do your stealing farther down the trail. You're too close to town, which gives the town a worse reputation. Have to think of those things or these trail outfits will pass us by."

"YOU'RE the doctor," said Jett Younger. At the office doorway he repeated, "You see Bravo Trimble," and moved across the saloon.

Charley Fair followed as far as the walk. Putting himself beside one of The Pride's doorways he watched Younger lead his four men out of River Bend at a run. Ad Morfitt came down Race, weariness knotting his face muscles; he went by Charley Fair with a nod, crossed Ute and turned from sight. Jack Poe swept out his saddle shop on Willow, and women strolled along Willow's walk, their dresses very fresh and colorful in the sunlight. The War Bonnet stage waited by Webber's House, ready to go, and a commercial traveler hurried from Webber's and took his place on the high seat beside Haley Evarts, the driver. Young Dick Lestrade stood near the stage and looked up at Haley Evarts and when Evarts grinned at him young Dick drew a deep breath and moved away.

BRAVO TRIMBLE turned into Race, idling under the deep shade of the overhanging board galleries. Bravo took his job as sheriff the easy way, neither wishing to disturb anybody nor to be disturbed. He had passed his tough years and faced upon the world with a faint anxiety and met people always with a mixture of affability and concern. He looked behind him and he looked before him and when he reached the saloonman he said, "Hello, Charley," and paused. "Nothing new?"

"A little trouble down the trail last night," offered Fair.

"I noticed Younger came to town," said Bravo Trimble, and began to show apprehension. "What'd he do?"

"I suppose there'll be a trail boss in to see you today. If you happen to make a hunt for Jett he'll stay out of your way."

"Damn him," said Bravo Trimble, "why don't he leave the country?" He went on down the street, murmuring to himself. Charley Fair tried another match to his cigar and eased himself gently against the wall of The Pride, bulky and thick-shouldered and attentive to the day and its scenes. A little later three horsemen moved around The Drovers' into Race and went up to the courthouse, going inside. Presently Ford Green came out alone and walked to Ed Balder's store. Within the turn of a minute Balder returned to the courthouse with Ford Green and somewhat later Bravo Trimble appeared and entered the courthouse. This was at eleven. At twelve, as regular as a clock, Dan Mitchell returned to River Bend, put up his horse and went to Webber's for noon meal. On this man Charley Fair laid the whole weight of his attention, studying him with a greater care than he troubled to study any other man.

Mitchell reached the jail office at one o'clock. He was smiling and he kicked his palm against Ad Morfitt's shoulder. "Now all you've got to do for twelve hours is sleep."

"The hell you say," grumbled Morfitt. "What makes you so fine-feathered? Goin' to be hot and goin' to be trouble. Never is a day in this town that ain't full of trouble. Trail boss came in a while back. Seems like Younger cut this fellow's herd on the old yarn about there bein' some Younger beef that got strayed into the herd. Younger lifts twenty head, which is a plain steal as the trail boss knows, and marches 'em away. But the trail boss is tough and goes after Younger and there's a fight and a man's killed."

"Outside of town—outside of my job."

Morfitt hung up his belt and gun. He moved to the door and stood uncertainly there, half asleep and yet reluctant to go home. "Maybe not. Everything comes back to this town. You'll get saddled with it. Which will be one more chunk of meat for the tiger." He turned on Mitchell. "I'm going to quit this job before fall comes. If you're smart you'll do the same thing."

"Why?"

"When the lid blows off where's your hole card? You ain't got one. For the sake of keepin' this town straight, keepin' one side off the other's neck, you're the fellow that cuts the ground right from under your own feet. There's another way, of course."

"What's that?"

"Tie up with Fair or tie up with Balder. Then you'll have friends."

"No," said Mitchell. "I'll play it alone."

Morfitt sliced a finger across his neck. He said, "So long," and left the jail office.

MITCHELL moved to the street and walked down Race, the old stale smells drifting against him as he passed the open doorways of the saloons. Chappie Brink, the town drunk, sat against the wall of the Arcade, soaking sunlight into his shriveled, punished body. Near him, also in the wall of the Arcade, the blackened punctures of three bullets showed, which was where Dill Gatchell had been killed in his fight with Mike Potter six months before. The scars of trouble were all over this town, seen and unseen. Mitchell turned the corner of The Drovers' and discovered the Wallin family hitched up and ready to leave their camp site under the guidance of Bill Mellen.

Mitchell said: "Where you taking them, Bill?"

"On the flats beyond Bent's Crossing."

"A good place," agreed Mitchell. Wallin's four flax-headed children sat high on the wagon load and looked down on Mitchell with a shy, unsmiling interest. "Noise bother you last night?" Mitchell asked.

"No," said Wallin, "but it is a sinful town. Makes me sad to see it. If I had the power," and he closed a powerful hand and moved it through the air, "I'd sweep it from the earth."

"That day," said Bill Mellen, "will come if we get enough homesteaders to vote this place decent."

"That day," agreed Mitchell, "will come, with or without the homesteaders."

"What?" asked Bill Mellen. But Mitchell was smiling at the four children, and had drawn a smile from them. He said, "I wish you luck," and moved back into Bismarck Alley.

(To be continued next week)

"What if I *am* bullheaded?"

HALF AND HALF
BRIGHT
TOBACCO

"Gosh darn it," argued the briar, "it's not your looks I object to, it's just that you're so *stubborn!*"

"Mebbe so," snapped the bull, "but does smoking really pay? What did it ever get you?"

"The best pal I ever had," replied the briar. "A fellow who shares all his joys and sorrows with me . . . who calls on me when he has a little deep thinking to do . . . who counts me in whenever there's fun ahead, whether it's a fishing trip or a party."

"Hold on!" cried the bull, "you've got me sold already."

"You'd sell yourself," grinned the briar, "with Half and Half tobacco in your bowl!"

IT WOULDN'T BITE THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load it with Half and Half. It's a smoke a man can understand. It's companionship when you're alone. It's a smoke that comforts when you're blue—that calms you down when you're getting edge-y. It's a smoke that never nags. A friendly smoke. A kindly smoke that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth.

This fragrant, aromatic tobacco is a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe. That's what it is!

The flawless, carved amber curio at the left is one of the prize exhibits in Half and Half's $25,000 collection of unique pipes. In flavor, aroma and in its patented package, Half and Half is itself a unique product. The popular Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco, making it easier to fill your pipe.

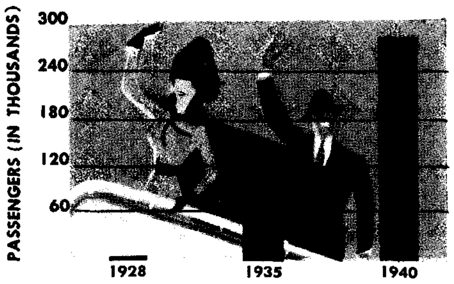
HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of any Pipe

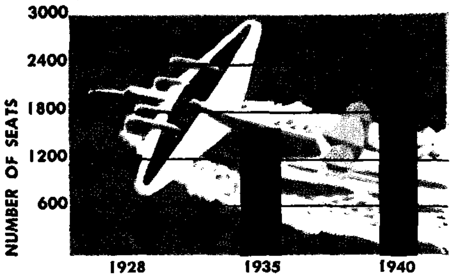
Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

A REPORT *to the* AMERICAN PEOPLE

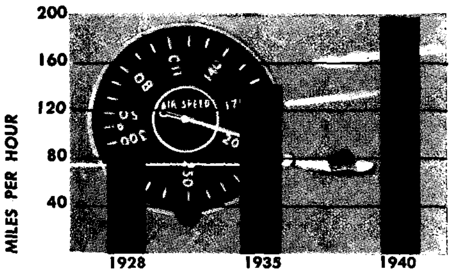
★ The security of this nation is vitally dependent upon its world transport, communications and commerce. That is why the status of *Pan American Airways System and the Flying Clipper Ships* is important to every American. In 13 years Pan American has become more than the world's greatest international airline. It stands for "America's Merchant Marine of the Air." It provides aerial speedways for business and pleasure travelers, for mail and merchandise *to 55 countries and colonies. It typifies and spreads our traditions* of freedom and good will, is an important factor in our national defense. This page reports on Pan American's progress to date.



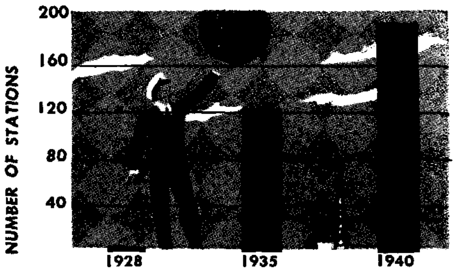
PASSENGERS—*Business men save precious days and weeks,* immeasurably broaden their opportunities, thanks to the Flying Clipper Ships. Vacationists spend but 15% of their time getting places, have 85% left for enjoyment.



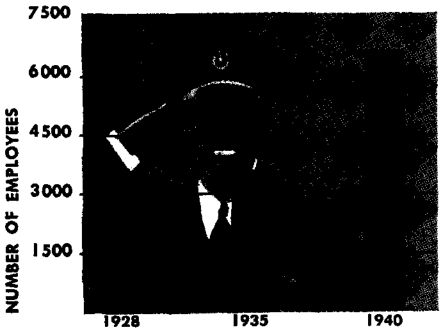
SEAT CAPACITY—Pan American's first planes seated only 6 passengers; today its largest Clippers could accommodate 72. However, seats actually in use (shown in chart) are held *below maximum capacities for added passenger comfort.*



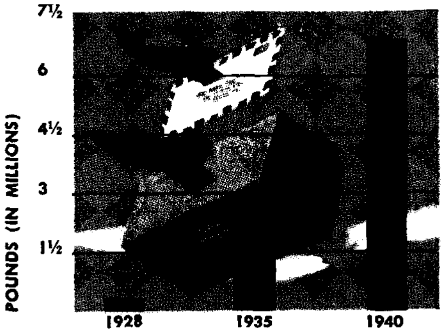
CRUISING SPEEDS—Faster and faster the Clippers fly, bringing nearer and nearer new opportunities for travel and *trade in far lands formerly almost inaccessible. And fares* are no greater than those for ordinary first-class travel.



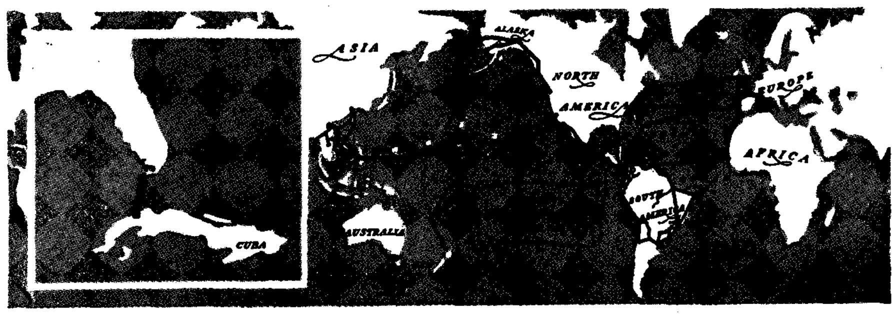
RADIO AND WEATHER STATIONS—Pan American's meteorological and communications network, largest of its kind in the world, contributes to the Clippers' dependability—*to their record of 98.62% of schedule completion.*



PERSONNEL—*Flight crews, ground crews, office workers* —all are dedicated to passengers' interest; are world-famed for experience, efficiency and courtesy.



MAIL AND EXPRESS CARRIED—Here are two examples of outstanding Pan American service: steamer to New Zealand takes 17 days; Clipper, 4½ days! In 1940, Trans-atlantic Clippers alone carried 17,516,800 letters.



COUNTRIES SERVED—Linking only the U. S. and Cuba at first, Pan American now joins 55 countries and colonies; offers the ultimate in fast, frequent and dependable transportation to more than two-thirds of the globe.

MILES OF ROUTES—*In 1927, 90 miles; today, 72,464 miles!* This is twice the number served by any foreign-flag competitor! Last year Pan American flew revenue pas*sengers the tremendous total of 140,164,320 miles!*

PAA PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM

Fortress in the Sky

Continued from page 18

flown at three levels, ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 feet. Not a single bomb fell outside the circle. Several smacked the pyramid and since then, an officer told us, the boys have been doing a lot better.

This is the kind of marksmanship that will make things mighty tough for an invader who might select the Caribbean zone as a base of operations. The funnel of an aircraft carrier, cruiser or transport is much larger in diameter than the base of that wooden pyramid the boys are hitting in Florida. If our Army's bombardiers maintain the present rate of improvement, they hope to be able to drop a bundle of scrap iron and TNT smack in the middle of a barrel from 10,000 feet.

Precision bombing of the type our Army and Navy marksmen are developing in Florida and the Caribbean zone will be equally important in the quick destruction of airports that could be used by an invader in South America. Some of these are not far from the Atlantic coast. All of them are adaptable, with a few alterations here and there, as military landing fields.

These airports have been thoroughly mapped and photographed. You can see them outlined in red on charts at Tampa's Southeast Air District headquarters. So the job of making these fields unfit for "visiting" planes, Air Corps officers assert, isn't particularly difficult. Our bombers would merely move methodically from field to field and blow them off the map, one by one.

The Hemisphere Defense Idea

But the military bomber must be protected by fighters. Perfect marksmanship depends upon a minimum of interference from enemy aircraft.

Hemisphere defense is designed to accomplish two major objectives. The first is to knock an invader out of the skies and out of the water before he reaches our defense zone. And if he manages to break through our barriers far at sea, it will be up to our unified air force—Army and Navy—to prevent him from setting up shop on this side of the Atlantic.

In fact, the location of our Army air fields in the Caribbean zone follows a definite pattern—fighters nearest the potential enemy with the bombers backing up the line. When our team takes the offensive, the fighters will run interference for the multiple-motored fortresses, whose job is to plant 2,000-pound steel footballs behind the enemy's goal line.

In writing the plan for defense against invasion, according to Army strategists, the American high command took into account a few fundamentals that may have escaped public attention. One of these is the fact that the enemy must operate from some base in South America or an island off the South American coast. The Army's problem and the Navy's headache in the Caribbean is to prevent an enemy from seizing and maintaining mainland or insular air bases anywhere within that area.

"It is quite true," an Air Corps group commander told us, "that some of our defense works at Puerto Rico and in the Canal Zone appear vulnerable to air attack. But you can say the same thing about all the other works of man on the surface of the earth. Our primary objective in defense against invasion from any quarter is to keep the enemy as far as possible from our shores. This means absolute command of the air from the firing of the first gun."

This is where Second Officer McGurk and our civilian observer corps fits into the picture, here's the reason for the maneuvers beginning on the bridge of that tramp freighter. Before long the Army and Navy will begin training hundreds of men like McGurk in the art of airplane spotting.

It will be up to men like McGurk and these civilian volunteer observers, as well as the pilots of our coastal patrol, who have been standing watch over the air lanes off the South American coast, to guard against surprise attack.

There used to be a time, not long ago, when it was against the rules for Army pilots to play in the Navy's back yard. An imaginary line was drawn 100 miles offshore. Everything beyond the line belonged to the Navy. Those days are gone. Both services will work together as the first wave of bombers and pursuits roars out of the Panama Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and the Southeast Air District to engage the "enemy."

You get your first vivid impression of American air power in Florida when you visit Tampa's MacDill Field. Only a few years ago this was an orphaned municipal airport site that had been left on the taxpayers' doorstep by a bond issue that didn't jell. But the war department dusted off defense plans in 1939 when Congress voted $300,000,000 for the expansion of bases, one to be located in the Southeastern sector. Florida had the inside track. It is nearest the Panama Canal. Labor costs are low and Florida also had done something about airport construction. You can find at least one emergency landing field or commercial airport in each of Florida's sixty-seven counties. So, within two years, Army engineers have built a military city at Tampa's MacDill Field and hope to finish the job sometime this summer.

Ready for Anything

The MacDill layout includes three giant hangars and a shop, costing nearly $2,000,000; scores of barracks and administrative office buildings; photographic and weather observation laboratories, bomb arsenals, warehouses, hospitals and miles of paved streets, with the total bill probably exceeding $20,000,000. But the Tampa base is only one of a half dozen that Army engineers are rushing to completion in the district.

Savannah's recently dedicated air base matches MacDill, hangar for hangar, and so will the fields dotting the mouth of the Mississippi near New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

The reason for all this activity and expenditure lies in the fact that the district, when Second Officer McGurk flashes his warning, will be the operations base for our aerial defenders. The Southeast's Army airports must provide food and lodging for the additional ninety thousand enlisted men and three thousand officers the Air Corps will fling into the front line. Aviation gasoline—enough to float a battleship—must be ready and waiting to refuel the fighting aircraft of the Northeast, Southwest and Northwest Air Districts. The shops must be piled high with spare parts and the men must be fed.

So the Southeast's air zone today resounds with riveters. Giant draglines are carving from the sand and red clay the foundations of the broad ribbons of concrete runways. Fountains of bay-bottom silt gush from the pipe lines of dredges engaged in the construction of seaplane bases at Jacksonville and further south along the Florida coast. Overhead the bombers zoom in formation as the bombardiers drop their practice packages on the flatwoods ranges and the oil slicks offshore. Machine gunners, power-diving over the Florida "panhandle" west of Tallahassee, are playing the snare drums but the tempo seems controlled by an invisible metronome, ticking in an ever-swifter measure above a bomb-gutted London.

We stood under the soaring arch of one of MacDill Field's big hangars with our guide, a youngster, still in his early twenties but rated one of our best bomber pilots. He'd just come in from a flight into the Gulf.

"Wish you'd been along," he said, "because a funny thing happened."

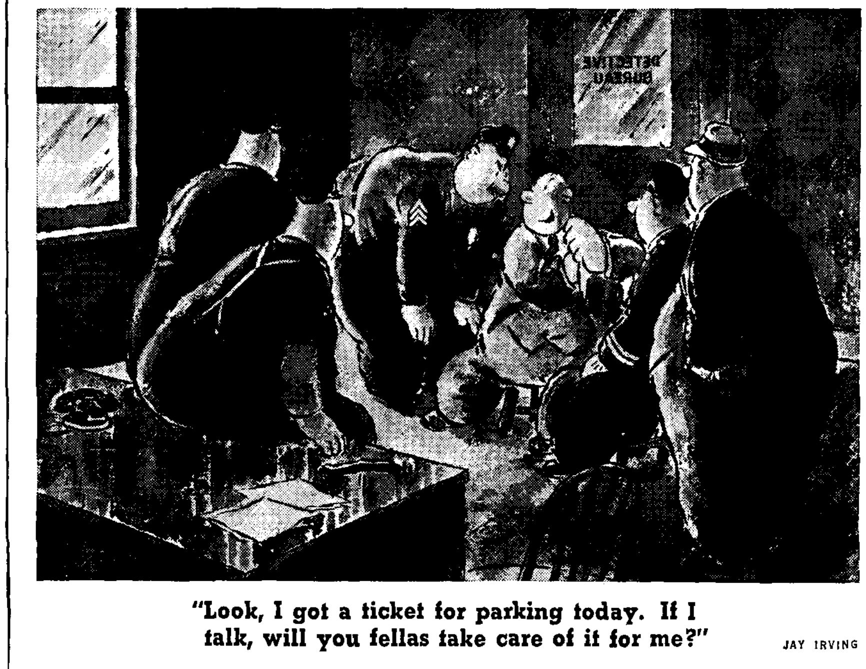
We asked for particulars and he told us.

"Well, just as I began my dive on the target, I noticed the oil slick had taken the form of a human head. There it was, plain as day. And you know what?"

"What?" we inquired.

"I hit him right in the eye!"

That bomb fell from better than 10,000 feet and we drove home through the twilight feeling, somehow, that with eager, keen-eyed kids like this lieutenant flying our bombers and fighters things are going to turn out all right.



"Look, I got a ticket for parking today. If I talk, will you fellas take care of it for me?"

JAY IRVING

MARCHING OFF FOR DUTY?

All branches of the Service run things by the clock, so be sure to take along an accurate timepiece. Attention to promptness often paves the way to a promotion.

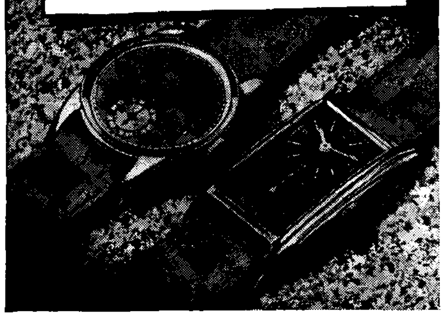
Hamilton is the sturdy, dependable watch of *railroad* accuracy. Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in *every* size and grade that Hamilton makes.

See the latest models at your jeweler's. And for free booklet, write the Hamilton Watch Company, 147 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

ENDICOTT. (*left*) 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Luminous numerals. $37.50
SECKRON. (*right*) 17 jewels. Newly designed case of 10K natural gold-filled. Black dial with white numerals . . $47.50

MADE IN U. S. A.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



Get This Fishing Guide

FREE: You can get this beautiful full-color fishing guide book without cost. Just send us your name and address together with your dealer's name and address and this anglers' complete guide will be mailed to you free of charge. Address Dept. E.

HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO. • UTICA, N.Y.

Manufacturers of the largest line of Fishing Tackle in America

Drive to Oregon in wild flower time!

● From early spring until late autumn Oregon is ablaze with color. Wild azaleas, tree-high rhododendrons, misty-blue wild lilacs are all blooming now along the blue Pacific. In mid-summer mountain meadows will be carpeted with flowers. Send for booklet today!

Free! Wild Flower Booklet

OREGON
Geologic and Wild Flower Wonderland
Drive OREGON Highways

OREGON STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION
Travel Dept. Room 376, Salem, Oregon
Please send me your illustrated booklet on wild flowers and general vacation information.

Name
Address
City State

"*Gee, people have been noticing us since I bought this Arrow Tie!*"

• So help us, people *do* notice and admire Arrow Ties . . . because they're so darn good-looking . . . because they tie into perfect knots . . . because they have a special lining that's death on wrinkles. Why not get some today? Only **$1.00** and $1.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

15 Features

...you find in every Business Underwood...

. . . and also in the "Champion" Portable

1. Champion Keyboard 84 Characters
2. Left Side Back-Spacer
3. Left and Right Carriage Release
4. Right Margin Stop with Warning Bell
5. Paper Release Lever
6. Black and Red Ribbon
7. Single, Double and Triple Line Spacer
8. Paper Bail
9. Variable Line Spacer
10. Right and Left Shift Keys
11. Sealed Action Frame
12. Touch Tuning
13. Paper Centering Scale
14. Margin Release
15. Keyboard Tabulator

UNDERWOOD
Champion
PORTABLE

It's not necessary to accept a partially complete portable typewriter . . . not when you can buy the popular Champion equipped with 15 outstanding features of the famous big Underwood of business . . . and on the Underwood Easy Ownership Plan, too. Before you buy *any* portable, see the Underwood Champion or write us for full information.

UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY, One Park Ave., N.Y.

ASK FOR FREE FOLDER—"*Things To Seek In The Portable You Buy*"—*a valuable aid in purchasing any portable typewriter . . . a check-list of essential portable features.*

Copyright 1941, Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

Willie Wurtzel's Way

Continued from page 22

"Do you *have* to fight Refugee against that boy, Mr. Wurtzel?" Slippery asked. "He's a bad man."

"Who's a bad man?" Willie asked.

"Frankie Blood," Slippery said.

Refugee Smith laughed. "I'll gooden him up some," he said.

Slippery looked at Willie Wurtzel. "He works with a *conjur man*," he said in a hoarse whisper.

Willie looked at him blankly.

The words tumbled from Slippery's mouth: "The second. The second that always works with him. He makes a little doll outen clay that looks like who Frankie's fightin' and he sticks a pin in its chest." He pointed to his heart. "Right there!"

Willie Wurtzel laughed a relieved laugh. "Oh," he said. "A hexer, like Evil Eye Finkel? Well, Ken Overlin has beat Evil Eye seventeen straight and Ken's champion. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know nothin' about Mr. Evil Eye," Slippery said. "But Frankie's second, he's a *conjur man*."

Refugee Smith laughed too, but his laugh was strange and forced.

REFUGEE SMITH couldn't read. That is, he couldn't read well. He learned, though, that two men that he had fought—knocked out—had come back to fight again. He knew, too, that these two men, subsequently meeting Frankie Blood—the Haitian Hurricane—had fought no more; had languished, walking on their heels, sick and losing weight. One of them had disappeared.

Thus the fear that is almost unbeatable came into the mind of Refugee Smith. The fear of the unknown.

He laughed. He laughed as best he could, and he tried to trust the Lord because the Lord had saved him. But, in Stillman's Gym two weeks before the fight, a stitch caught him in the side, cut across in front of his heart. He dropped his hands, walked out of the ring.

Willie Wurtzel, who had been watching, was waiting for him. "Ah, you coward, you dirty, yellow coward," he said before Refugee could speak. "The boogie-woogie man has got you. I know what's wrong with you. Well, I'll tell you something, you big, black stupe. I'm asking, I'm standing here asking—with my arms wide open—for a man, black, white or tan, to put the hex on me. To do *anything* to me!"

Willie Wurtzel was middle-aged. He lived high when he had a fighter who could fight, and he loved to stretch his gaudy waistcoats with those viands dear to the palate of the gourmand but anathema to the gastric juices.

And it was coincidence, horrible coincidence, that when Willie Wurtzel, his passion draining much needed blood from his digestive organs—in grease-locked struggle with a cargo of ill-cooked matzoth balls—uttered the words ". . . *anything to me*," he turned a bilious green and shakily sought a chair.

Refugee Smith grabbed him. "What'sa matter, Mr. Willie?"

Willie Wurtzel gripped the edge of his chair, straightened himself, punctuated a belch with a groan and said, "Nothing."

"Oh, Mr. Willie," Refugee moaned, "de conjur man done taken you at your word."

"I got indigestion," Willie said, struggling up.

"What made de pain grab at *my heart* too," Refugee asked, still trembling, "if hit wa'n't de conjur man?"

Willie Wurtzel looked up into the fearful face of his fighter, reached into his pocket for a soda mint. "Well," he said, "I guess you got a little cramp for a minute. It ain't botherin' you now, is it?" he added comfortingly.

Refugee took a deep breath. "No," he said doubtfully. "But I ain't boxin' now."

"You think the hexer, he only works when you are boxin'?" Willie asked.

"I dunno," Refugee admitted.

That night Refugee saw Slippery. "I kind of got a little pain in my side today," he said, "whilst I was workin'."

Slippery pointed to his heart. "It was right there, wasn't it?"

Refugee thought of telling him about Mr. Willie's digestive brush with the supernatural, thought better of it. "Just about," he admitted.

"They is an old woman," Slippery said, "lives up on Lenox. They do say she's a hundred years old. She sells dream books to the policy players, but she do a little voodooin' on the side."

"I don't want to have nothin' no more to do with voodooers," Refugee said hastily.

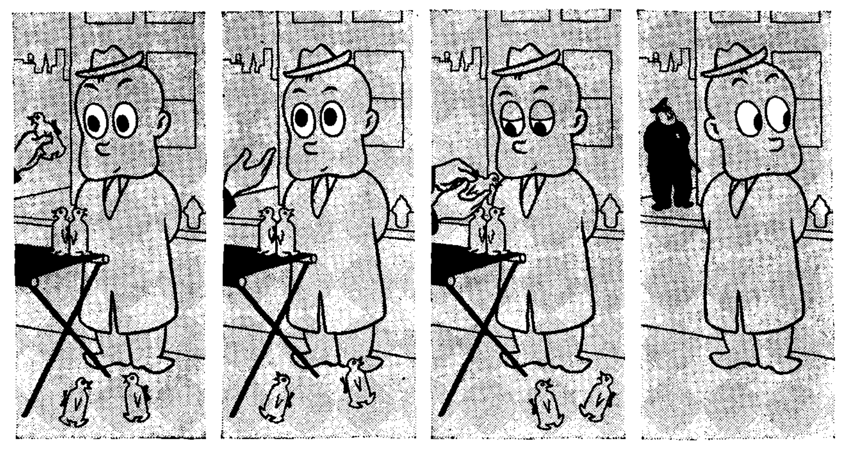
"THIS lady," Slippery said, "could, chances is, brew you up a little somethin' that'd taken the spell off of you!"

"You think dat other man—dat conjur man dat Frankie Blood has got for a second—has put a spell on me?" Refugee asked, well knowing the answer.

"Why sure he has," Slippery said. "That's his natural occupation."

"Let's us kind of stroll up an' see dis ole lady," Refugee said.

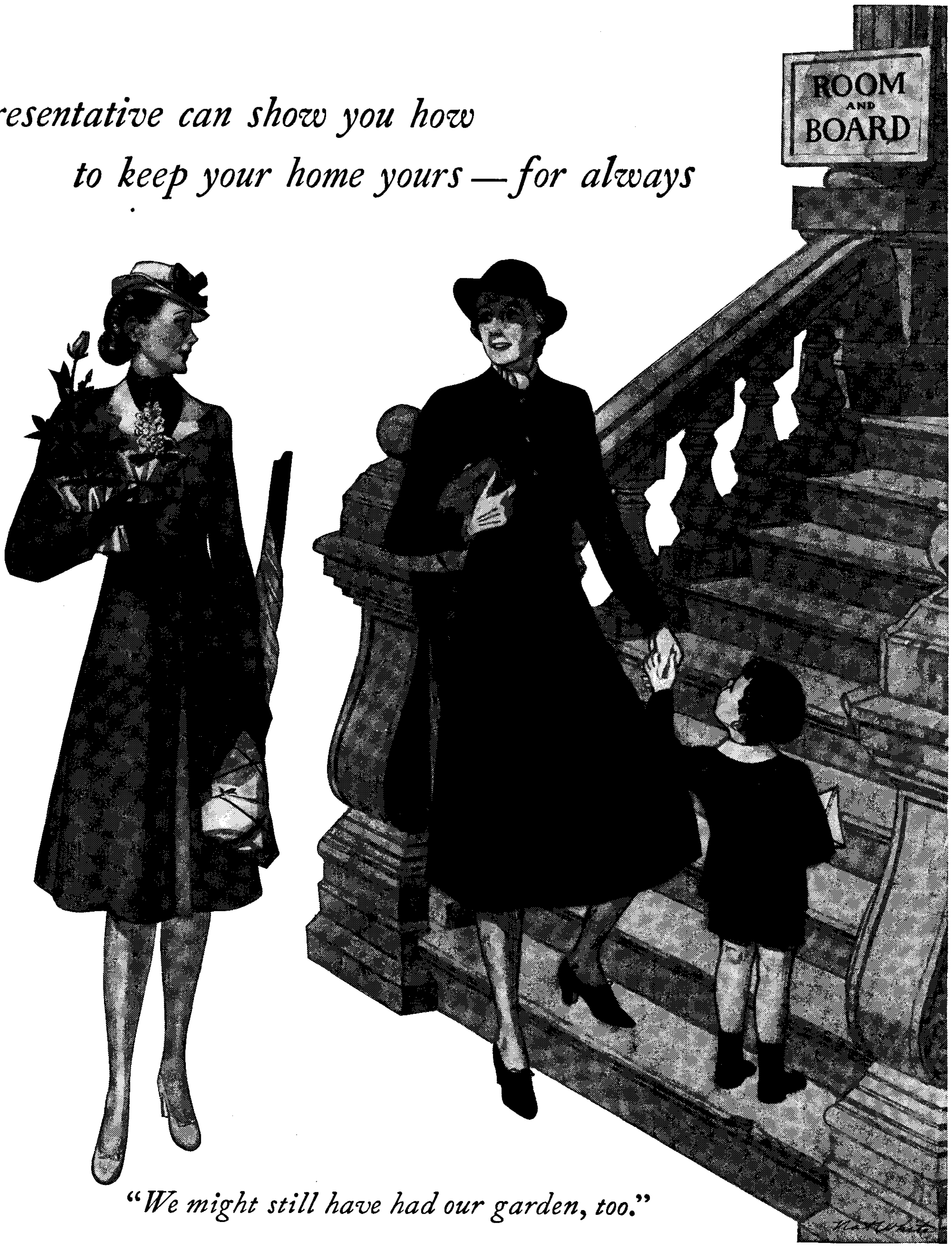
The crone, Refugee admitted to himself, looked as though she could do the job, if anyone could do it. She may have been only a hundred but she looked



Street Salesman

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Your Mutual Life Representative can show you how to keep your home yours — for always



"We might still have had our garden, too."

With life insurance you can make your home secure and permanent — a refuge of happy memories for your wife and children if they should be left to carry on alone.

Their daily bread, the schooling of your children, a margin for recreation and enjoyment of the good things of life — all of these you have probably considered and perhaps provided for through insurance. Its generous provisions mean that you can make this picture of security complete by insuring your life for a sum sufficient to lift the mortgage, the shadow of which lies across the threshold of so many homes.

Many men who take full thought for the future have also taken this wise step with the help and advice of a Mutual Life representative.

98 years ago a group of public-minded men expressed their faith in the future of America by founding The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. It has today become a great partnership of thrift through its million and more policyholders who share in its benefits and earnings. Its present management by able, experienced men is a projection of its founders' faith in the American way of life.

Let your Mutual Life representative, with the knowledge and experience of this company, plan with you and devise a program of protection fitted to your own individual circumstances and the needs of your family.

* * *

Secure today the booklet which answers many of the questions you, as a home owner — or prospective home owner — would like to know. It is called, "YOUR FINANCIAL RESERVES," *and you may have it by asking a representative for it or receive it from one of them by writing to the address below.*

FIRST POLICY ISSUED
FEBRUARY 1, 1843

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York
LEWIS W. DOUGLAS, *President*
34 Nassau Street, New York
"FIRST IN AMERICA"

FIRST POLICY ISSUED
FEBRUARY 1, 1843

HOW TO MAKE YOUR DIMES NOW

SAVE YOUR

DOLLARS IN JULY!

Give the Cooling System of Your Car this 3-Point After-Anti-Freeze Service!

Prevent Expensive Repairs caused by Overheating!

THOROUGH CLEANING *CleanOut*...the oil muck, scale and sludge...that can ruin the cooling efficiency of your car. When the anti-freeze comes out—use **Warner Radiator Cleaner** . . . specially prepared, thorough and SAFE for automobile cooling systems!

PERMANENT REPAIRING *Stop Leaks*...permanently, quickly, SAFELY . . . in the radiator—or even in a cracked motor block! Insist on **Warner Liquid Solder,** specially engineered to maintain cooling efficiency in Today's automobiles. *The standard for more than 20 years!*

POSITIVE PROTECTING *Protect* . . . cooling efficiency with **Warner Cooling System Protector.** Prevents rust and corrosion. Keeps cooling system walls *clean!* Since all water causes rust, your car needs *this* protection.

SAVE MONEY . . . on your spring and summer driving. Go to your Service Station, Garage or Dealer TODAY for this

3-POINT "AFTER-ANTI-FREEZE" SERVICE
Offered you by Warner Cooling System Products
WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Iron Glue mends wood, glass, china, toys, leather, 'most anything. ¼ pt. to 1 gal. cans or 10¢ bottles with new lever-lift top, always easy to open and close. McCormick Sales Co., 409 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

IRON GLUE
AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH

Elliott ADDRESSERETTE

A small addressing machine for Clubs, Lodges, Associations, Churches, Small Stores and Offices—anyone who wants to save time and labor and the bother of hand or typewriter addressing.

The Lowest-Priced Addressing Machine Ever Offered
$17.50
Prices—Denver West Slightly Higher

WRITE *for illustrated folder*
ELLIOTT COMPANY
161 Albany Street
Cambridge, Mass.

BEANS TASTE better WITH
A·1 SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

older and her eyes, in the dim light of her little room, glittered like stones.

Slippery, as spokesman, had guardedly stated the case and the old woman was now filling a little leather bag with various objects, over which she was mouthing unintelligible incantations. She sealed the bag, affixed a little string to it and gave it to Slippery.

"Have him wear this around his neck like a necklace," she said. "It'll keep off any spirit ever was."

Slippery took the bag and handed it to Refugee. "We aims to pay you," Refugee said gratefully.

"I aims for you to," the old woman said, and her black parchment skin crinkled. "Twenty dollars."

WILLIE WURTZEL bustled into the dressing room, took a quick look at Refugee on the rubbing table, opened his bag and started checking his equipment.

Upstairs, the faint sound of cadenced hand-clapping told of the progress of the semiwindup. Willie, chewing a dead cigar, his hands fast and sure, laid out his collodion, sponges, tape. With half an ear he heard the beginning of faint strains of the Merry Widow Waltz whistled in concerted off key. He sterilized a razor blade with a match, put it beside the cotton and walked over to Refugee.

"Who died?" he asked.

"Died . . . ?"

"Don't you smell nothin'?"

"No, suh," Refugee said, moving a black hand slyly toward the little bag suspended from his neck.

"What's that under your hand?"

"Nothin'," Refugee said, looking at the ceiling.

"Move your hand."

Refugee Smith reluctantly moved his hand.

Willie Wurtzel leaned down and sniffed. He lifted his head, spit out his cigar. "Gee," he said, "are you . . ." He stopped, straightened up and a gleam of understanding came into his eyes. "You can't wear that in the ring, boy," he said.

Refugee Smith sat up. "I can't wear dis in de ring?"

"It'll work," Willie said, thinking fast, "just as good out of the ring. I'll hold it in my hand."

"I'm a blowed-up Hindu," Refugee said. "I'm a goner."

A head appeared in the dressing-room door. "Let's go," the head said. "You're on."

FRANKIE BLOOD was short and square. A freak that resembled, both in the fury of his attack and his imperviousness to punishment, the great Joe Walcott. Five feet four, wide, heavily muscled, tough. And with him, always in his corner, a lean, wizened second with eyes like those of a catfish.

Refugee Smith moved a helpless hand across his bare chest, looked once at the second as he listened to the instructions from the referee and dragged himself back to his corner.

He came out with the bell from habit, with his long left hand out, from habit, and when he caught the swishing hook with which Frankie opened hostilities, he groped into a clinch from habit.

Willie Wurtzel washed his eye, held the smelling salts under his nose, and threw a pint of cold water down his neck, but Refugee Smith went out for the second round with a little cramp catching across the front of a heart filled with fear.

Frankie Blood was careful and implacable. Refugee Smith came back to his corner after the second round with his nose a billowing mushroom of pain.

"Lemme touch my little bag," he muttered. "Lemme touch my little bag."

Willie Wurtzel expertly closed the cut under his fighter's eyes. "Next round," Willie said. "Next round I'll give it to you."

That was enough. That was enough to carry Refugee through. That and a jaw like iron and a young, superbly conditioned body.

McGovern, the third man in the ring, grabbed Frankie Blood after the bell. Frankie Blood had Refugee in a corner, groggy, bleeding. Refugee made it to his own corner, walking on his heels, coughing, the blood out of his windpipe, his eyes fearful.

Willie got him. Willie Wurtzel got him, had him on his stool, had the blood cleared from his eyes, had an ounce of brandy down him, had him breathing free.

Refugee Smith looked across at the set, cruel face of Frankie Blood, looked across at the cold, weird eyes of Frankie's second, heard the ten-second whistle.

Willie Wurtzel reached down into his pocket and took out something. He tied it around Refugee's neck. "Okay, boy," he said. "You're unhexed."

Refugee Smith climbed up from his stool, felt the bag bob against his chest, felt the pain go out of his heart.

He moved out, and his left hand was out. Frankie moved to him, whistling a left hook for the body out of his shell of elbows and shoulders. Refugee sucked in his stomach and stabbed viciously at the two square inches of Frankie's exposed face. It brought the Haitian up, for a second, and it left a portion of his prognathous jaw exposed.

Refugee rippled the right cross up from his heels, felt the dead, stinging impact of a clean shot, wheeled and walked calmly to his corner. He expanded his chest, felt the little bag bounce against it. He turned, looked down at Mr. Willie Wurtzel, and grinned.

REFUGEE was lying on the table. He was covered with a blanket, his cuts were mended and Willie was bustling around the room chewing on a cigar.

"Mr. Willie," Refugee said unhappily, letting his hand move up to the little bag on his chest that his manager had strung around his neck, "hit's a good thing I went an' got me a little ole charm, now, ain't it?"

"Is it?" Willie said flatly. "You gonna wear that thing the rest of your life so's all can see you believe stronger in voodoo than you do in the Lord?"

"Oh, hush, Mr. Willie," Refugee said almost tearfully.

Willie Wurtzel came over to the table. His bright vest was unbuttoned and his cigar was lit and he moved uncertainly. He reached down and broke the string around Refugee's neck, handed him the bag.

"Okay, boy," he said.

REFUGEE SMITH looked at the little bag and a strange look began creeping across his face. The little bag was an old-fashioned purse, bought, obviously, from a five-and-ten many years ago. The string which held it was a shoestring. Refugee sat up and looked at Willie Wurtzel's feet. One shoe had no string.

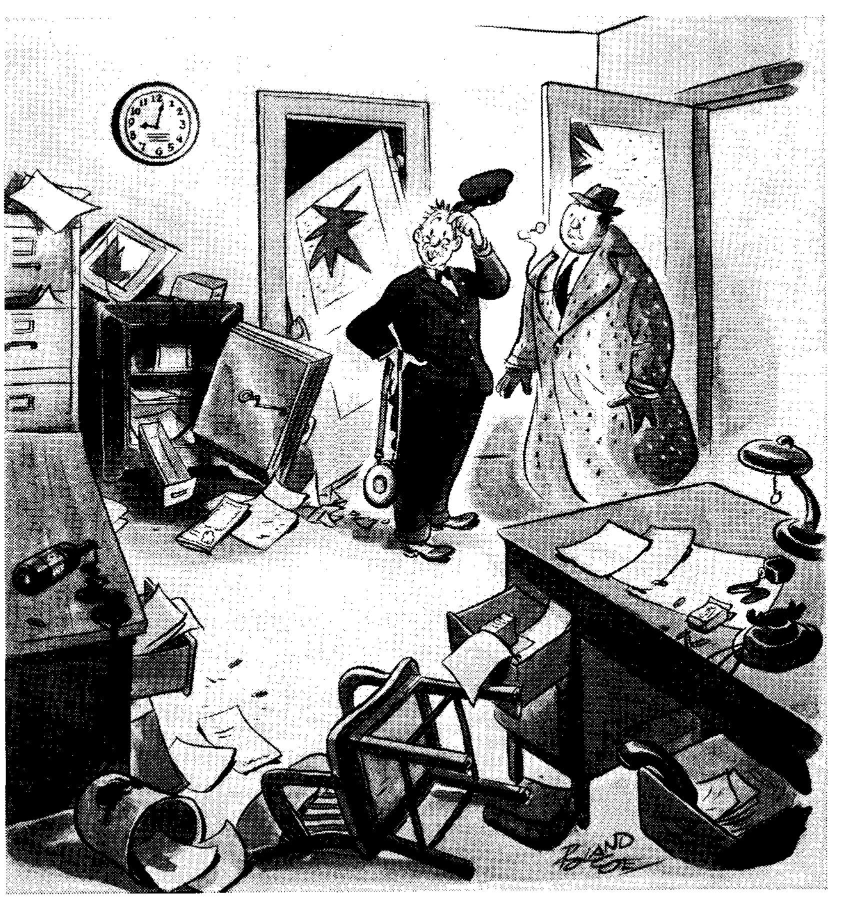
Willie looked at his fighter.

Refugee Smith unsnapped the little bag, took out the contents slowly. A lead slug, fashioned in the size of a nickel; a broken locket with the picture missing, one of a set of dice—obviously a six-ace flat—and a little piece of wrapping paper. A little piece of wrapping paper with fresh pencil marks upon it. Slowly, with much moving of the lips, Refugee read:

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." (*That also goes for phony voodooers. W. Wurtzel.*)

Refugee Smith looked up at Willie Wurtzel, smoking his cigar, with that look on his face which it had when the gate had been good and the purse had been fat. Refugee let his legs slide off the table until his knees touched the cold concrete. He lifted up his battered face and opened his mouth.

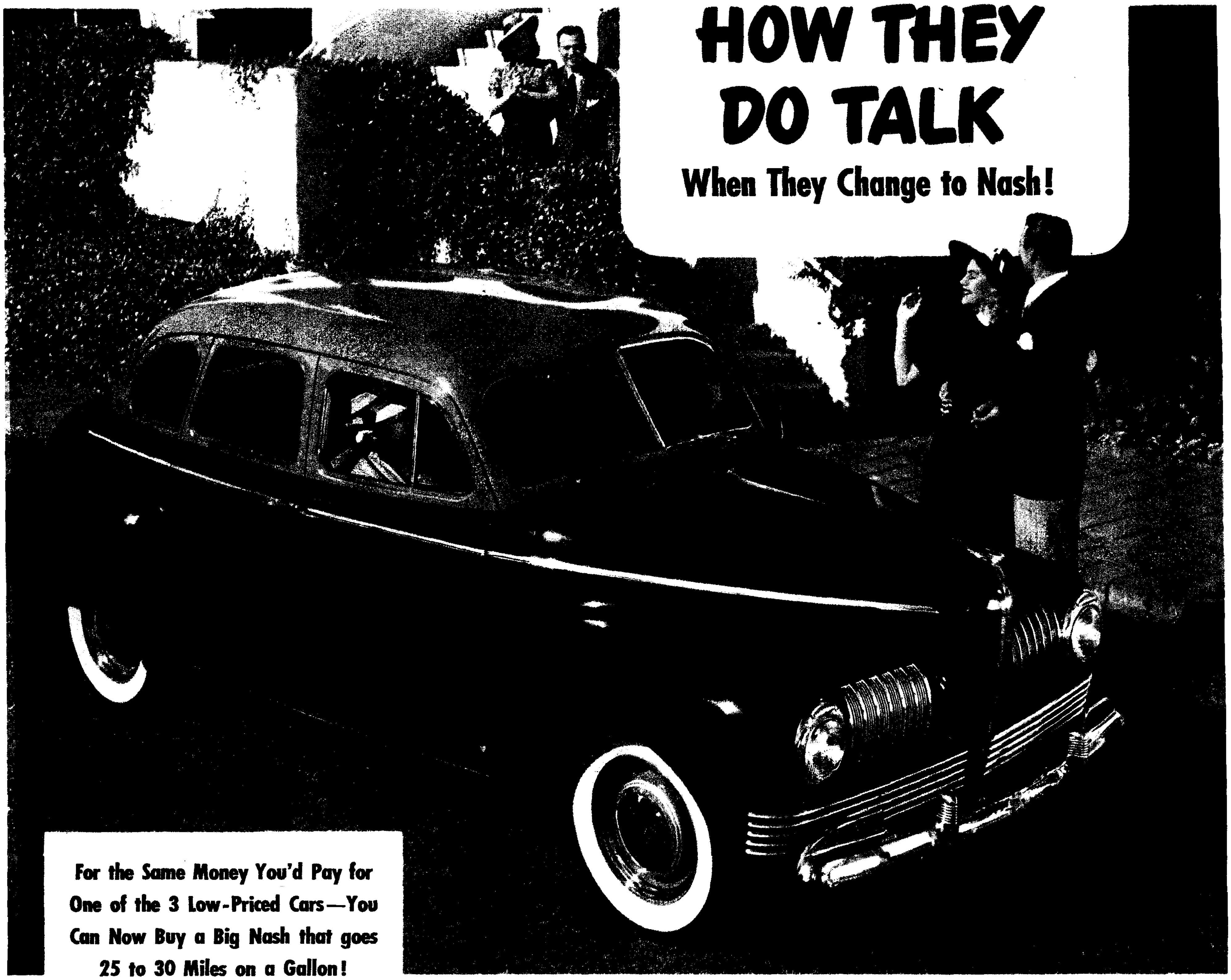
"Lord, God," he said, the words rumbling from his heart, "forgive me. I knowed not what I done."



"First time since I've been watchman that there's been anything t' watch. It sure was fun!" ROLAND COE

HOW THEY DO TALK

When They Change to Nash!



For the Same Money You'd Pay for One of the 3 Low-Priced Cars—You Can Now Buy a Big Nash that goes 25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon!

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NASH DELUXE TRUNK BACK FOUR-DOOR SEDAN, ONLY $860.*

YOU can raise a polite eyebrow at a man's golf or fishing yarns—but if he's talking bout his new Nash—*look out*, he knows his stuff!

All over America, they're pulling out their ttle maroon Nash Savings books—and what ales they tell!

From Maine to California come reports like hese: "I'm now averaging 28 miles a gallon at peeds of 35 to 40 miles per hour"..."getting 8 o 10 more miles per gallon than our old small car delivered"..."In all kinds of weather—90 miles a day, I've averaged 26.7 miles a gallon—solid comfort all the way."

You never heard of mileage like this before—for a car as big and beautiful as Nash. But that's only the starter of the story of America's *new kind* of car.

Drive it. Discover what owners mean by "perfect roadability". See the amazing difference that *four-wheel* coil springing makes—in riding and steering.

See why they're talking about the Weather Eye miracle of Nash Conditioned Air... marveling at the silence of its one-piece welded body and frame... boasting about the pick-up and power of its Manifold-Sealed Engine.

So, why should *you* be content with an ordinary, low-price car—when, for the same money, you can buy this big, beautiful new Nash?

See your Nash dealer now—and see why thousands each week are changing to Nash!

NASH GIVES YOU MORE

★ BETTER ECONOMY...25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gas.

★ SMOOTHER RIDE...Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.

★ EASIER STEERING...First low-price car with Two-way Roller Steering.

★ ROOMIER...Greater Seating Width. The Rear Seat makes up into a Convertible Bed.

★ SAFER...Welded Body-and-Frame Construction...made rattle-proof, twist-proof.

$745* buys the big Sedan shown above. Other prices start at $710. *All prices, delivered at factory, include standard equipment, federal tax. Weather Eye, Convertible Bed, White Side Wall Tires, Two-tone paint, Deluxe Wing Bumpers or Bumper Guards at slight extra cost. *Prices subject to change without notice.*

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE

How deep does STREAM-LINING really go?

YOUR EYES will tell you that the big, roomy Mercury is streamlined from nose to tail. And your first mile behind the wheel will tell you that this streamlining goes down to its very core. ★ For Mercury is built a new and different way—to aviation principles—with more power per pound than most other cars. It's packed with live, *responsive power*, yet free of superfluous weight. That's why Mercury is nimbler in traffic—like an arrow on the highway—and amazingly economical under all driving conditions. The smooth-running V-8 engine delivers a tremendous flow of power on a mere trickle of fuel. Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon. ★ Mercury is a mighty soft-riding car, too. Long, slow-motion springs and wider tires plus spacious deep-cushioned seats add new comfort to motoring. ★ Best way to tell what all these hidden values mean to you is by driving Mercury. We honestly think it's the finest car made, for the money.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

MERCURY "8"

THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

Marching as to War

Continued from page 15

It is generally not so smart to get gay with those boys from the hills when they are keeping very quiet and thinking, as they might be thinking of climbing you, but the gang knew this Giddy Gurty. He was a nice fellow, and they were all nice fellows, only Giddy was funny, and the Army is great for a laugh.

He looked over the heads with a dead pan and then he began to talk. First he mumbled and then he talked and then he was shouting and jumping. He talked about himself and he was a bad man to hear him tell it. Gals and hootch and gambling and fighting, even killing, if he meant that: he said he "washed him in blood."

"Took eight men to throw me and tie me and tote me to jail," he told them, "and I had such a misery in my bones I couldn't sleep, I couldn't rest nohow. And the Lord spoke to me in the night and said, 'Gideon, you no-account varmint, wait till you get what I'm fixing to give you.' I said to the Lord, 'What can I do, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'Follow Me!' And I rose up when the Lord turned me loose out of the house of bondage and I followed the Lord! And I followed the Lord ever since, and I'm glad to follow the Lord! And I'm glad to be testifying here tonight, I'm jumping with joy—I'm jumping with joy!"

Every time he said it he jumped, and big as he was he could jump like a cricket. That's all the bunch were waiting for and they laughed till they had to hold on.

This was a new one to the two civilians and they leaned out the window of the First Aid and laughed and made mock and needled Giddy, and the fat one yelled, "Hey, Parson, pray for Happy Hogan!" And they went back and needled Happy.

"Bless the Army!" called Giddy. He had a great voice when he let it go, like a bugle. "Bless the captain and the lieutenants and the sergeants and the supply sergeant and the mess sergeant that feeds the hungry and clothes the naked . . . And bless Corporal Hogan. He is an ignorant man walking in darkness, and a scandal and a hissing, and I don't bear no false witness, Lord! I don't aim to harm him none, and You'll get along without none of my advice, but if You was fixing to put Corporal Hogan in the jailhouse like You done me, it might be a right good plan."

HE STOPPED when Happy Hogan kicked him in the shins and hung one on his jaw. "Pray for *me*, will you?" said Happy. "No, but I'll pray for you!"

Giddy's face went white and his eyes went black; but then he kind of shrugged down and hung his head and mumbled his snuff: "You done me wrong, Corporal, but I ain't hitting you back. It ain't for me to judge you. I'd like right well to take you apart some time, Corporal, and I allow I could give you to understand. Please don't hit me no more, sir. I'm only a poor, weak human creature and I got my sinful feelings."

"I'll take you apart, you big punk!" hollered Happy, tossing the men that were holding him back. He is strong as a bull. Giddy had a welt raising on his face, but he only stretched out his two big hands and began to sing.

It was a fine tune beginning, "There'll be no dark valleys," and he sang like a calliope, and the Army is great for singing, but some fellows hollered, "Yellow!" and started the walkaway and soon Giddy was singing all to himself.

Happy always took great pride in his boys: they were the apple of his eyes, they were soldier men, and here was this monkey taking everybody's guff; and Happy couldn't even talk to him, he couldn't talk his language—and who could? Unless Holy Joe.

"Holy Joe!" thought Happy, getting an idea. "That's who can talk to him!"

Happy never went to chapel, but the chaplain was friends with everybody and Happy was friends with him too. In town, the chaplain would walk in a bar like anybody and have himself a coke or sass, and look if one of the boys was in trouble, and try and help him, or go get some husky like Happy Hogan to go help, if the man in trouble wasn't Happy himself, that is. He was an old-timer and he knew soldiering. He helped coach the football team, and they say he could handle himself. So having thought of a friend of his who could talk to this Giddy Gurty, Happy gave his mind Rest and went to see the chaplain.

HE MARCHED into the chaplain's quarters and saluted and stood at attention till the chaplain gave him Rest and told him sit down and have a smoke. "What's on your mind, Corporal?"

"It's one of the new men, Chaplain," said Happy. "His name is Giddy Gurty and he is in my squad and I'm trying to make a soldier out of him but I'll be goldarned if he ain't breaking my heart with bad behavior! So I thought you could talk to him and get him living right . . . What's he do? . . . Well, sir, he don't—"

Happy stuck, and couldn't make up his mind would he tell Holy Joe first that Giddy wouldn't drink, lie, fight, steal or what. Happy knew he was right and only wanted what was right, but whatever he thought of it didn't seem the way to begin. "Is this man drinking too much?" asked the chaplain, helping him out.

"Oh, no!"

"Is he refractory and quarrelsome and defies authority?"

"Oh, no!"

"Is he a thief? Or a crooked gambler, or what? You can tell me, Corporal."

"Well, he is just a big punk, and everybody shoves him around and makes a bum out of him," said Happy. "And that ain't right, I leave it to you, sir. I was in the First Aid just now having some drinks in an orderly manner and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing, when what do I hear but this Giddy Gurty outside laying into me and telling everybody I am ignorant and a scandal and ought to be in the can. So I went out and poked him."

"You struck him? Who whipped?"

"He wouldn't fight!"

"Strange," said the chaplain. "He calls you out of your name, knowing you are a very hasty man, and he don't expect trouble? How did he come to be stating these facts about you, Corporal?"

"He was praying for me. The big fellow that the adj. ordered to stop praying on post because he was making mock. That's him, Chaplain. He never fights. He is a joke and everybody is laughing at him."

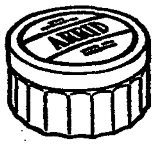
"I know the man and he is in chapel every Sunday," said the chaplain. "Yes, he should not be a laughingstock, and maybe one good punch is the best way to stop it. I will think it over. 'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence,' Corporal, 'and the violent take it by force.' "

"Yes, sir!" said Happy, and he saluted and marched out.

The chaplain thought it over and got hold of Giddy after services the next

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm clothes—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold ... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

Helps You Overcome FALSE TEETH Looseness and Worry

No longer should any wearer of a loose dental plate feel ill at ease because of the embarrassment it causes. FASTEETH, a pleasant **alkaline** (non-acid) denture powder, sprinkled on plates holds them firmer and more comfortably in place. No gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Special **alkaline** content allays gum soreness and inflammation due to chafing of a loose plate or to excessive acid mouth. Thousands use FASTEETH and gain greater ease, confidence and dependability. Get original **alkaline** FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no substitute.

When Gums Shrink, Plates Loosen—See Your Dentist

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. *Amazing in making bile flow freely.* Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Sunday and had a little talk: "How are you getting on, my boy?"

"Sir," said Giddy, opening up his heart to the chaplain, "I'm right unhappy. There can't be no blessing on this Army nohow. It's a scoffing and a mocking Army, and a fighting, drinking, lying, stealing Army, and I allow I done wrong to come here as I'm against war and fighting and all such doings. Well, I done come, sir, and I lifted up my voice and testified, and I was crying in the wilderness and I was mocked and struck. . . . Yes, sir, I'll have a chew. I'm fresh out of snuff."

The chaplain handed Giddy a plug, and filled up his own pipe to think this new turn open. He saw he was up against one of these conscientious objectors. Well, he knew all the arguments and he could argue it till he was blue in the face, but he probably wouldn't get anywhere much.

So he said, "We must have a good talk about war and fighting, Gideon, one of these days. But what is this I hear about Corporal Hogan taking a punch at you and you did not punch back? I think you did perfectly right. You showed a fine character and good judgment, and it wouldn't be a fair fight and you would be taking a great responsibility."

"Responsibility, sir?" said Giddy. "How come? Might ain't right."

"Not to you," said the chaplain. "If Hogan whipped, it wouldn't change your mind any. But what about if you whipped Hogan? He thinks might is right, and he would think you must be right, and he would take an example from you after that, and you would be responsible to put the Word in his mouth after you slapped the blasphemy out. It would not be a fair fight in a way because you would be risking only a broken nose but Happy would be risking his way of life here and hereafter—for what that is worth, the way he is heading just now."

He puffed his pipe, and then he said, "But any man that is against fighting better not make a special exception for Happy Hogan, because he is a rough fighter. Even if it might do Happy a world of good. I know him from away back. I understand you're a particular friend of Happy's, Gideon . . . No? . . . Well, he is a particular friend of yours. He came to see me the other night just to talk about you."

"Corporal Hogan, sir?" Giddy was puzzled. "I allow you're against fighting, Dominie?"

"Yes, indeed," said the chaplain. "Unless it's in the line of duty of a man or nation. Unless it's an order such as the Lord laid on Joshua and on David. And on Gideon too when the Lord told him, 'Surely I will be with thee and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man.' Gideon was a farm boy, like you. Yes, Happy Hogan is a rough fighter but he wouldn't be so good if they would not let him get set and cock his left; it is his one best punch. I have boxed a little."

Holy Joe put his hand on Giddy's shoulder at the door and said, "God bless you, my son."

GIDDY went out puzzling, and he puzzled two days, and he couldn't eat good and he couldn't sleep good and he looked dumber than ever; everybody was calling him. We had dinner, and it was an ordinary dinner, not good, not bad—roast pork, potatoes, green peas, salad, peach pie, bread and butter, coffee and cream—and Giddy couldn't eat and he went up to the waste barrel with a plateful, and the mess officer called him for making a hog of himself. He thought Giddy took seconds and he had enough to do feeding them on forty-two cents a day without them taking seconds they can't eat. He couldn't put Giddy on K. P. because that's not allowed any more for punishment but he turned him in to the topper for some exercise to work up an appetite.

And we are coming up the company street in column of threes, so Happy Hogan is one of the corporals in the front rank and can't watch Giddy, but the platoon sergeant is riding him for being out of step, and when the looey gives Inspection Arms, Unlock Pieces, Dismissed, because we just got the new M-1 rifle, Giddy does Port Arms like he first learned with the Springfield and the looey calls him. And when we have Inspection, Giddy got no clean clothes to lay out because he's on fatigue so much and no time to wash clothes, and the inspector calls him and also tells Corporal Hogan he better give them a rub and wake up. All of which disgraces Happy.

But Giddy just looked over their heads with a dead pan and went on puzzling. It was the second day, happened to be payday, and he was coming back to the barracks after mess with long steps and his chin up thinking, before he reconciled that idea the chaplain put in his head of how to be a good neighbor and friend of Happy Hogan and do him a world of good. In that barracks are the first platoon and about thirty of them were in the hall on the ground floor, taking it easy in the easy chairs and playing pool on the billiard table and reading the library and waiting for the buglers to sound payday, when in came Giddy, and Happy said, "Here comes the big yellow So-and-so."

GIDDY didn't mind—he didn't even hear Happy; he had his own plans—he was a great fellow for thinking along his own lines and coming out with something different. His face was all lit up with good news he had thought out and he went up to Happy and told him. He said, "Corporal, you been pestering at me and talking mean and low-down to me like I was a hound dog, and I ain't never talked back. You hit me and I ain't never hit you back. You hate yourself, I reckon, but I don't hate you, you are a brand from the burning and I'm fixing to rescue you—hallelujah! Are you wanting a sign, sir, like the fleece of Gideon, that I am your friend and ain't afeard of you? Are you wanting me to lick you afore you believe? Get on your feet, man."

He shoved Happy and pushed the big rowdy and the easy chair over, and then he jumped back and went to prowling. Happy threw his legs sideways and hit on his feet and bounced up and bounded and let his left go. Happy was a great believer in the first blow and he had a ruinous left and when he threw it that generally ended the spat, and it looked like it now, because down went Giddy.

Giddy was on the floor right away and we thought he was hit, but he wasn't and he only went down there to prowl. He skittered by Happy on his hands and knees, got up and nailed Happy on the neck and Happy kept going and splintered a board in the partition between the hall and the orderly room, and the topper was in there working on the roster for payday with the company clerk and he gave a yell, and then he gave another yell and jumped up mad and came bustling because the board flew in and hit him, and that was when Giddy jumped up and let drive with his hind leg and missed Happy's head by not much and kicked the board in. It is an order always to knock when you come in the orderly room so when there was such a knock and the topper seen Happy looking in at him with a wild look all he could think was that the big rowdy was on a binge again and he was very mad.

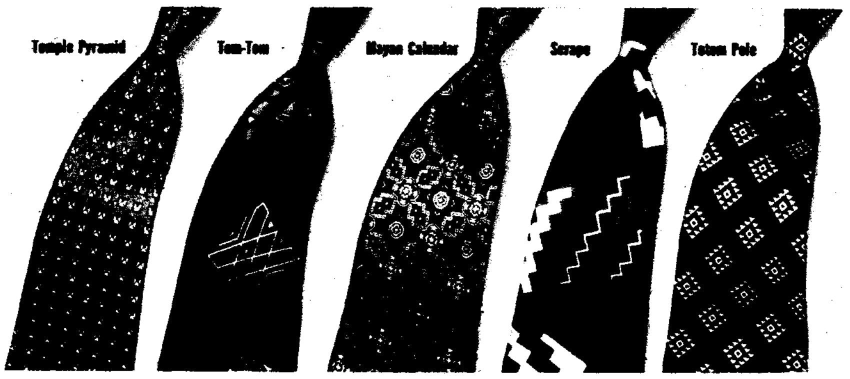
Happy bounced and went after Giddy with his left cocked, but Giddy kept prowling, bent over and stealing around Happy with his arms hanging down and

CHENEY *FIESTA* FOULARDS

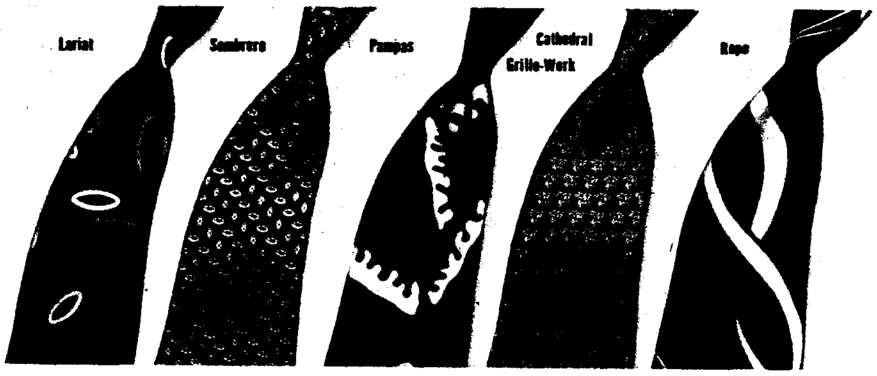
in Pan-American Colors and Designs

Basket-Work
Cactus
Lava
Caballero
Volcano

Mexico . . . land of brilliant sun and colorful fiestas; giant cactus and silver-spurred Caballeros! Viva Mexico! . . . for inspiring these handsome, new salutes to Summer! The five patterns shown above are available in *six different* color combinations.



Central America's legends and customs authenticate these new fashion notes! Land of the Quetzal Bird and snow-capped Sierras; tropic lakes and jungles; Mayan temples and Aztec splendor! The five patterns shown here come in *six different* color combinations.



"The South American Way" sets the pace for *your* Summer! Bolero and Rhumba; Castillian churches and vast Pampas; haciendas and flashing Gauchos! Here's the colorful way to greet Summer! Five patterns in any of *six different* color combinations.

Bright primitive Mayan reds; blues of sunny skies and Caribbean waters; Indian Corn colors; Aztec browns; Jungle greens. *Fiesta* foulards . . . interpreted for you in these famous Cheney pure-dye, all silk cravats, $1.00. Other Cheney Cravats, $1.50 and up. Cheney Brothers, silk mfrs. since 1838, New York.

CHENEY CRAVATS
Tie Well . . . Wear Well

FOR THE MILLIONS WHO ASKED FOR IT...
M-G-M's NEW HIT–A SEQUEL TO "BOYS TOWN"

Spencer Mickey
TRACY • ROONEY
in
MEN OF BOYS TOWN
with
BOBS WATSON • DARRYL HICKMAN • MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN • HENRY O'NEILL • LEE J. COBB
Original Screen Play by James Kevin McGuinness
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Coming Soon To Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre

his hands open. Happy cornered him between the wall and the door when the topper opened the door, and they slugged it, no block, no duck. Sock! Bang! Giddy's nose ran blood off his chin and he caught Happy spang on the mouth and split both lips and landed a tap on Happy's ear, and skittered out of the corner and prowled.

The topper was coming in to roar like a lion and frighten everybody, and instead he hid behind fellows and peeked over their shoulders with a nice smile. Some say the company clerk was looking in through the wall and some say the company clerk and the skipper and that the skipper was laughing, but the skipper never would stand for soldiers' fights unless they were athletics and entertainment with gloves, and he broke Happy once before for it, so what would he be laughing at? And looking in and saying nothing to fellows standing on the chairs and billiard table with their shoes and stamping and hollering, "Go on, Giddy, he can't hurt you!"

Happy rushed and let go both barrels, and Giddy dropped and grabbed Happy's knees and hoisted, and Happy flew like a pigeon and skated when he hit. He only had time to roll over when Giddy comes flying down out of the air and lands both feet in Hap's middle, right on his dinner; and then drops and sits on him, and that was no athletics and entertainment and whoever yelled, "Give it to him, boy!" through the wall it wasn't the skipper.

"Please don't hit me no more, Corporal," begged Giddy, whaling away with both hands. "I got my feelings. I'm only a weak creature and I might lose my temper." Happy is tough, but two or three of those pineapples Giddy is throwing and his head stopped bouncing up again. He was out.

We got them up and patted Giddy on the back for winning and Happy on the back for losing, and Happy was the one most pleased. The topper then gave his roar, particularly at Happy because a noncom ought never to fight and particularly he ought never to lose, and he told the company clerk to put them down for the board and not forget the company fund, and the company clerk said he couldn't change the pay roll now but bring him ten dollars, and the topper said they better do it and he chased them over to the medical detachment to get their faces fixed. They were both walking cases so they went off together by themselves.

HAPPY was out cold and he didn't know what happened, he dreamed some of it, and thought he won, and he grabbed Giddy's hand and shook and said, "Pal, I mean you gave me a fight! You had me going once, if you knew it, and that was just before you said 'Please don't hit me no more.'" Because that was the last Happy remembered and then he dreamed.

"That's what I said, Corporal," said Giddy.

Happy told them in the medical detachment too how he licked Giddy, and standing right there was a fellow seen the fight and he tried to put in and say different, but at last he got convinced and believed and said, "Gee, I didn't know it was like that!" So Happy and Giddy both felt fine about winning the fight, and Happy had no more grudge against Giddy and thought he was a great piece of work and a credit to the squad, and just then the buglers blew payday. And then blew, "I've Got Three Years To Do This In," kidding the boys running for the pay line.

After they got paid it was Saturday afternoon and no more formations till Retreat, so Happy went down to the First Aid where he heard there was a crap game, and Giddy sat down in the hall to read a book out of the library. Reading was heavy going for Giddy unless he knew it by heart, and he would generally be looking at it sideways and making faces, and that was when he got stuck in a word and had to back out. After an hour he was almost up to page 3 and the words were getting thicker and his nose was acting up, so he went out to cool it off, and he went down the road by the First Aid.

There was a crowd around a blanket alongside the First Aid, and Happy's two civilian friends were running the game and doing very well; they had the crowd almost cleaned. Particularly Happy; they had him cleaned of every dollar of his pay, and he was standing back and saying, "They know they got a dumbbell . . . Friends of Mine? Them yeggs? . . . Sure I said I knew them, I knew them in the guardhouse, that's where they done their hitch." But nobody paid him much attention, particularly the two civilians, and they just looked too busy to hear him and raked in the bets.

Giddy stood and looked over the heads and he was slow on words but quick on numbers and he could read dice a long ways, and he kept looking and keeping count and the two civilians kept raking it in. Happy said to him, "I only wished I took your advice on gambling, Giddy, and if I could only get my money back in that game I would never touch another dice as long as I live." And Giddy kept looking and counting and said, "I reckon that there ain't no gambling, Corporal; that there is a game of skill. I might try it."

He saw the dice they were using and they were dice sold in the post exchange with a recreation game to play in the hall nights, but they could be useful too, and some fellows carried them, and they were the dice were in play, and Giddy went around in the crowd and borrowed a couple of sets. He got up to the blanket and got down alongside the little civilian. Well, the fat civilian rolled the dice across the blanket toward his pal, and made his point of nine, a six-trey, and while the civilians were picking up money Giddy picked up the dice and looked at them like a sap.

Well, you better not pick up hot dice unless you are in the game and you claim they are loaded, and otherwise you might break your wrist, because it breaks the luck, but that was up to the civilians that were the only ones picking up money, and they did not call Giddy, because it was not luck made that pair of dice six-trey and they would six-trey for almost anybody any time; and besides they recognized the big country boy that did the praying and singing and they thought they had a new customer.

"Try your luck, Parson!" says the fat civilian . . . "Love of money is the root of all evil, brother," says Giddy. "I never gamble." . . ."Hell, Parson, this ain't gambling," laughs the little civilian, needling him and winking to the crowd.

THE other fellows passed up the dice to Giddy, hoping he'd change the luck, and he lets on to be inveigled, and he palms these trained dice and flops out another pair, and that is a six-trey too. He did not roll them but just turned them out, and we figured afterward it was not the pair he picked off the blanket but a pair of honest dice he got in the crowd, and that he had the trained pair palmed. "Two to one you can't, Parson!" sings out the little civilian alongside, and he laughs so at seeing Giddy throwing the dice that he loses his balance and falls over and kicks the blanket, because he had his foot under it, and that's how he kicks the dice across to his pal.

Giddy pulled out his pay, and it looked good to the civilians, but Giddy put down a quarter and says, "Two bits." But there was plenty of betting. Two to one is nice odds, as nine is not 2 to 1 but is 3 to 2, and all the fellows that weren't cleaned yet tried to get some of it, and Happy borrowed five bucks off Giddy before he could say no, and threw it down and said: "He is right!" That's how Happy is, and if you are his friend you can't be wrong even at shooting craps. And meanwhile the fat civilian picks up the dice that were kicked over in his lap, and he lets on to toss that same pair back to Giddy.

That is the time, we figured afterward, that Giddy got hold of the civilians' other pair of trained dice, the ones that would crap out, turn up 5-2, because there was plenty money on the blanket and it was well worth a switch, and that must be why the little civilian kicks the dice across to his fat pal. It would work out nicely for the two yeggs because the little civilian was next to Giddy and it would be his turn to pick up the dice and roll after Giddy crapped out.

But his turn did not come so quick, because Giddy did not crap out. He lets a pair of dice roll, and—spang—it is not 5-2, it is not a seven; it is 6-3, it is a nine, and that is Giddy's point. So everybody picks up money except the civilians, and Happy picks up fifteen bucks instead of the five he laid down.

Giddy had some great runs after that, and he hardly ever lost the dice, and when he did he got them back because they wouldn't behave for the civilians, and the other fellows would pass up the dice to Giddy because he was so hot. Giddy made his point four times out of five. Some fellows were pretty sorry afterward that they used to laugh when Giddy was praying, and if they only listened more and heard him tell them he used to be a gambling man they would know enough to string along with him in that game and make something.

The civilians couldn't figure it out, because they thought they had the trained dice themselves; and Giddy only naturaled when there was enough on the blanket to win on a first pass, and everybody cleaned up on the civilians, particularly Happy, who kept throwing it down in bunches and saying, "He's right!" and Giddy who kept saying, "Two bits." The civilians took a nice beating before they got sick and disgusted and said, "We are robbed. Them dice are loaded!"

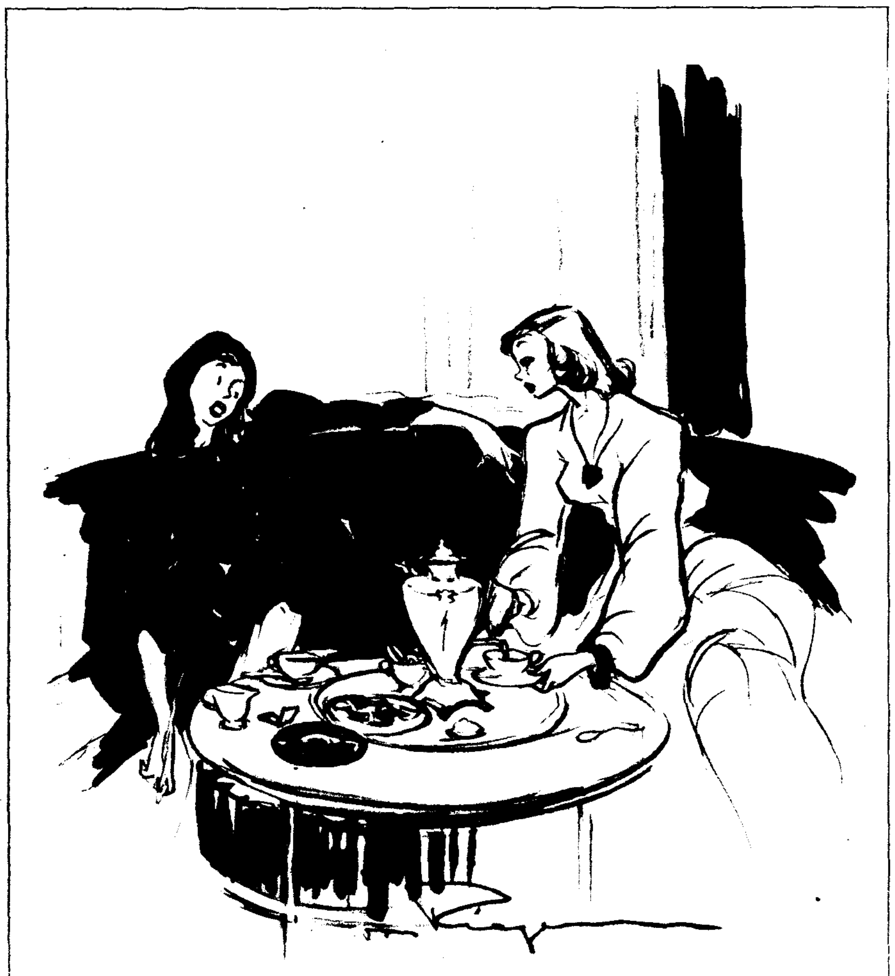
"You know, brothers, I allow," said Giddy. "They're yourn."

He opened his big hand and let us look in and he had four dice tucked in four corners. "That there's a duck," he said, pointing near his thumb. "And that there's a trey—a Phoebe—and sixty days." He let the four of them roll, and that's how they fell—2, 3, 5 and 6. "They're yourn, brothers," he said. "Take them, and give me back the four dice I swapped you for them . . . Come on, you got them! This wasn't no gambling game or I wouldn't touch it nohow. This was a game of skill, and I seen right smart of games of skill played down yonder when I was a boy."

THEN he counted up his winnings and it was about ten dollars, and he looked over the heads, thinking, and then he said, "The lot is cast in the lap, brothers, but the Lord disposes. I don't know who all contributed this here, and there's no knowing now, but it ain't mine, sure enough, for in the sweat of his face shall man earn his bread. I reckon I'll give it to the company clerk that wants ten dollars for the company fund and for a ten-cent board somebody done broke in the hall today."

The civilians got badly insulted at anybody claiming they rung in trained dice, and first they thought they would fight, and then they thought they wouldn't, because everybody else said the dice acted all right to them, and everybody wanted to poke them for getting in an honest soldiers' game where they had no business and then claiming they were rooked.

The way we figured it, the civilians were loading two pair of the post-exchange dice and getting ready to send the bunch on payday, while they were buying beers and letting on to be such swell guys. And Giddy, being an old-time sinner, seen they were trained dice



"Oh, *him*! Even when he talks about *me*, he bores me!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

...THIS NEW ADVENTURE SURPASSES MIGHTY "BOYS TOWN" ITSELF FOR THRILLS—AND FUN!

Spencer TRACY · Mickey ROONEY
in
MEN OF BOYS TOWN
with
BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB
Original Screen Play by James Kevin McGuinness
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Coming Soon To Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre

Lines for Defense!

AMERICA'S outpouring of industrial production was born on paper at myriad drafting boards. For the deft use of engineers and draftsmen EBERHARD FABER sends forth by millions the ace of drafting pencils—the famous MICROTOMIC VAN DYKE ...made in 18 consistently accurate degrees and 6 degrees with chisel shaped leads (an exclusive) to meet the requirements of industrial designing, architecture and art. . . . 10¢ everywhere.

"VAN DYKE" EBERHARD FABER. U.S.A. — 3H
EBERHARD FABER MADE IN U.S.A. VAN DYKE #601 — No 2
EBERHARD · FABER
Van Dyke
SOFT U·S·A· INK

Made also with adjustable eraser as VAN DYKE No. 601, in 5 degrees. The office pencil of the critical executive... At your Stationers!

EBERHARD FABER

Leadership

IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

and got hold of them; and then he could make different combinations.

That's what Happy admired. He had his pay back and over a hundred bucks more and he was pleased and he said he learned a good lesson and he had a good mind never to touch another card or dice as long as he lived, and all he would ask Giddy was show him how to palm four dice and switch and combine them and not mix them up. But Giddy wouldn't show him and said, "You have heaped up riches, Corporal, but you know not who shall gather them."

Well, Giddy met him next at supper and asked back the five bucks Happy loaned off him, and Happy said, "You know me, old-timer, and I will not give you five bucks, I will give you seven bucks next payday! But I need five bucks right now . . . What? . . . Well, it was this way. I got back in that game again after them two yeggs were run out, but I wasn't so hot, and besides everybody heard I won a million and came up and tapped me for what I owed them; so if you will only please let me have two, and I can get three more, I will have five. And I will pay you the whole seven back next payday."

NEXT day was Sunday and the chaplain met Happy and Giddy together and he asked Giddy how he was hitting them now and when he was coming around to argue about war.

"Sir, I was mistook in this Army," said Giddy. "It ain't a scoffing and a mocking Army, it's a righteous Army. I been thinking over what you said about setting a good example and I reckon it's a good thing to show some people that if you are walking in the light it ain't because you can't find your way around in the dark—show them you could live their way too if you had a mind to. Dominie, I allow this man's Army's got a call to go over yonder and smite them Amalekites and Midianites, and I want to go along. There's worse than war, my opinion, and the kind and neighborly thing to do to some people is whale the tar out of them."

"My, Gideon, are you a warmonger?" said the chaplain. "But what's this I hear about you boys fighting? Sorry to hear it, and who whipped?"

"Needless to say, Chaplain," laughed Happy. "But look at my mouth and tin ear! Old Giddy gave me some pasting before I got him."

The chaplain was surprised, because he heard different, but it was all right by him because where he met Happy and Giddy was coming out of the chapel with the rest of the first squad that Happy fell in on Church Call and marched over in a military manner.

Yes, Happy is a changed man since he got to pal around with Giddy. He's off the binges and A.W.O.L.'s and he only curses and swears at fellows that use bad language and he punches anybody he catches fighting and he's promised to pay back all the rest of his owings if they will only never ask him for it again as long as they live, or else he won't. The first squad is the best behaved in the platoon now, since Giddy got to be corporal instead of Happy.

You want to hear them harmonizing on When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder in the squad room after supper. Giddy's singing is a great help on the march too and it sure helps you sling your feet. He gives tunes he learned off the athletic and entertainment officer, and sometimes one he got back home. The Old Time Religion is a good tune to march to and you want to hear Sergeant Hogan—they had to have a bunch of new non-coms and Happy's the section sergeant—you want to hear him come in on "It's Good Enough For Me!"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

Even of these small percentages, not all the discomfort aloft is from flight conditions. Whoopee, or other indiscretions before take-off, give you a head start.

MISS ELLEN CHURCH, San Francisco nurse, started it all. She made a flight in 1930 and when the freckled copilot with his big hairy fist clumsily shoved a box lunch into her lap she got the idea that he belonged in the cockpit—permanently—and that attractive young women could do a better job in the cabin.

She sold the idea to Steve Stimpson, United's San Francisco manager, and got a job for herself and seven other nurses. These were the originals, a sort of Floradora Octet, of the air stewardesses now commonplace in the United States, Europe and the Orient. None of the eight are still flying. Most are married; some to pilots. One was killed learning to drive a car. Miss Church is now superintendent of nurses, Children's Free Hospital, Louisville, Ky.

IN THE B.S. period of aviation—that is, before stewardesses—less than three per cent of the plane travelers in the U. S. were women. Today about a third of all air passengers are women.

SEVERAL airlines have installed individual oxygen outlets beside every berth or seat in their planes.

THE BACK SEAT: Graced this week by its prettiest, primmest and most charming passenger to date—Miss Patricia O'Malley of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Pat is an aviation phenomenon. She has never flown an ocean or had her name in a headline. In fact, she cannot even fly—and when she tried to learn, and made her first landing 100 feet above the hangar tops at Roosevelt Field, Swanee Taylor, her instructor, called her attention to the careers open to women in nurseries and kitchens. Yet, within the fraternity, military and commercial, she is aviation's best-known girl. She is also its most extraordinary—in that although she is convent-bred in the actual and not Hollywood sense and has never worn oily coveralls or cussed out a mechanic, she is most at home "hangar flying" with the toughest old-timers. They accept her, remarkably, as one of them. Pat began her career in the press room of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics under Admiral Moffett, and in her first week the Shenandoah broke up and a squadron of Navy flying boats got lost en route to Hawaii. She sat up all night beside a ticker, as most aviation people did, when Lindbergh flew to Paris. From 1929 to 1939 she did publicity for American Airlines. She stood on the field at Lakehurst watching the Hindenburg burn and almost before it hit the ground had arranged for a plane to New York for the news photographers—and thereby became a heroine in her own right to the picture boys. When the Civil Aeronautics Authority was formed she took her present job in its Washington press-relations department. Now she has just published a book, Wings for Carol, which is all about stewardesses and the interesting people they meet, and the nice, handsome pilots they marry.

Elsie Dinsmore is back again—streamlined.

W. B. C.

Makes Any Car's Beauty Live Again!

SIMONIZING GIVES FINISH A LUSTRE THAT LASTS!

Who wants a "dead-looking" car? Not you, surely. So, Simoniz your car today. With the wonderful Simoniz Kleener, you can thoroughly clean any finish, restoring all the glorious lustre and color of the lacquer or enamel . . . quickly, easily, and in one simple operation. Try it! Then, to protect the finish and make the beauty last, apply the world-famous Simoniz. It is a de luxe beauty treatment that all cars need.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Try NEW EASY WAY TO USE
SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ
Makes Cars Stay Beautiful

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SIMONIZ AND SIMONIZ KLEENER!

Always insist on them for your car! Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations, and garages everywhere.

The Traitor

Continued from page 31

Arcadia in the sunshine, while a sea-wind riffled the white top of his officer's cap.

"I was reborn here," he said, slowly. "What I felt in the Yard scared me. The first day. I've sneaked off a few hours every day since then. Wanted to make sure that Navy Station wasn't America."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

"It isn't, you know. The whole caboodle of us—excepting your father, God bless him—wouldn't be worth one lobster fisherman or farmer boy."

"You shouldn't include yourself, Savvy. You're—"

"I've wasted three years working for a feather in my cap, when I might have done something really worth while." He walked on, toward an old white house which had a rock wall and a garden.

"Your scooter's a good boat, isn't it?"

"I've something better."

"Ultrasonics."

"Who told you?"

"Your pals."

"They talk too much."

"Where we going now?"

Savvy halted.

"Have you met the mayor?"

"Old Colonel McLeod, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Dad knows him."

"You should know him, too. I want you to hear what Arcadia thinks of *us*."

I BEGAN to get back my fighting spirit. "Couldn't be any worse than what we think of Arcadia," I said. "Colonel McLeod is a nasty-tempered old rumpot."

"Don't show your ignorance."

"What is he, then?"

"Well, did you ever bother to inquire about his past?"

"Nope. Not an antiquarian."

"And don't be so flippant. The colonel happens to be a Congressional Medal of Honor man."

"Aw-w—"

"Fought Indians, fought Spaniards, fought the Germans. Made and lost several fortunes. Used to be a Yukon gambler, a Texas cattle rustler and a gun fighter in Oklahoma. Between wars. He's much man, Sis, much man. To quote Dolores!"

We found Colonel McLeod pottering about his garden. He was a wicked-looking little man, with a cast in his left eye, and whiskers like an Irish terrier. A great love had sprung up, as in a twinkling, between him and Savvy, who (I was commencing to think) liked the strangest people.

"Howdy, son! Who's the gal?"

"Cap'n Hartney's daughter, Phyllis."

"Thought so. Howdy, Phyllis."

"How do you do, Colonel?"

"Living, by Joe, living! Sit down. Got that trouble in the Yard straightened out, son?"

"No, sir. Not yet. Soon, though."

The colonel cocked a fierce eye at me. "You're disgracin' the country. Idea of an officer drowning himself because his boy's no good. Beat the whey out of the boy, I say. Officers all fightin' among one another, ain't they?"

"Not that bad, Colonel."

"No truth in a redheaded woman, by Jove!"

"It's going to be all right soon, Colonel."

"Better be—or us folks'll take a hand." He tamped the ground irritably with the handle of a hoe, as if it were a cane. "Those G-men disappointed us, son!"

"How was that?"

"Whisked that Heinie spy out of town. Boys wanted to hang him."

"Sorry, Colonel."

"Should have consulted me. I'm mayor of this town. Going to write your Daddy a complaint about it. Got to get things cleaned up, by Joe. Government's going to send a big camp of soldiers here!"

"Yes? They've notified you?"

"Yestidday. Hell of a note, havin' you Navy people so soft. Don't know what's got into you folks. Peacetime decay, most likely."

"Think these town folks will fight, eh?"

"Soon as those windy-guts in Congress stop talkin', son. Have you met Pete Pappas—or Dave St. John, son? I'm ashamed to look 'em in the eye. The Greeks fight. The British fight. And we sit back and wonder if we dare sell 'em a gun or two. And we're the most powerful nation in the world!"

(Romantic Note: How much *can* a gal in love put up with? I didn't mind being walked around the village and lectured to on American history and quaint old folkways. I could swallow even the shameful fact that Savvy had turned from our wretchedness in the Yard to civilian scenes for comfort. But why should he be sitting here with the banshee lights in his eyes, worshiping at the shrine of this nasty little fire-eater, this insulting little scamp?

"You think the little people of this country are willing to fight, Colonel?"

"I know it, son."

"Sure?"

"You don't have to worry about the plain folks. Who made those windbags in England quit appeasing? The little folks did. Knew they were going to get bombed, too. Let me tell you why *I'm* so sure. A hundred and thirty-seven boys registered for the draft from this county. We've called out sixteen of 'em. We didn't have a dodger or a squawker. . . . They went off to camp like *men*, son. Wasn't any hurrah about it this time."

Savvy jumped to his feet. "You hear that?" he said to me. "He's right."

Colonel McLeod cackled nastily: "Ye'll get no sympathy from *her*, son. Women are just constitutionally sot against fightin'."

I looked Colonel McLeod squarely in his good eye.

"Not me, Colonel," I said. "Trot out your granddaughter and, if she isn't too big, I'll pop her right on the nose."

THE colonel laughed and said he didn't have a granddaughter. But Savvy blushed for me and said, "We'll have to hurry along. Sis must get back to the Yard."

I meekly allowed Arcadia's mayor to have the last word at the garden gate.

"You Navy folks catch up that traitor an' hang him—or us boys'll have to take a hand in it," he warned. "Can't tolerate corruption around this town, by Joe!"

Savvy and I started down the hill in silence. We hadn't settled anything.

"History lesson over?" I said.

"Lesson?"

"I'm convinced. The great heart of America, true to the ideals of its forefathers, is still sound. Every prospect pleases and only Navy Station is vile. Is there any other point I've overlooked?"

"I wasn't trying to teach you anything."

"No?"

"Just wanted to reassure myself."

"Of what?"

"That we've all been slack."

"What—even Colonel McLeod?"

"Oh, he's got a bad conscience too. That's why he was so ferocious about conditions in the Yard. If I hadn't been

ONE U.S. STANDARD GALLON
FAMOUS DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD IN READY-TO-USE FORM
Dutch Boy
PURE WHITE LEAD PAINT
OUTSIDE WHITE

WEATHER TESTED
since the
BIRTH of the NATION!

The Proven Protection of
PURE WHITE LEAD...

Back in 1776, "Home Defense" meant defense not only against mortal enemies but against the very elements themselves. Out of those storms a nation was born—a nation of homes. And many of those early Colonial cottages still live on today—protected through the centuries by the paint which was America's first Home Guard—Pure White Lead.

Today the home defense of the Minute Man is ready in a new up-to-the-minute form. The new Dutch Boy Pure White Lead *Paint* stands guard beside the famous Dutch Boy *Paste* White Lead!

Ready for the Brush in the NEW

The new Dutch Boy comes all ready to spread! It offers you, in ready-to-use-paint form, all the proven advantages of white lead. It hugs tight, hugs long . . . wears down slowly, *smoothly*, instead of cracking and scaling. Thus it keeps houses and farm buildings looking young, and saves you the expense of burning and scraping when you finally do repaint. Yet the new Dutch Boy costs no more than regular quality paint.

Remember it pays to hire a good painter. And whichever form of Dutch Boy he uses —the new *paint* or the famous *paste*— "You're money ahead when you paint with white lead."

Get "in the know" about buying a paint job. Write for free booklet, "Styling with Paint the Dutch Boy Way." Address Dept. 362 care of nearest branch listed at right

2 COAT WORK: *The new Dutch Boy comes in two forms—Exterior Primer and Outside White—specially designed to do a real white lead job on new or old work in 2 coats.*

. . .

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY: 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 1376 River Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

New DUTCH BOY PURE WHITE LEAD Paint

REGENT

REGENT

...a better value
...a better smoke

REGENT CIGARETTES

BOX OF TWENTY 15¢
(*Except in certain States*)

KING SIZE

Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool...giving you refreshing, natural coolness

MULTIPLE-BLEND

Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines an unusual number of choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions...giving you exceptional mildness, finer flavor

OVAL SHAPE

Regent's oval shape lends distinction to this fine cigarette...makes it easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke

CRUSH-PROOF BOX

Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...in perfect smoking condition

REGENT.... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

afraid that you would say something to bring on a stroke, I could have made the old codger admit that the village is no better than Navy Station."

"You're too hard on us."

Savvy halted as we turned into the path leading back to Front Street.

That moment I will remember in exact detail always, I think. The sea was at our right, burnished by a hot sun. In front and below us lay the Yard, very busy and noisy with the din of dockyard hammers and winches. To the left, the village, an unlovely hodgepodge of white frame and old brick buildings huddled beside its little river. There were no bombing planes in our sky (we were a legitimate military objective, I noted) and the villagers of Arcadia had no communal grave where they must mourn women and children buried in sackfuls of bloody flesh. A peaceful scene—but were we at peace?

Savvy's voice had a new sound, and my heart felt as if it were going to curl right up and die. "Hard on us?" he said. "The times are going to be harder than any words."

"We'll do all right, Savvy," I said.

"Will we?"

"Sure. Just take a look at the mourners' bench over at the Yard today. Dolores says that Mamie Cowles has promised not to roll her eyes at men any more. And Mrs. Briscoe—"

Savvy shook his head, grinning. "You are all girl, sis!" he said.

"You're too serious," I said.

"Preachy. I know."

I WAS terribly afraid. "*You* haven't been a traitor," I said. "You've worked and lived like—like a monk. You haven't even one decent-looking uniform to your name. Why must you think it hasn't been enough? My father doesn't think so."

He kicked at the ground. "He doesn't know what I might have done, sis. No—I've got to quit stalling around." Then he looked up at me. "I—uh—I'll be leaving here soon."

"When?"

"Oh, in a couple of days. They're coming tomorrow for an official test of the scooter."

"Where will you be?"

"Don't know. They probably won't want to finance this new gadget. So I'll try to wangle a leave of absence."

"And work all by yourself?"

"No. . . . Pat and Dutch will help."

"Those traitors!"

"Now, sis—"

"They are! Dutch is, anyway. Who else could have got through the lines last night?"

"So you think Dutch hit Pat on the head?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Why?"

"To steal the gas sample."

"Dutch helped Pat invent it, sis."

"Then—then they just wanted to get you kicked out of the Navy!"

"Why?"

"Because they don't want to help you any more, that's why. They told me so last night. They wanted me to help them talk you out of it. Right behind your back, they plotted. That's the truth!"

"Did you agree to help them?"

"No, sir."

"On what ground?"

"I—I didn't trust them. I never have, from the first day I laid eyes on them. Dutch is thick as thieves with Bert Sedden. I don't trust him, either!"

I saw it wasn't any use. Savvy only looked disappointed in me and sad—and that hurt me worse than his stubborn loyalty to Dutch and Pat.

"Naturally they don't view the prospect of two or three years' work on no pay with much enthusiasm," he said. "They belong to the Navy by adoption, not by profession. I can't blame them for trying to duck out on me. I've wanted to duck out myself."

"They've quit!"

"No."

"Didn't you hear them say so?"

"They don't mean it."

"So all three of you are going off and starve to death?"

"Oh, no. I think the Defense Commission will give us enough money for food."

(Note of Desperation: What do you *do* with a man like this? What do you *say?* Oh, dammit, why had I been such an idiot as to fall in love with him? Is he going to stand there and tell me it's all over? Can he look at me and say that? Haven't I touched his heart, even a little bit?)

"What about me, Savvy?" I said.

"You?"

"What about *us?*"

Savvy winced. "Didn't I warn you not to—"

"That's no good."

"But, sis, I told you—"

"I didn't take your advice."

"You're just imagining things, sis."

"No."

"Yes, you are. Come on, let's walk—"

I grabbed him by the arm.

"Scared, hunh?"

"Yes—I believe I am."

"Do you *want* to leave here, Savvy?"

"No."

"You—you'll miss me?"

"Yes. Very much."

"But you'll have your work. And forget all about it?"

"No . . . I won't . . . do that—"

I was so frightened now that I lost my temper. "Is this your usual practice, Savvy?" I said. "Do you just drop in on places—and warn them not to fall in love with you? And what if they do, anyway? You at least kiss them goodby, don't you?"

Savvy lost his temper, too. "Oh, for Pete's sake!" he said. "What do you want me to say? That I'm in love with you?"

"Yes. That's what I want you to say."

"All right. I'm in love with you."

"Oh, Savvy—you—you *mean* it?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"Now, kiss me—and see if you still want to go away."

"No. We'll just shake hands."

But I moved up close to him and put my arms around his neck and pulled his head down and kissed him on the mouth.

(Romantic Note: Theoretically, this is supposed to do the work. I had it on the best authority that if a man has admitted himself to be in love with you there is a thing called "an overmastering passion" which is guaranteed to awaken at the first kiss and sweep him off his feet. He immediately becomes your creature and your slave, and will —theoretically—abandon duty, honor and country.)

SAVVY pushed me away, not very gently. "Thank you—" he said. "But it has to be goodby. I know—what's best—for both of us."

The theorists are right, however, about the fury of a woman scorned.

"You Holy Joe!" I said. "You preaching, sanctimonious Holy Joe! So I'm going to stay behind and weep while you play the noble patriot, am I? Don't think I am! Think I'm the only one that's going to suffer? I'll show you—"

"Phyllis, please—"

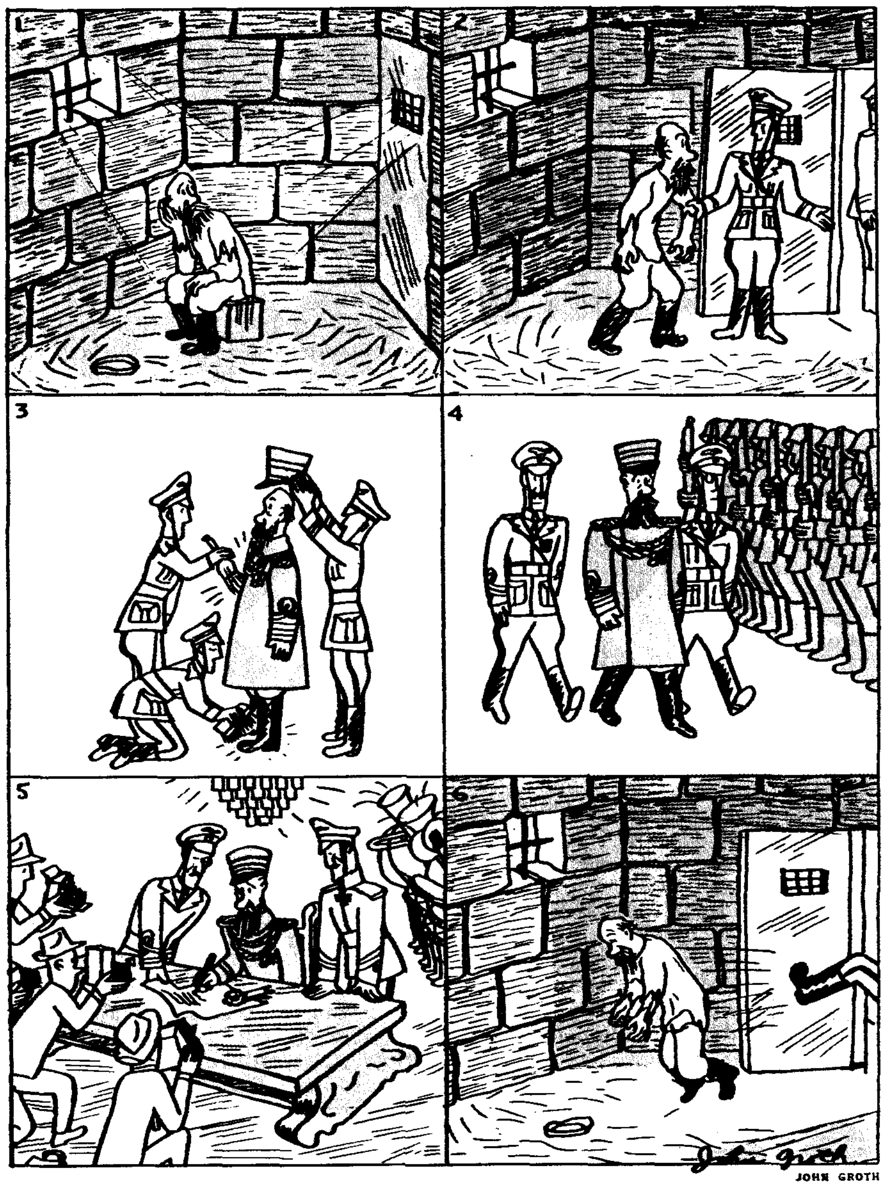
"You'll suffer too! I'm going to marry Roger!"

"*Collins?*"

"Yes. And how will you like that? He's just as good a patriot as you are—and he wants to marry me, besides! Good*by!*"

"No, Phyllis—wait—"

I stumbled off down the path, in a



swimming blur of tears. Then I ran.

The final blow—*Savvy did not follow me and catch me and persuade me not to marry Roger.* I looked back when I got to the sidewalk on Front Street. Savvy had cut across some other way.

(Clinical Note: The condition of P. Hartney, spinster, immediately after having her heart broken by Lieutenant Dent Roberts was not at all what she expected. I did not cry much, just a few snuffles. I felt numb inside. I said to myself, "I'll fix him for this, oh, I'll fix him!" over and over. I discovered, presently, that I seemed to be quite detached, as if I were a third person ruling on this love affair. It must have been a cold rage that had taken possession of me. I never had felt a *cold* rage before. I felt deliberate, judicial and calculating. Savvy had hurt me worse than I had ever been hurt; I must pay him back and the best way to do that was to marry Roger.)

I saw my car parked in front of the hotel. I did not at once recognize it as mine and started on past. Then, I turned back, climbed in and drove briskly back home.

I walked into the house, humming a conga tune.

The skipper was in the living room with Mom Sedden.

"Phyl, I thought you were going to town with me?"

"Ooops, I'm sorry, Dad," I said with a flippancy which was both illogical and unnatural, "but I had to see a fella!"

I went over to Mom and kissed her, and she hugged me and started to cry. I pulled loose, knowing with part of my mind why Mom was grief-stricken and yet somehow annoyed with her.

"Mom is going to stay with us for a while," my father said.

"Oh, that's fine," I said.

"They've all been so good to me, Phyllis," Mom said. "They've said they're sorry they were so hateful to Bert. I wouldn't have set foot inside this Yard if they hadn't apologized. Bert's a dear, good boy."

There was a lot more talk about dear, good Bert and the dear, good people at Navy Station. I heard my voice making automatic answers. I knew that the skipper had persuaded Mom to come back; that he had cracked the whip over Mrs. Mac and the others and forced them to make peace; that this was part of the transformation going on in the Yard. I should have felt happy about all this for Mom's sake. But it is not true that a broken heart increases one's sympathy for others; I did not feel anything at all.

Dolores came in to say that the spare room was ready for Mom.

"You go with her, Phyl, and see that she's comfortable," my father said. "Then I want to talk to you."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said.

WHEN I got back downstairs, the skipper had moved to the library. It was a bad moment seeing him there—the beloved face, the comforting voice, the broad shoulder to cry on. A little of my pain began seeping from the numbness. I fought it back, realizing that for the first time in my life I was hurt and did not want to run to my father. Perhaps I remembered how he had rebuked me for wearing my heart on my sleeve. But I don't think this was really the reason. It is more likely that this thing I planned to do to Savvy, this wicked revenge, made me secretive. I meant to be proud and hard and brook no interference.

"Shut the door, please, Phyl."

"Yes, sir."

"You look very well this morning."

"Do I?"

"Yes. Good color. Must have been the sleep you got last night."

"Did you get any?"

"Not much."

"You look worried."

"Definitely an understatement."

"Aren't the folks snapping out of it?"

"Oh, yes—splendidly. Knew they would. All good people, every one of them. No, I'm wrong. All good but *one*."

"Want to hear something funny?"

"It might help!"

"Our traitor isn't an officer, after all."

The skipper nodded, as if he were humoring a child.

"You go right on thinking that," he said.

"He *isn't.* He's a civilian engineer—maybe two civilian engineers."

"Don't quote me, Phyl."

"You know it's true. Why don't you arrest them?"

THE calm, implacable hatred in my voice must have given me away. The skipper looked at me more carefully, head cocked a little to one side, his face showing a sudden concern.

"What's the trouble, Phyl?"

"Nothing. Why don't you arrest them?"

"Who's been talking to you?"

"Commander Kirstell."

"He promised me—"

"I badgered him into it. All my fault. But I made him tell me what happened at the basin last night."

"Oh, yes—that."

"I think he suspects Lieutenant Roberts"—I didn't even gulp at the name—"of being in cahoots with Mr. Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck. Do you agree?"

"No—good heavens, no!"

"I'm sorry to contradict but I think you do. So why don't you arrest all three of them?"

My father walked quickly across the floor and put a hand on my shoulder, tilting up my chin with the other.

"Something has happened. Won't you tell me?"

"No."

"Why not, Phyl?"

"Because you're holding out on me. You and Commander Kirstell know something you're keeping secret."

"Yes—that's true."

"You know who the real traitor is."

The skipper frowned and turned away. "Yes," he said, "I'm afraid we do."

"Tell me."

He ran his fingers through his hair and shook his head. "I don't blame you for feeling—er—that I've let you down, Phyl. But I can't tell you. It isn't because I don't trust you—please believe that. But this thing has cut so close to—well, I asked you to come down here so I could get your promise—not to ask questions."

"Perhaps you suspect me."

My father's short laugh was bitter. "Perhaps I suspect myself!"

"How droll."

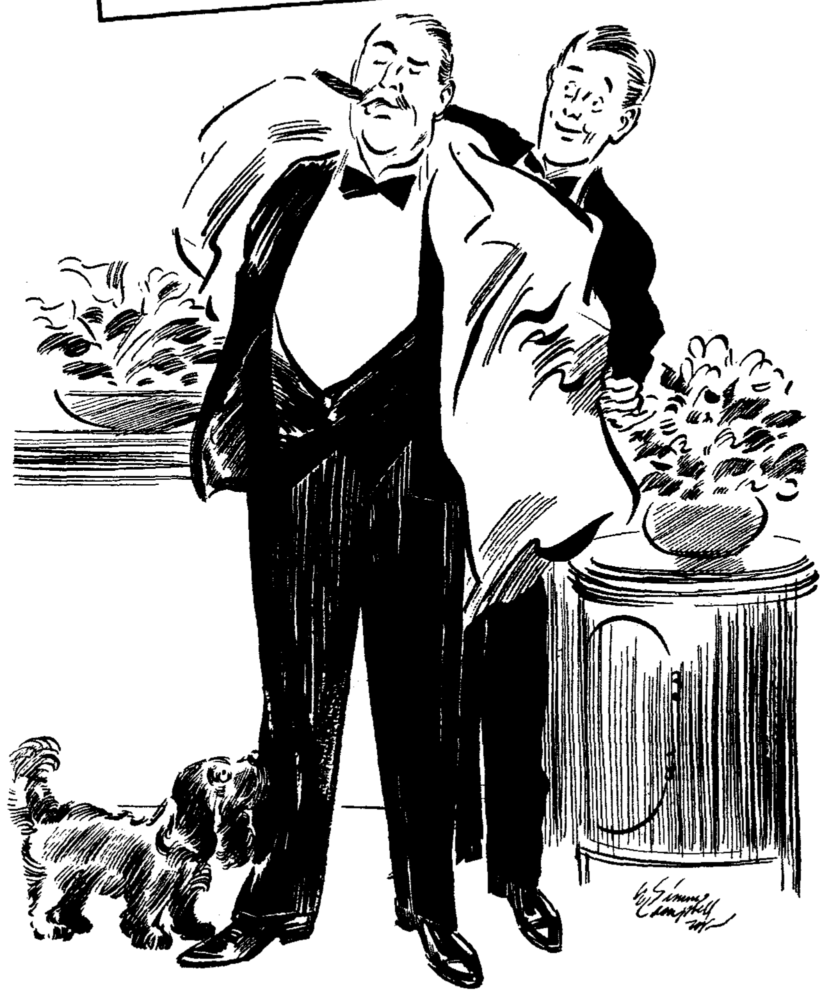
"Yes, isn't it? You know, Phyl, when the possibility of treason first confronted us I thought it was a catastrophe. But now I'm beginning to wonder if it isn't the best thing that could have happened to us."

"Chief Nardin says it was like that on the old Detroit. Wanted me to remind you, but I forgot."

"He's right. I think we ought to arrange to drop a traitor into every community in the United States. By his face our people would question themselves and know how near they are to the same crime. This one man's infamy at Navy Station has probably saved the rest of us."

"I'm beginning to agree with young Roberts," my father said, "that treason is the most fascinating crime in all the lexicon of human wickedness. It is the one crime which democracy has erected no defense against. If democracy passes from the earth, its epitaph should be,

"The Boss comes to dinner!"



GREAT MOMENTS CALL FOR

Haig & Haig!

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
HAIG & HAIG
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

● You would *expect* to choose the supreme Scotch to honor one of life's great moments. But how about other occasions? Why be any the less particular?

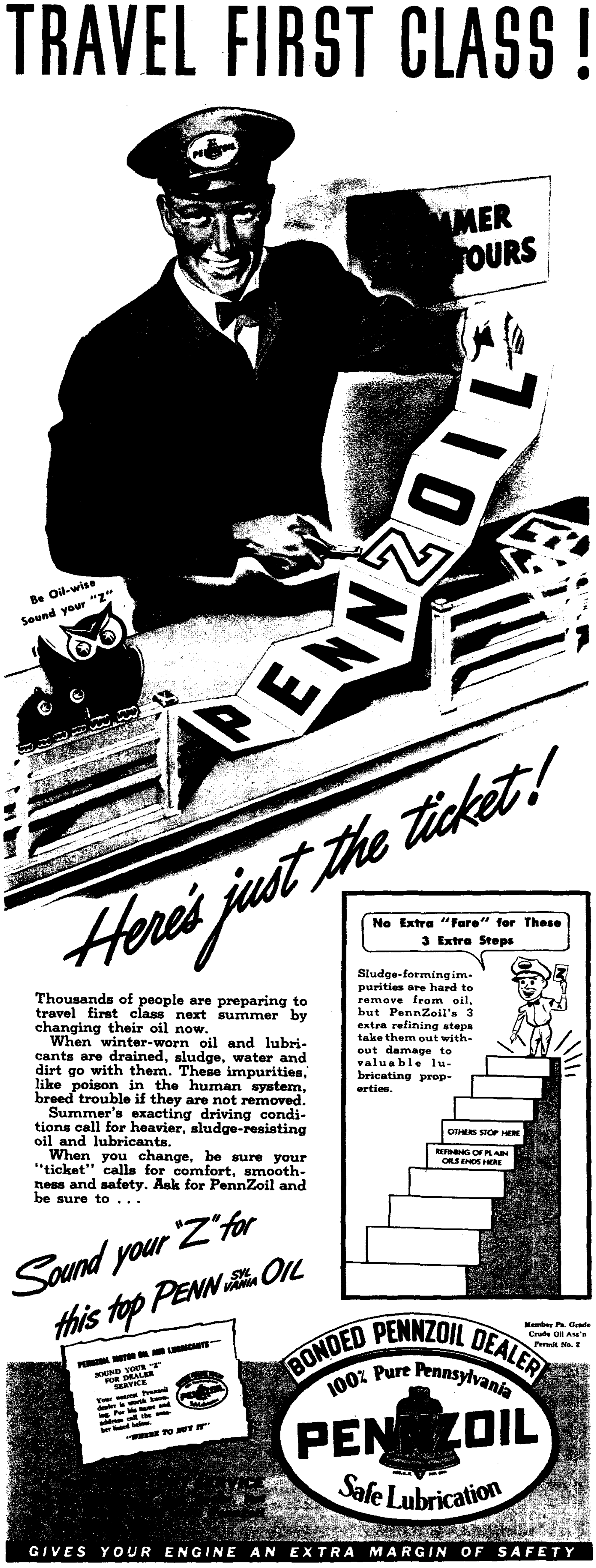
Remember, Haig & Haig is the only Scotch with a 314-year-old record of satisfaction. And yet, despite this distinction, Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame.

The Oldest Name in Scotch

...Its fine flavor has satisfied for 314 years

PINCH BOTTLE 12 YEARS OLD • FIVE STAR 8 YEARS OLD

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO


TRAVEL FIRST CLASS!
SUMMER TOURS
PENNZOIL
Be Oil-wise Sound your "Z"
Here's just the ticket!
No Extra "Fare" for These 3 Extra Steps
OTHERS STOP HERE
REFINING OF PLAIN OILS ENDS HERE
Sound your "Z" for this top PENNSYLVANIA OIL
PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS
SOUND YOUR "Z" FOR DEALER SERVICE
Your nearest Pennzoil dealer is worth knowing. For his name and address call the number listed below.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Thousands of people are preparing to travel first class next summer by changing their oil now.

When winter-worn oil and lubricants are drained, sludge, water and dirt go with them. These impurities, like poison in the human system, breed trouble if they are not removed.

Summer's exacting driving conditions call for heavier, sludge-resisting oil and lubricants.

When you change, be sure your "ticket" calls for comfort, smoothness and safety. Ask for PennZoil and be sure to . . .

Sludge-forming impurities are hard to remove from oil, but PennZoil's 3 extra refining steps take them out without damage to valuable lubricating properties.

Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

'We believed in free speech and the tongues of traitors confused us to our doom.' Treason, gad . . . I must do a book about it. . . ."

The heck with philosophy, I thought. Dad is trying to escape again. I must make him answer me. I must know this man's name. It is important. I don't know why it should matter now. But it does. In spite of what has happened to me, it is important.

"Sure," I said "You write the book."

"Oh . . . sorry, Phyl. I get to doddering and drooling—"

"Tell me his name."

"No . . . not now."

"When?"

"Well . . . pretty soon."

"How soon?"

"We-ell—"

There was an interruption. Dolores knocked on the door to say that Ensign Murphy was in the living room and wanted to see me.

"You mustn't keep the boy waiting," my father said, quickly. "He's leaving us to rejoin his outfit, you know."

"Are you afraid to tell me?"

The skipper picked up his cap and said, "We'll talk about that, later. I've got to get back on the job. You go in there and be especially nice to Jack. He's come through in fine shape."

(Horrifying Philosophical Note: Men will face admirals, machine guns, bombs, Huns, poison gas and congressional committees; but they will flee from any woman with an unpleasant question on her mind.)

MY FATHER ducked out the side door and I went glumly across the hall to say goodby to Ensign Murphy.

Our young firebrand plucked from the burning was, to me, an odious sight. It is never good for an unregenerate sinner who is plotting an evil deed to look upon an ensign recently purified in the white fire.

Lieutenant Leslie had done a good job on Jack's face. He was wearing large sunglasses which hid his shiner and a plaster covered the worst cut on his left cheekbone. He was dressed in very super cits, gray tweed, and was bolstered by an overpowering air of nobility.

"'Lo, Jack," I said. "Skipper says you're going back to North Island."

He grinned unctuously. "Yeah. I got next to myself. I've sure been 'way off the reservation. I've got you to thank for—"

"Skip it."

"No. You saved me from messing up my whole life, Phyllis. I'll never forget how much I owe—"

"Roger must have withdrawn his charges."

Ensign Murphy stiffened. "Only because you made him do it."

"I didn't make him—I asked him, Jack. Haven't you shaken hands with Roger and Bob?"

"Not with Collins."

"He could have had you kicked out of the Service, you know."

"I don't think he's in any position to kick anyone out of the Service, kid."

"What do you mean?"

"He'll get his." Then, Jack grinned sheepishly. "Agh—here I am fighting with you again. I didn't come here for that. I came to thank you and to say goodby."

Ensign Murphy held out his hand.

"It's all right, Jack," I said. "Good luck. Happy landings."

"I'll need 'em. Won't be long now!"

"Remember the Panay," I said.

"Aye, aye!"

He squeezed my hand and went marching out the door. I watched him leave, feeling in a worse temper than before. Men always have something toward which they can march when the going gets tough at home. But us gals can't run to a book on the philosophy of treason, ultrasonic-wave gadgets or dive-bomber squadrons. I envied Jack Murphy with a bitterness amounting to hatred. Grounded and beached, he had spent his time drinking good liquor and making love to Mamie Cowles; then, presto!—he "gets next to himself," shrugs it all off, takes a brace and goes back to the Fleet. And I am left alone in a dingy living room at Navy Station to envy and brood and scheme how to avenge—

"Señorita, oh, my poor one!"

(Correction: I am not left alone. Dolores, Central America's contribution to hemispheric discord, is stalking me like a brown panther. She springs from behind the dining-room door. I have deceived my own father, who thinks the trouble is due to pique at being left out of his secret, but this child of the jungle I cannot deceive. We are *simpatico.* Ha! We are females. Woe, woe. Mistress and maid have admired the same man. Dammit!)

"I've a headache, Dolores—"

"Do not lie to your Dolores, who loves you!"

"Start fixing lunch. Scat!"

"You have quarreled with the Lieutenant Robert!"

I shrugged and started toward the hall door. I was in no shape to cope with Dolores just now. In fact, the pain was a steady throb in my temples and, to be Nice Nelly about it, let us say that one of Cupid's big-game hunting arrows had pierced my throat. No, let's leave Nice Nelly out of this. I hadn't had such an ache in my throat since a three-striper blacksmith cut my tonsils out in San Diego.

Dolores sprang in front of me and braced both arms and her body across the door. "Why have you fought with him, the man? He is good. He is kind. He could not have mistreated you. Why have you done this terrible thing to yourself and to him?"

"Let me past."

"You will die, Señorita! You are bleeding in your wicked little *heart.* I can see it. Your eyes—your face—see how you clench the fists? Your hair will turn gray. Oh, what a one, what a very bad one—to betray your temper to the Lieutenant Robert! How exceedingly stupid of you!"

"Dolores, I swear—"

"Do *not* deny *it! You* have *blundered.* With a man that has the gray eyes, the long face, such a jaw—so—you cannot show the tiger. He must think you a saint, an angel. Is it final? Is he leaving his camp?"

I THINK I had begun to weaken when Dolores appeared. But her gaspy, tragic-eyed dramatics hardened me. It is intolerable to be pitied by any woman; it is a name of a name irreverence to be grieved over by one's maidservant, from whom no secrets can be hid.

"He can go to the devil for all of me!" I said.

Shoving her out of the way, I started upstairs.

The telephone rang. Dolores went to answer it.

"Oh—the Lieutenant Collin'? No, she ees not home—"

I turned back and grabbed the phone. "Just walked in," I said.

"Phyllis . . ."

"Yes, this is Phyllis, Roger."

"Oh . . . why . . . I'm ready to crawl over your doorstep. Will I be forgiven if I throw in some sackcloth and ashes?"

I glared at Dolores. "Take me to lunch at the Officers' Club, will you?" I said.

"*Will* I! What time?"

"Twelve-thirty."

"Make it noon. Eh?"

"Very well," I said. "Noon."

(To be concluded next week)

Sawdust Doll

Continued from page 13

Remember, now, twirling is only one of Kitty's jobs with the circus. How did she learn them? What made her and the other kids join up? Where do they hail from? How do they live? What's their ambition?

Well, a few of them belong to circus families; this is the only life they ever knew. Others are disappointed movie stars; when they failed to catch Goldwyn's eye, and night club after road show blew up under them, the circus seemed to offer security—a nine months' contract, room, board and transportation included. Others were plain circus-struck; they were dazzled by the glamor and the thought of getting away from home and seeing the world.

Kitty is one of the thrill chasers. She had always been adventurous, athletic—something of a tomboy. She learned to ride on her uncle's farm horses, and her brother taught her to box. Her first official victory was over a boy in grade school who pushed her face into a drinking fountain. She kayoed him with one punch. The principal protested to Kitty's mother, but got no contrition.

Mrs. Clark said firmly, "I'm glad my daughter can take care of herself!"

It Runs in the Family

This reasonableness didn't last. When Kitty was sixteen, her mother thought it was enough for her to play on her high-school basketball team with the other girls, and made her stop playing baseball and football with the boys. Worse, she made her put on dresses. Kitty hated them. She much preferred the overalls she was used to wearing.

Mr. Clark, now the fire chief of Elkhart, started Kitty twirling when she was thirteen. He had got his own start during the war, watching a fellow Marine twirl his pool cue between shots. He learned this finger roll and built up a repertoire. Home again, it was natural for him to become drum major of a Legion band and drillmaster of the high-school band.

Kitty was an apt pupil. She was only fourteen when she won a medal in a national high-school band contest, and a few months later she was chosen junior twirling champion of America at the Chicagoland Music Festival. Exhibitions with various bands, performances at Legion shows, all brought her publicity. Eventually they brought her to the attention of a manufacturer who supplied musical instruments to circus bands. He supplied Kitty to the Hagenbeck–Wallace circus for the 1937 season. In 1938, Ringling Brothers offered her a contract. She has been with them ever since.

The omnipresence of violent death makes circus folk deeply religious or deeply superstitious. Most performers wear talismans and cross themselves as they go on. Some become so obsessed that they lose their nerve and have to retire prematurely. Falls, runaways and escaped animals are favorite topics around the lot. Against this electric apprehension, Kitty is utterly insulated—so much so that another of the kids was startled to see how worried she looked, swinging out on her ladder one night, and asked about it when the act was over.

"Worried?" Kitty repeated. "Sure I was worried! They told me Cary Grant was in the audience, and I couldn't spot him anywhere!"

It simply never occurs to her that she might become dizzy, thirty feet in the air, or that her rigging might break, or that an animal might turn on her. Her ambition is to handle a cat act—lions, tigers and leopards. She has often helped the keeper lure Gargantua, the monster gorilla, into the pen at the end of his cage.

It's not as if she hadn't seen her share of accidents and had them. She was walking past the elephant line one day when the biggest bull plucked her up in the air and squeezed her. The herders had an ugly few minutes before they discovered that the bull was only after a bag of bananas Kitty was carrying. Two years ago in Philadelphia, her foot worked out of its loop on the ladder, and she'd have plunged onto a picket of stakes if she hadn't grabbed a rope. As it was, she burned her hand to the bone and fractured a toe.

Strangely, her worst accident happened at home in Elkhart, in 1936. Her skating partner slipped on a turn, and one of his blades slashed her right knee. The cut healed, but her leg stayed weak—not enough to keep her from signing with Hagenbeck–Wallace the following year, but enough to make her spare the leg as much as possible. It never really alarmed her until last spring, when Ringling offered her a raise to join the Five Act, where she was to hang by her knees from a trapeze forty-five feet high and hold two girls on another trapeze. One rehearsal showed she couldn't do it. Her leg gave way.

A doctor told her that the bone marrow was inflamed, and that she'd have to have an operation. She was in bed for six weeks, and it was six weeks more before she was discharged, with a bill to be paid and a warning to treat her knee like Venetian glass for the rest of the season. The boy who spiked her tried to pay her expenses, but Kitty wouldn't let him. She borrowed the money from the circus and is paying it back out of her salary, at ten dollars a week.

Tough to go into hock for six years? Kitty grins. "Well, I got a lower berth of my own out of it. . . ."

An Old Circus Custom

That lower berth of her own is more important than it sounds. The circus personnel travels in converted Pullman cars. The Christiani family of tumblers and bareback riders, nineteen strong, has a car to itself. Smaller families and troupes have private suites or compartments. But the thirty-four kids are packed into half a car—twelve of them in upper berths, the rest sharing the twelve lowers—and that half a car was their only home last season for 17,898 miles.

Kitty was given a separate lower to save her knee. Like the other kids, she brought along an extra mattress, a few yards of bright chintz for the windows and a picture or two. The lack of privacy aside, her most acute problem on the road is keeping clean. The car has two basins but no shower, and the only way to bathe in the dressing tent is from a bucket. So, as soon as the show stays in a town overnight, the kids play an old circus game called "Heeling the Hotel."

The rules are simple: The player who is "It" goes to an inexpensive hotel and registers for a single room. The second player, loitering around the desk, intercepts the room number and makes a lateral pass to the third and fourth players. The second player then counts 500 by fives and sneaks upstairs, where the other two presently join her. They score four hot baths, four shampoos and any amount of hotel stationery. And later, tired but happy, they take the bed

Here's a New Kind of Slide Fastener...

THIS PATENTED RED-"LIP" GUIDES BILLS AND PAPERS SMOOTHLY INTO PLACE
Buxton
FINDS THE ANSWER TO STILL ANOTHER EVERYDAY ANNOYANCE with the NEW
"ZIP-GUARD"
NO MORE OF THIS

● *Above*—Top-Grain Cowhide Men's Billfold, $3.00. *Below*—Smart Two-Tone Lady Buxton in sheepskin, with removable "Magic Purse," $3.00.

● *Right*—Red and Black 4-Loop Auto Key-Tainer with special pocket for license and registration, in fine calf, $3.00.

And there's a wide choice in "ZIP-GUARD" models

● Ever had to cut your fold open to get your money out because the Zip wouldn't open? Ever been annoyed by torn money . . . frayed-edged papers? Or by getting your fastener and keys all jammed up . . . with damage to both, and to your temper, too?

Then you'll give a loud cheer for this ingenious, patented "lip" that guides money, papers or keys smoothly into place . . . protects contents *and* fastener . . . makes action quick, smooth and positive. Zip—it's open . . . Zip—it's shut! Lasts longer, too, and looks better after months of use.

Both men and women will find just what they want in the wide selection which Buxton offers in "ZIP-GUARD" styles, leathers, colors and prices.

● Lots of other styles and models, too. For men, prices in Buxton ZIP-GUARD Billfolds range from $1.00 to $12.50. Key-Tainers, with 2, 4, 6 and 8 Safety Loops to match. Prices from $1.00 to $5.00. Lady Buxtons, in smart accessory colors, are $3.00.

A Calendar of Gifts
Buxton

This FREE New Book Shows Dozens of "ZIP-GUARD" Gifts. You'll find Buxton's new Gift Calendar genuinely useful many times during the year. It's just full of gifts for all kinds of occasions . . . and of helpful suggestions for novel wrappings. Tells about leathers, too. Yours for the asking . . . FREE. Address: BUXTON, Inc., 4121 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. O, 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? . . . IT'S SPRING AND HIS RADIATOR NEEDS SANI-FLUSH

Don't wait for car radiators to overheat, and cause expensive damage. Clean out rust, sludge and scale. It's easy with 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

MEN WANTED

especially late sleepers
to join the army
of men enjoying
simplified, speedier shaving.

ENDERS
SPEED
RAZOR

Standard of the airlines

A product of
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Mystic, Conn.

GIVE WINGS TO YOUR SHAVE

to pieces, so that two of them can sleep on the top mattress on the floor, two on the bottom mattress on the bed.

The performers' train is usually the last of the four circus trains to arrive in town. Sometimes their siding is right next to the lot, but if it is any distance away a bus takes them over to the cookhouse for breakfast. But Kitty always sleeps through breakfast and usually skips lunch in favor of a couple of marshmallow-nut-fudge sundaes, snatched while she is window-shopping downtown.

Around one o'clock she goes to the lot, to the dressing tent, where she finds her trunk and her two wash buckets. She has a little more than an hour to get into her costume and do a few practice twirls before she leads off the spec. Her baton keeps her too busy to look over the audience, but the other kids, riding elephants or simply parading, use the spec for spotting celebrities. Kitty's chance comes during the ladder act, an hour later. Being as pretty as she is, her ladder is near the center ring, opposite E section of the grandstand, and E section is where the celebrities are always seated.

Now she has half an hour before she goes on again. The ladder act gives her an appetite, so she gets a sandwich and a malted milk at the "grease joint"—a quick-lunch counter on the lot—then slips into a ruffled dress and picture hat, and is driven around the hippodrome track in a miniature victoria. This is the kids' easiest act; all they have to do is look like Empress Eugénie.

Lastly, they change into riding costume. Some put the high-school horses through their figures, some ride the jumps, some do Roman-standing, which is riding at a full gallop with one foot on one horse, the other on another horse. By five o'clock they are through for the afternoon, with time off until eight o'clock, when they must be ready to go through the whole routine again at the evening performance.

Modest Mathematics

Kitty may have the regular six o'clock dinner at the cookhouse, or she may go back downtown for a movie and another couple of sundaes. In any case, she's hungry again by bedtime, so she buys some fruit juice and a bowl of chili from the porter on her car. Her train doesn't leave before two in the morning, but there's no question of going out. All she wants by now is to fall into her berth and build up energy for the next day.

Her salary for these various appearances is $25 a week. Ten dollars is held out to pay off the cost of her operation, and a quarter a week goes to the staff doctor who changes her bandages daily. Subtract twelve cents more for Social Security, and her envelope has shrunk to $14.63.

Her fixed expenses are only beginning. When you consider that the circus is hot-weather entertainment, her weekly shampoo and scrub are necessities, not luxuries. Split a two-dollar room four ways, and there goes fifty cents. Then come the tips: a dollar to the woman who makes her berth and cleans the car, fifty cents to the waterboy who fills her buckets in the dressing tent, fifty cents to her waiter in the cookhouse. These tips aren't obligatory, but they are good policy. Berths are sometimes left tousled, buckets get mysteriously punctured and the mickey finn, though rare, is not unknown as a reproach for stinginess. The net is now $12.13.

A sundae here and a sandwich there add up to three dollars a week. Tack on fifty cents for postage, tooth paste, make-up and incidentals. Prorate at another fifty cents her equipment expenses of trunk, mattress, folding chair, two buckets and a pair of "slop shoes" (to protect her costume slippers from mud), and she's down to $8.13 before she has bought a single luxury except her snacks.

A girl wears out stockings, doesn't she? And can't she go to a movie now and then? And read a newspaper and a magazine? If Kitty managed to save three dollars a week from her Ringling salary last season, it was only by rigid scrimping.

The end of the Ringling season, however, doesn't mean the end of Kitty's season. Like many of the other kids, she takes a short holiday when Ringling goes into winter quarters at the end of November, then joins the Shrine Circus, which opens early in December and plays two weeks each in Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland. Here her salary is fifty dollars a week, but she has to pay her own room and board.

She goes home to Elkhart when the Shrine closes, but not for a rest. For three hours every morning she practices twirling, and for three hours every afternoon she practices on a trapeze which her father rigged for her in one of the firehouses. Time drags. But eventually comes the end of March, and the reunion at Sarasota, and the first sight of her new costumes, and the long *hissss-s-s-s*, like a sigh of relief, that means that the "air is on" in the circus train, and that soon she'll be on the road again. . . .

The 1941 season will be Kitty's fifth as a circus kid. When she returned to Elkhart after her first season, her friends were astonished to find she hadn't dyed her hair platinum blonde, as—they thought—all circus girls did. The fact is, you'd never guess she had been closer to the rings than a bleacher seat, unless she happened to let slip a piece of professional slang — "That town's a lary!" (no good) or "Get yourself a route card!" (wake up!). For the rest she might be Miss American High School—a typical clean, healthy, handsome American girl.

Not "typical," on second thought, because Kitty is certainly prettier than most girls you've seen, and certainly healthier than any other girl you've ever seen. She hasn't had even a sore throat or a stomach-ache since she can remember.

"It's worrying makes you sick," she says. "Me, I never worry."

She doesn't drink or smoke, either. The constant exercise makes her eat like a stevedore, but it keeps her weight at a steady 130 pounds, which is ten more than you'd bet. It's not only solid muscle, but the muscle doesn't show. Ringling people sort of hope that some lary gets fresh with Kitty, just so they can enjoy his surprise when she tears his leg off and clubs his brains out with it.

No Time for Romance

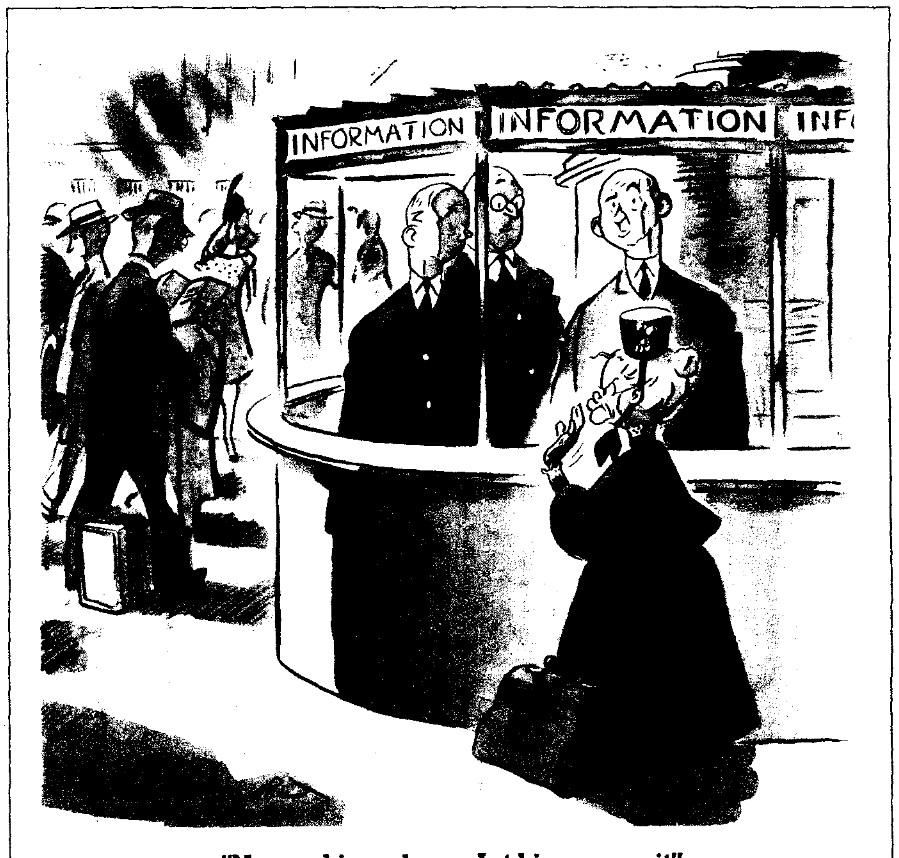
Unless the lary is a windy-corner wolf who ogles Kitty during one of her shopping expeditions, this interesting demonstration will not be given—at least, not during the season. The kids might be obstetricians, for all the men they ever meet. And even if they meet them, that's the end of it. The circus is here today, a hundred miles away tomorrow. A lightning romance? Two shows a day keep the kids too busy to spare more than a few minutes, and leave them too tired to go any place afterward but back to the car. And the only men who've ever been allowed *there* were customs inspectors at the Canadian border.

The circus has taken Kitty to Canada and Mexico and to every state except Utah and Nevada. If they play a historic town, she tries to visit its shrines —Bunker Hill, the Alamo and so on. Her favorite cities are Miami and Santa Barbara, "because they're so clean and beautiful," and her favorite state is Texas, "because it's—you know, roomy." One of these days she hopes to own a Texas ranch and raise horses. The only other thing she wants is a beige convertible coupe.

She doesn't expect to stay in show business all her life. There was a time when she wanted to learn everything about it—bareback riding, trapeze, tumbling—but now she merely wants to be the best twirler and jumper. Bareback riders get muscle-bound; jumpers don't. She'll always have a trapeze at home, though, just to keep herself in condition.

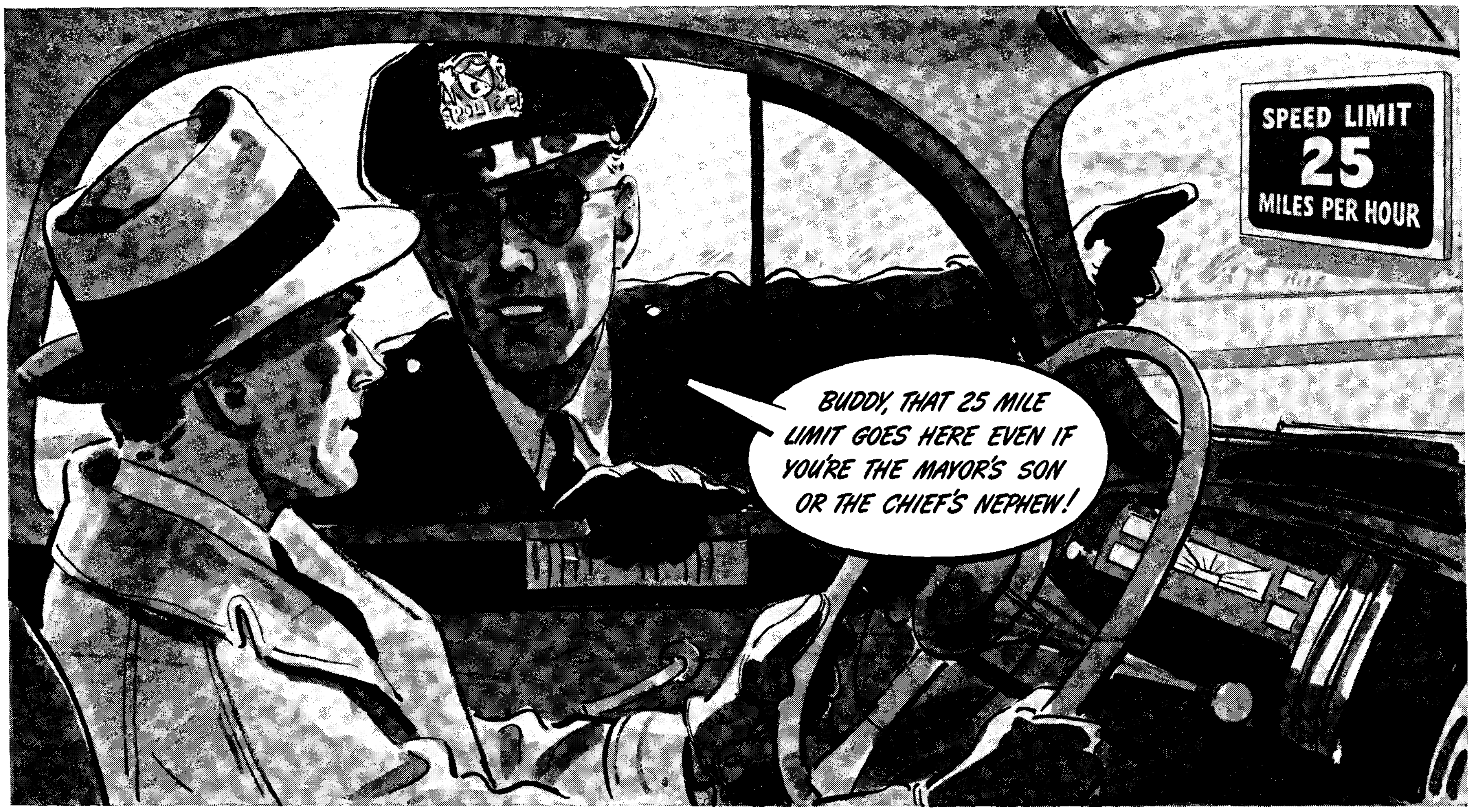
Give her a hand, and give another hand to the rest of the kids! They deserve it. They've got what it takes.

All together now—!



"No coaching, please. Let him answer it"

LARRY REYNOLDS


SPEED LIMIT
25
MILES PER HOUR
POLICE
BUDDY, THAT 25 MILE LIMIT GOES HERE EVEN IF YOU'RE THE MAYOR'S SON OR THE CHIEF'S NEPHEW!

Your town can stop traffic deaths if you insist on it!

In the interest of highway safety, the Two Hartfords welcome the opportunity to publish this important statement by W. H. Cameron, Managing Director, National Safety Council.

Any community in the United States can stop traffic accidents if it really wants to! The records prove it.

Last year the National Safety Council presented awards to nineteen cities in the National Traffic Safety Contest. The composite death rate of these cities was thirty-eight per cent below the national average for all cities.

156 days—no fatalities

In 1940 a big Eastern city went 156 days without a traffic fatality... a midwestern city went 85 days... a southern city 144 days... a town in the southwest hasn't had a traffic death in ten years!

Why? Because the people in these communities *actually want* traffic safety... they *actually want* security against death and disaster on the streets.

How to assure safety

But, you say, *every* community wants this security. *No one* wants an accident.

True. But too many communities aren't willing to pay the price for freedom from traffic tragedy. This price is hard work... ceaseless, relentless, eternal work... inspired by sincere purpose and applied to a proven and continuous program.

Records of 1,280 cities entered in the National Traffic Safety Contest prove that a community can have traffic safety in almost exact proportion to the intelligent and sustained effort it puts forth.

The driving force behind this effort is public support... is *you*... the private citizen.

Demand a complete and well balanced accident prevention program for your community. Get behind this program and support it actively. Your town can stop accidents if... and only if... you insist on it. It's up to you!

Ever since 1810,
"Hartford" on a policy
has meant a sure promise
to pay losses.

Reproductions of this message in poster form gladly furnished to local civic authorities, safety or traffic committees.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

"Babs says do you mind if she copies your salad? And what kind of mayonnaise do you use?"

That question-arousing superb flavor of

comes from fine eggs and oil, choice vinegar, and FRESH LEMON JUICE!

SWEETEST OF ALL MUSIC to the ear of a hostess—those flattering questions: "Tell me how you do it" . . . "What kind did you use?" . . .

You learn to expect them when you serve Kraft Mayonnaise on your salads. For Kraft's has a delicate captivating flavor and it's velvety *smooth*.

Really fine eggs and oil, choice vinegar, fragrant spices, are used in Kraft Mayonnaise. And—final touch for rare piquancy of flavor—*fresh lemon juice!*

Do try a jar very soon. You'll agree that this mayonnaise, always *Kitchen-Fresh* at your dealer's, is definitely a find.

DEVILED EGGS, red ripe peeled tomatoes, and Kraft Mayonnaise!

A SKILLFUL BLEND OF CHOICE INGREDIENTS INCLUDING FRESH LEMON JUICE
KRAFT
Mayonnaise
Kitchen Fresh
KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
MANUFACTURER • CHICAGO, ILL.
ONE QUART

Broadway Success Story

Continued from page 12

free party should have her head examined."

I said: "You could get a job."

Eleanor nodded. "Modeling or selling. Thirty dollars or so a week because I'm Eleanor Vail and supposedly social. But that won't buy me lovely clothes and give me glamor and make Howard consider me seriously."

"That's what you want?"

"That's what I want."

I watched the smoke spiral from my cigar and I felt that queer hunch feeling come over me. I said, "How would you like to make about three hundred a week? Maybe get a chance at the glamor you want."

Her lips parted. "Just tell me how."

"You wouldn't object to dancing professionally."

"Of course not. I'd love it—and Howard— What is it?"

"I've a partner in mind. Ballroom dancing. At the Parnasse."

Her lashes flickered. "I'm not good enough, Mr. Noakes."

"Just leave that to me," I said. "There'll be a lot of rehearsing but I can guarantee you at least six weeks' work. Is it a deal?"

SHE put out her hand, her eyes shining, and we shook on it. When she was gone I phoned down and told Arnold to send this Estevan up.

Once I get a hunch it burns in me. I chewed my cigar until Estevan came. I didn't waste words: "How would you like to dance at the Parnasse?"

The kid looked at me and I saw he had dark blue eyes to go with his jet hair. "I'd like it very much, Mr. Noakes."

I nodded. "With a girl named Eleanor Vail. She's never danced professionally. You'll have to teach her. Think you can do it? Work up some routines?"

"Yes." His voice was easy, certain. "I prefer someone who does not have to unlearn. It is easier to teach the fundamentals."

I stood up. "Be here tomorrow at four. Okay?"

"Yes. And thank you, Mr. Noakes."

He turned to the door. I said, "What's your name?"

He stopped. "Smith. Estevan Smith."

"That's not very Spanish," I said and Estevan shook his head. "I am an American. My mother was Spanish. We lived in Madrid until . . . they died. I was at school in England and I came back to America. To my country."

He had left a lot unsaid but I gathered what it was: No money when there had been a lot; other things he didn't want to remember. I liked the kid. I said, "Okay, Steve. Tomorrow." Then I got my hat and coat because it was late—well after midnight—and I wanted to see Folsom and Selling.

They were at the regular table in a booth at Lindy's. A couple of agents with them; a visiting movie queen. They greeted me with jeers. Folsom said, "When you closing down the Parnasse? I hear all the transfusions haven't done any good."

I ordered coffee. "It'll recover," I told him while Selling fiddled with his tie and goggled at me. "We're putting in a new dance team."

One of the agents looked up from his herring and Folsom snickered: "That's original. Who?"

"Eleanor and Estevan."

"Never heard of them," Folsom said, and looked around to see if the others had. "Who're they?"

I stirred my coffee. "Eleanor Vail."

Folsom leaned back. "No! So Howard wasn't serious, huh? And now the kid is gonna dance for you. She's not a bad looker—*and* social. But that's nothing very new. Who's Estevan?"

I took my time. I put down the empty cup. "He's a bus boy at the Parnasse."

Selling let go his tie. Folsom stared at me. Then he grinned. "The bus boy and the debutante. It sounds like something, Tip. Trust you for an idea like that. It'll pull for a while, no matter how lousy they are."

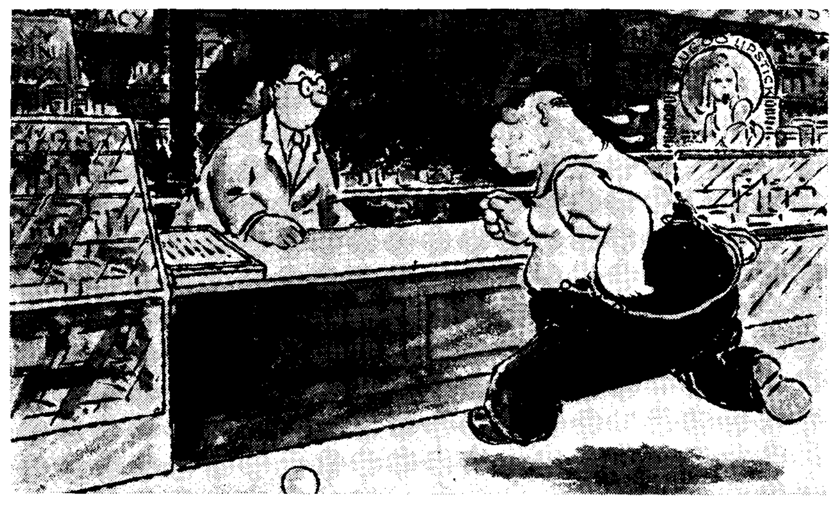
"They're not," I said, and somehow I knew I was right. I got up. "I got a bed. Maybe you guys could use the item."

"Maybe," Folsom said, but from the way Selling looked at him I knew they were both going to go for it and the Parnasse would get a build-up.

Both the columns had it when I woke the next forenoon. The afternoon sheets had lifted the story by the time I got to the office. Eleanor Vail was the first to arrive and she was pretty cold. "I don't think I care to dance with a bus boy, Mr. Noakes. It's obviously a publicity stunt and it wasn't very kind of you. I've had reporters phoning all morning and my aunt is furious."

I looked down at her. After all I'm almost old enough to be her grandfather. I said, "Sure it's a publicity stunt. But it can be more. I know this boy is good—I'm sure you are. The publicity will bring the customers. The rest is up to you. Make good and you can go anywhere. That's what you want, isn't it? That's what will impress Rogerson?"

"Why, yes . . ." Eleanor murmured; and I said, "Okay. You only have to dance with this bus boy—you don't have to be friends with him. Understand?"



"Package o' razor blades!"

JAY IRVING

She took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I'll do my best, Mr. Noakes."

When Steve came, in a shabby suit that wasn't American-made, she gave him a cool nod and barely a glance. Estevan took his cue from her. He was that sort. He bowed and listened while I talked and then I sent them down to get started on their long job. The dancing was up to Estevan. The publicity was up to me. Folsom and Selling had started the ball rolling. If I could keep it going until we unveiled Eleanor and Estevan it would mean enough interest to keep the crowd coming for a while. And if the two kids clicked . . .

The papers co-operated all right. The lowly bus boy and the snooty society girl. It was an angle that got gobs of publicity and pictures.

I WAS pretty busy those next weeks. Keeping the publicity going and getting ready for a smart opening. I didn't have time to catch the kids in their work. Once or twice things came up. Such as when Eleanor came up one afternoon. She was in her rehearsal clothes: shorts and a slip-on sweater. She looked about seventeen and very easy on the eyes. She said, "Howard called me. He wants me to drive up into Westchester. Could I go?"

I just looked at her. Eleanor said, "It's awful hard work, Mr. Noakes. It would be a sort of holiday and it's the first time Howard has called me since . . ." She stopped.

I said, "Sure it's hard work. Anything worth while is. You're after something. Something big. Howard giving you a buzz doesn't mean much. Maybe you been carrying your heart on your sleeve, honey. Maybe it would be wiser if you didn't go. If you told him you couldn't fit it in."

Eleanor's gray eyes were steady. "You're right, Mr. Noakes. I've not been honest with myself again." She sighed. "I never thought dancing could be such drudgery, though."

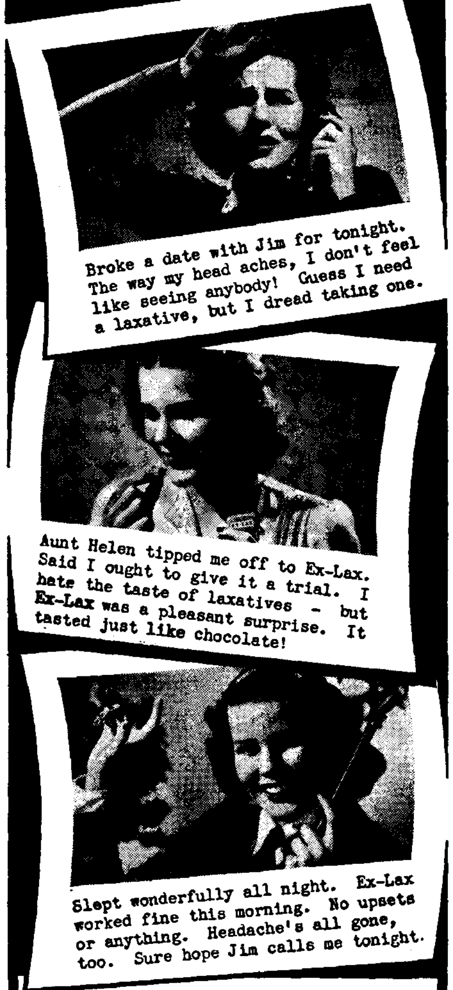
I DIDN'T ask her about Steve. She didn't have much to yell about but the boy had a legitimate beef. Labeling him the "bus boy" had let him in for a lot of publicity that ninety-nine out of a hundred would have balked at. But not Steve. He was just the same each time I saw him. Giving me that quiet smile and telling me how they were coming on: "She is not a good dancer. But she has little to forget. Miss Vail will be more than adequate, Mr. Noakes."

I set the date and began to blink over the bills for gowns from Milman's for Eleanor. I wondered what the boss would say when he got another set for special arrangements for the dances. I queried Zeno Blake on that. The little man with his back humped from bending over his piano smiled at me. "The boy has some very original ideas, Tip. A sound technical grounding in music. I only hope my style won't be lost in the new arrangements." If it was okay with Zeno, it was okay with me.

We'd got Broadway and Park Avenue all steamed up. But I was a little surprised the night of the opening to see the number of professional dancers and theatrical people who stormed the velvet rope. It was the tip-off that the kids had something.

There were some pretty big parties and Howard Rogerson's was the biggest. He came up to me as I stood at the door. A tall, dark fellow, with a

From the
Private Diary
of Gloria N---



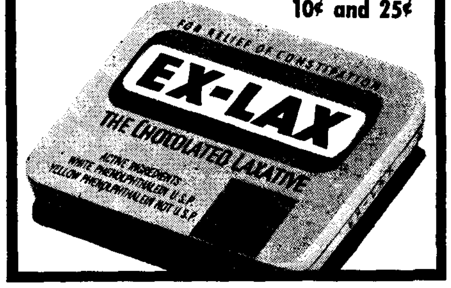
Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.

Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!

Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

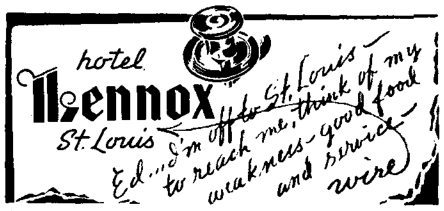
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢


FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS
WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN U.S.P.
YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN NOT U.S.P.

INCREASE your income in spare time as a Community Representative for this magazine. *Write to—*

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.


hotel
Lennox
St. Louis
Ed..I'm off to St. Louis — to reach me, think of my weakness—good food and service — wire

Rollfast
BICYCLES
Styled for beauty... made to last

FREE . . . WRITE FOR BICYCLE CATALOG
D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. CO., Inc., ROLLFAST BLDG., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Library you have always wanted NOW at a price you can afford

WE ARE making it amazingly easy for you to own The Harvard Classics—the superlative library that gives every ambitious man and woman the cultural knowledge so essential today to success and happiness. Here is an opportunity that you will not wish to miss to own Dr. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Just think of it! The cost per volume is only ⅓ the price of current fiction. Here is a superb bargain.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION FOR YOU

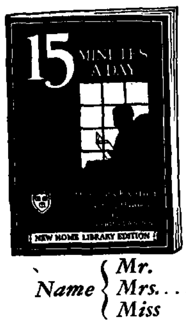
Today as never before the broad background of a liberal education is imperative for business and social success. Whether or not you went to college, The Harvard Classics gives you the help, the lift you need in this highly competitive age of ours. Dr. Eliot, Harvard's most distinguished President and America's greatest educator, has assembled in The Harvard Classics the pure gold of the world's literature. Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give. THE FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge. These volumes are the utmost of all literary selection. They contain lively, stimulating thought that has vital application to our modern everyday life and they are entertaining and absorbing to the reader.

OWN THESE FAMOUS BOOKS FOR FIFTY CENTS A WEEK

Take advantage of the most liberal terms ever offered in the history of these fifty incomparable volumes! For an initial payment as low as $2.00 you may have this complete set delivered to your home with all shipping charges prepaid. JUST THINK! 50 VOLUMES, 418 WORLD'S MASTERPIECES, 22,407 PAGES OF SUPERB READING, THE FAMOUS LECTURE VOLUME AND THE UNIQUE INDEX OF 76,000 ENTRIES, ALL FOR 50c A WEEK.

THESE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FREE

The famous little book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," furnishes you with full information about The Harvard Classics. It gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading—is packed with helpful, practical information! Also the "Men Behind the Classics" containing the dramatic stories of the men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics. A fine piece of literature. Both of these booklets will be sent you free, and without obligation.



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLETS (FOR ADULTS ONLY)

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
The World's Largest Subscription Booksellers, 250 Park Ave., New York

Yes! I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. Also the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics," dramatic stories of the men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics. HS617

Name { *Mr. / Mrs. / Miss* ....

Address ....

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE HARVARD CLASSICS)

little too much ease. The ease that comes of knowing he can buy anything he wants. That life has proved it so far. I didn't particularly like Rogerson but I'm no different from other men. I can't help being impressed by many millions. Rogerson said, "Nice opening, Tip."

I grunted. Rogerson accepted a light that Nograles sprang to offer him. He nodded at me. "Hope Eleanor clicks. She tells me this bus-boy fellow can really dance and knows how to keep his place. I don't think it's such a good idea, though. After all, Eleanor's family—"

I cut in on millions of bucks abruptly. I said, "Excuse me," and left him. But it looked as if Eleanor had at least got her man interested.

THEY were standing about the entrance three deep when the lights finally went out, the spots focused and Zeno lead the orchestra for the first number.

It was a rumba. Estevan in strict evening dress and Eleanor in a frock of some expensive stuff that set off her fair head like the flame of a candle. And it *was* a rumba. It had the beat that got you—the way Benny Goodman gets the jitterbugs. I could hear the gasps that greeted the end.

They did an eccentric fox trot next. It got a lot of applause but I could sense that the wise ones were waiting for the waltz.

I hadn't seen it. They came onto the floor and stood gracefully poised, relaxed. Zeno lifted his arms. The music swelled. They started.

I was hypnotized. So was the rest of the room. You couldn't hear them breathe. Even the kitchen was still, the help crowding the open doors. Estevan waltzed Eleanor to fame in those few moments. You should have heard the stunned, charmed silence that held for full seconds as Estevan bent low over Eleanor in the final pose that brought the waltz to an end—and then the applause. They were in. I knew it.

They didn't come back, even though the applause beat on and on. Zeno started the dance music. Folsom came over to the door and solemnly saluted me: "Tip—words fail me." That was something, all right. I held an impromptu reception. People began to leave but others were still clamoring to get in. I was feeling pretty good.

I saw Eleanor come down. She was flushed and excited. People clustered about her but Rogerson loomed up and she laughed at him as he led her to his table. I could see the kid was well on the way to getting what she wanted—and that was okay with me even if I thought she was too nice for a guy who had only a lot of money and a devil-with-you attitude to recommend him.

After a while I went upstairs to have a glass of my special milk and rest my feet. As I passed the dressing rooms Estevan came out. He was wearing one of his shabby suits. He stopped and asked, "Was it all right, Mr. Noakes?"

"All right?" I gaped at him. "Son, it was terrific. You're the new talk of the town. Why aren't you downstairs? There's dozens of tables want you."

He shook his head but all he said was, "I'm glad for Miss Vail's sake. Good night, Mr. Noakes."

When I woke the next day I forgot everything else. My phone began ringing at nine and I knew the Parnasse had opened a new lode.

Even the boss came into my office and gave me one of his cigars. He didn't say anything. He didn't have to. The Parnasse was itself again.

We jammed them in night after night. Rogerson was always there. Sometimes alone; sometimes with parties. Eleanor was as glamorous as she had ever hoped to be. She had lovely gowns, her name on peoples' lips and her picture in all the magazines.

I didn't see much of her. When she wasn't sleeping or dancing she was around town with Rogerson. It was good publicity. I didn't see much of Steve either. He was just the same: quiet, effacing—a swell boy.

That was January. The kids got a bid for a spot in Daly's New York Revue. They danced at three charity balls and went to Washington for a special appearance at the White House. They were sitting pretty. So was I. It was a sweet spot.

I learned something, though, the night Kelman Vance, the New York talent scout for Majestic Pictures, joined me at the bar. A small, terribly well-dressed little man. He said, "Name your drink, Tip. Then lead me to this Estevan. The Coast wants him."

I took Kel to Estevan's dressing room later. We had to pass Eleanor's. It was full of swanky women, chattering and laughing. Rogerson and some other men were in the hall, talking. But there was no one in Estevan's dressing room. Just Steve.

He stood up, courteous. I introduced Kel. He came to the point. Said what he wanted. Steve looked at me. "Is Miss Vail agreeable?"

Kel said quickly, "It's you we want. Majestic's got too many femmes as it is. We need new male faces. How about tomorrow afternoon for a test?"

Steve said, "Thank you. It is very kind but I'm afraid I couldn't just now."

"Take the test," Kel said. "Confidentially it's in the bag."

"If you don't mind," Steve said gently, "not at present. I don't think I am ready for pictures."

Kel started to say more but I took him outside. He burst out at me: "What's wrong with that kid? A bus boy, wasn't he? And turning down an offer—a chance like this!"

I didn't say anything. It was beginning to dawn on me. Steve was gone on Eleanor. Gone on a girl who never saw him except on the dance floor. Who never gave him a thought. I bought Kel a drink to quiet him down and shrugged my shoulders. It was tough—but an old story on Broadway.

THERE wasn't anything I could do. Eleanor wanted Rogerson and it looked as if she had him. Certainly so the day in April she came to the office. She was wearing a flannel suit and twin foxes. She looked a million. A little older than her years, but lovely. She said, "Tip. I think I'll retire soon."

I looked at her. "Got him?"

She wrinkled her nose and laughed. "Uh-huh. Howard wants me to cruise to the coast. Aunty is going and a few others. When we get back we'll announce the engagement."

I said, "Congratulations."

Eleanor fidgeted a moment. "I won't be coming back. Not to dance."

"That's all right," I said. "I was going to rest you up for the summer months. But I knew you'd be quitting when you got what you wanted." I put out my hand. "Good luck, Eleanor."

Steve took it the way I might have expected. His lips tightened but all he said was, "I'm glad for Miss Vail."

I grunted. He stood there, dark and tall, his blue eyes grave. I said, "You can take that Majestic offer now. Go out to the Coast."

He shook his head. "Do you wish me to, Mr. Noakes? There is a dancer in Buenos Aires who would be most successful here. Ena Garcia. I do not know her. I have only admired her work. But if you still wish a dance team this fall . . ."

"You bet," I said and it struck me that for the minute I had forgotten my own interests. "I'll get after her."

Just before he left I said, "You know, I owe you a lot, son. If there's anything I can do. I mean—" I couldn't put it

PICTURE OF PERFECT SMOKING PLEASURE

without smoking penalties

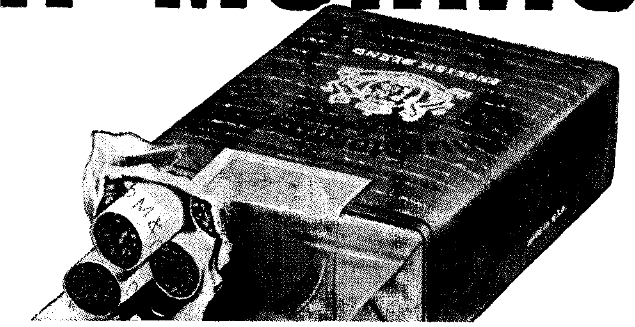
They know Philip Morris taste better—and are better for nose and throat!

DO YOU INHALE?

ALL smokers do—sometimes. And *when* you inhale, there's added chance of irritation. So—choose *your* cigarette with care! Eminent doctors long ago reported that, compared with the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris: ***four other leading cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant — with irritant effects lasting more than five times as long!**** So whether or not you knowingly inhale—

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette



*As reported in leading medical journals.

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

into words, couldn't let him know I was wise to how he felt about Eleanor. But Steve said, "The obligation is on my side, sir. I am grateful for the great deal that has come to me through you."

I could have hugged the boy. I only said gruffly, "Forget it. I'll get this Ena Garcia up in time for a fall opening. You'll close next week. Have yourself a vacation. You've earned it."

I put Maylid Swann, the blues singer, in at the Parnasse. Business held up better than I expected. At least we were in the black. Eleanor went off on Rogerson's yacht, and Folsom and Selling predicted wedding bells at some port the Diesel craft would touch. I contacted an agent and signed this Garcia up on spec. I had faith in Steve.

I didn't see him for weeks.

I didn't hear about Eleanor either. Out of town, out of print. I spent the summer in New York. It's the only place for me and I started the publicity in September on this new find from Buenos Aires.

Steve came with me the day she arrived. He looked a little drawn and was graver than usual. I knew how he must feel—what an awful time he had had carrying the torch for Eleanor.

I'd steamed the press up about Ena Garcia. There was a big delegation on hand when the boat docked. She didn't speak English and Steve had to interpret. She gave the news fotogs some good cheesecake and she was striking in a Latin way. I didn't care much for her though. Too much temperament

Right from the start she let us know she was the star. I would have told her off if I'd spoken her language, but Steve took it like the fine kid he was. I'd never liked him so much as I did during those rehearsals. They didn't go so well. Steve couldn't hide things. He said, distressed, "She is a great dancer, Mr. Noakes. The fault must be mine. I am not good enough, I guess."

"It's more than that," I thought. But I couldn't say it. I couldn't say, "Son, love has got in the way. There's rhythm and hypnosis in dancing, but there's even more in love. That's what made you and Eleanor stand out. That's what made us all hold our breaths when you two kids circled and dipped. That's what's got the rhythm all uneven between you and this Garcia dame." I didn't say it. But it started me thinking and my thoughts were startling.

I'D SET the fall opening for the end of September when the new shows were brightening the theaters and New York came back from Southampton and Newport, from the Catskills and the Jersey coast. And the day before the gala opening Eleanor Vail walked into my office.

I didn't know the yacht was back. I hadn't read anything about her or Howard Rogerson for months. She was tanned and lovely.

I looked at her left hand. There weren't any rings. "How was the cruise?" I asked.

"Lovely." Her voice was warm and she smiled, but her eyes were dark with a question; looking at me as a kid does at an elder who might know the answer. "We went to all the places with the fascinating names I've read about."

"And Rogerson?"

Her face got still. I said, "I thought you'd get what you wanted, sure. . . ."

She said, "That's just it. What's wrong with me, Tip? Howard wants me to marry him, but somehow . . . Why should I be like that? Am I the sort that just wants things I haven't got and when I get them no longer care? I'm trying to be honest with myself, but I'm all muddled." She stood looking at me, miserable, and all those thoughts I'd had came flooding back. But there wasn't anything to say—yet.

I've learned to let my hunches have their way. When the Garcia got temperamental about having her dressing room done over that afternoon and said she'd quit I took her up quick. Steve tried to soothe it: "But the Parnasse, Mr. Noakes . . ."

"Don't worry," I said, "I'll take care of that."

IT TOOK me three hours and a big check to lose Garcia and her manager but I did it. I called up Folsom and told him; got in touch with a few city desks as well. Might as well get all the publicity I could. Folsom asked, "You calling off the opening?"

"I am not," I said.

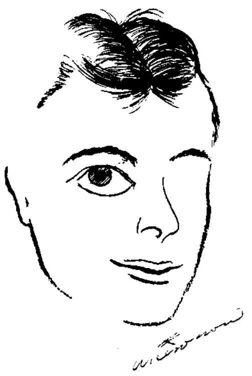
"Who you gonna get if your team is bust?"

"Come up and see," I said.

I knew just what I had to do and I prayed that my hunch was right. Poor Steve thought it was all his fault. That he couldn't dance well enough to partner this Garcia. I patted his shoulder and said, "You be ready tomorrow."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 36



Unlike the other native Californians whose histories have been revealed here, Fritz Wilkinson doesn't want to quit New York and go home. His art training consisted of a year's work in a Los Angeles advertising agency, and his incidental experience includes a year and a half of piano-playing at cowboy dances in an Arizona logging camp. Draws cartoons (like the one opposite) between midnight and dawn, is handy with a camera and likes Beethoven, Bach and Boogie-woogie.

I called Eleanor the next afternoon. I knew she'd seen the Garcia story in the papers. I put it on thick: "Honey, I'm in a spot. This dame has left me on a limb. You've got to help me out. Will you step in and sub? Just for me, Eleanor?"

She didn't hesitate more than a moment: "All right, Tip."

That was that. The rest was up to fate. I was at the door when the crowd started to arrive and I knew they were all wondering what was going to happen. The new importation was out. Was I going to have Estevan do solos?

I hadn't told Steve. I stood with him in the nook beside the kitchen where the spots would hit for his entrance. The room was jammed but you could still hear Zeno's soft music over the hum and buzz. Then the music stopped. The dance floor cleared. The spots cut across and I saw Steve's face as Eleanor came from the back and stood beside him.

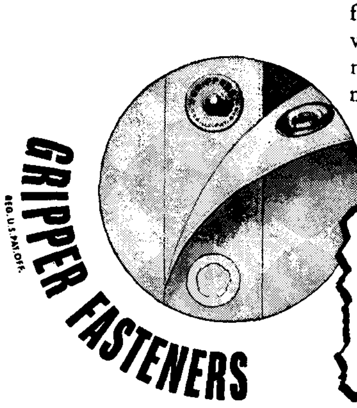
Whitney Darrow Jr.

"You might casually mention my Shorts with Gripper Fasteners!"

Ordinary shorts? Certainly not—they're closed with Gripper fasteners! Gripper fasteners are neater . . . far more convenient than buttons. They're completely durable, too . . . no more buttons to sew on, no more torn buttonholes to mend. Ask for shorts with Gripper fasteners today!

★*The laundry-proof snap-fastener that ends button bother.*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT



P.S. YOU CAN ALSO GET SHIRTS, PAJAMAS, AND UNION SUITS WITH GRIPPER FASTENERS. ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR LOCAL STORE TODAY!

WANTED: Community Representatives!

As a Community Representative for this magazine, you may earn extra money to make life more pleasant—to have more fun and good times! No matter how busy you are with your regular duties, you may increase your income this easy way. For full details of our profitable offer, *address a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-80
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A NEW WAY TO SHAVE

Barbers Reveal Shaving Secret

● Here's a simple shaving trick—it's used today by finest barbers everywhere! Apply medicated Noxzema Skin Cream *before lathering—or use alone as a brushless shave.* It's a marvelous beard softener! And its soothing medication helps protect your skin—leaves your face refreshed, well-groomed.

Try a "Millionaires'" Shave tomorrow morning! Get a 25¢ size trial jar of Noxzema—now only 19¢ at all drug stores.

FOR BETTER SIGHT USE BETTER LIGHT

AND DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

He got white and I knew that all those months he had been getting used to the idea of never seeing her again and that this hurt him, terribly. Zeno lifted his arms and as the crowd began to whisper and exclaim, Steve and Eleanor moved out onto the floor.

Folsom joined me at the entrance. He shook his head. "Rogerson no like. He's here and he's burning."

"So what?" I growled. I couldn't be bothered. Too much depended on the next few minutes. Either my hunch was right or it wasn't. It didn't mean anything to my pocket, yet I had my fingers crossed.

THE lights changed after the eccentric fox trot. I looked at Eleanor as she stood beside Steve in the darkness, waiting for their cue. Her eyes were wide and fixed, her face still, but her lips were parted and her young breast rose and fell too quickly for her breathing to be from the dancing alone.

Then they were out on the floor, the spots following them and the magic of their waltz holding us spellbound. They swept into the crescendo of the finale and Estevan bent over her as the music died away. I saw Eleanor's arms move up and her hands touch his shoulders, but as the applause burst they fell away. When I got to the nook only Estevan was walking through to the back. Eleanor had already gone.

I went upstairs with him. In the corridor he looked at me. His face was white. He said, "I wish you hadn't, Tip. I wish you hadn't." That was the nearest he came to reproach. Another guy would have socked me or bawled me out —but not Steve.

I didn't say anything. He went into his dressing room. I knocked on Eleanor's door and went in. She was sitting looking into her mirror. I said, "Well, honey," and she got up and came to me. Her eyes were wet. I put my arms around her and said, "It's all right."

She raised her face, shaking her head. "You've always been honest with yourself," I said. "Be honest with me now. You know what's the matter, don't you? You know it isn't Rogerson. It's Steve. You're in love with the boy."

Her gray eyes were dark. "Yes. I didn't know. We—we never even talked—never met except on the dance floor. But I love him."

"And he loves you. The grandest lad that ever walked Broadway. . . . I guess he's loved you from the moment he first saw you."

The color came back into her cheeks. Her lips parted. Her voice was low, husky: "Thank you, Tip."

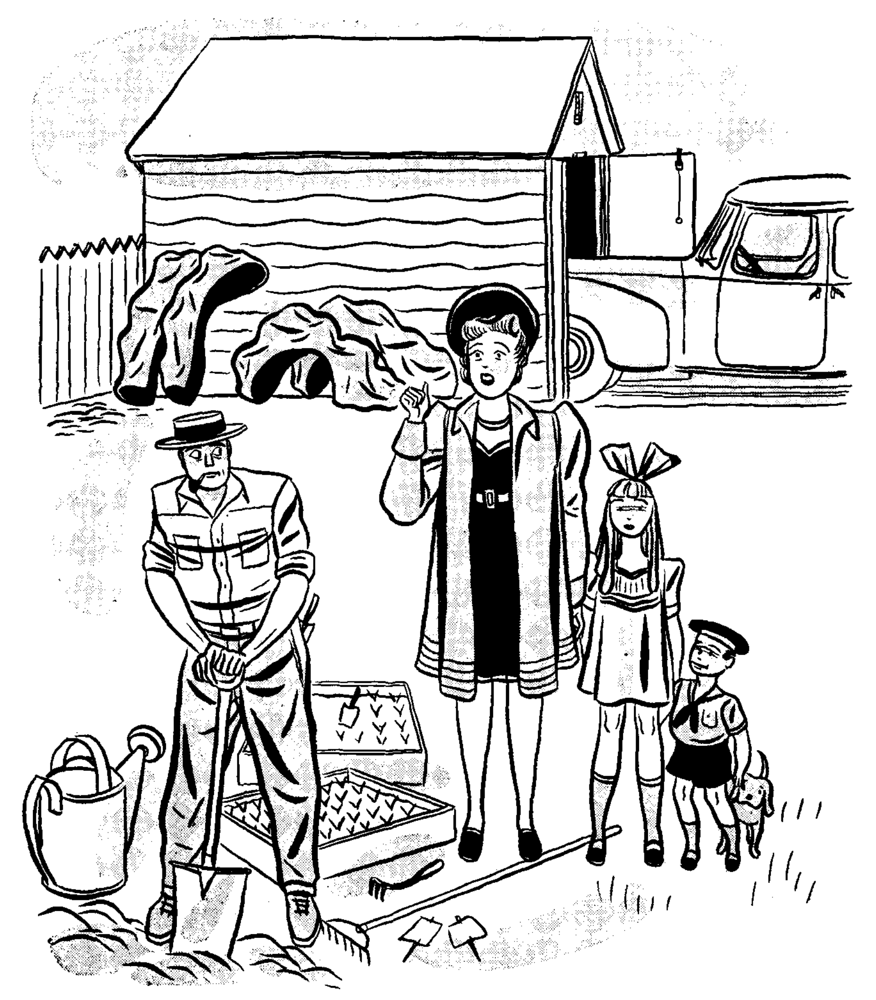
It was me opened Steve's door and nodded to her. Steve got up and stood there, tall and courteous—still. Eleanor said, "When we finished the waltz I wanted to do something before all those people. I wanted to do this . . ." She put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him full on the mouth. She drew back the merest inch as he looked down at her as if he were dreaming. "I love you," Eleanor said. "I'm not very clever but I try to be honest. I love you."

I closed the door as Steve cried out and caught her to him. Folsom and Selling were coming up the corridor with Rogerson between them. Rogerson said, "See here, Noakes. This has to stop. I won't have my future wife dancing in the arms of a common bus boy."

I took a cigar from my pocket and bit the end with relish. "That's too bad. You'd better take it up with her future husband. His name is Steve Smith, an American, as good as you or anyone and better than most of us. You'll find him in his dressing room with his fiancée, Eleanor Vail."

Folsom whooped. Rogerson stared at me. Then he turned and left without another word. Folsom looked at Selling. They shook hands solemnly. Folsom wagged his head. "Our Tip—ain't he the wizard though? And don't he turn up the swellest stories for us?"

I didn't mind the ribbing. For once there wasn't a single thing I couldn't be happy about.



"Will you put on the Sunday fenders, dear? We want to go for a drive"

FRITZ WILKINSON

Whose day is TODAY?

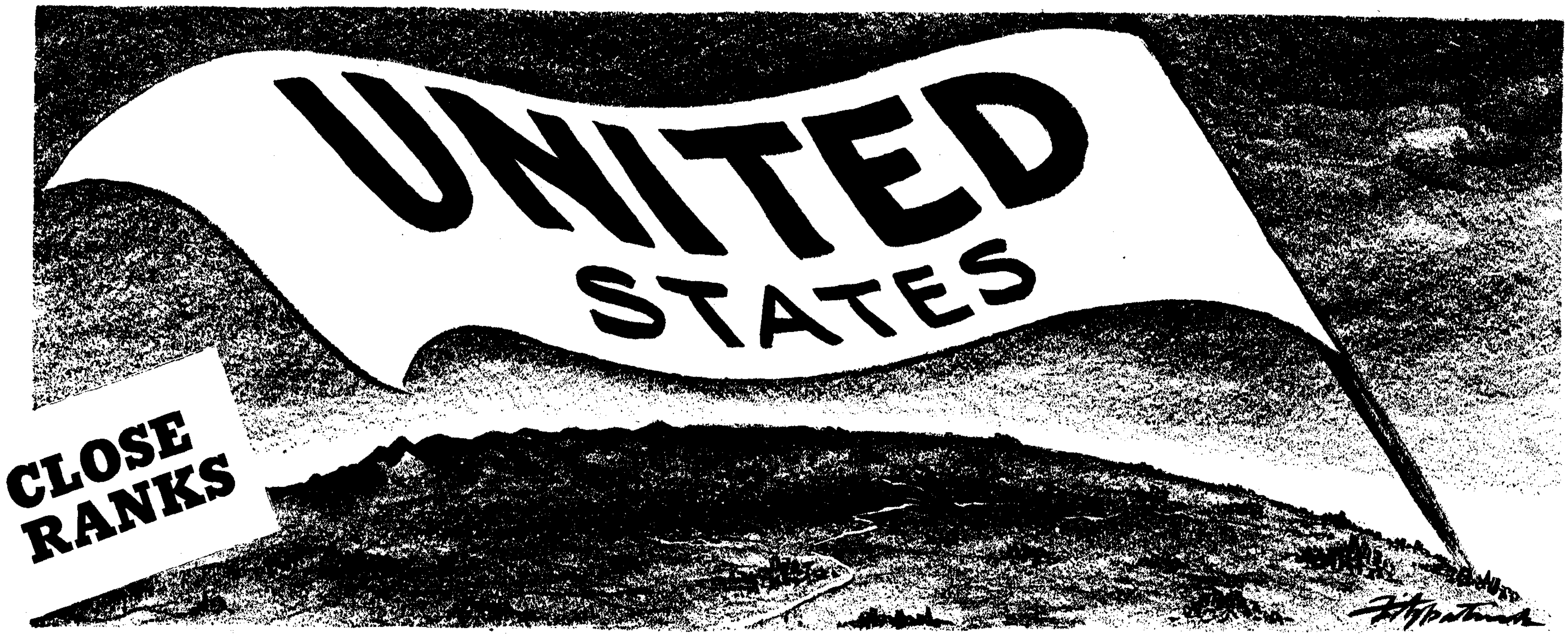
TODAY may have a very special meaning for some one of your family or friends.

Maybe it's a birthday or an anniversary—a new baby or a new job—a school honor or a civic office.

Whatever the occasion, nothing could make today more important than your voice expressing your warm good wishes.

See how much pleasure you *give* and *get* from such a call.

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor ● CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor ● THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



THE thing we expect to remember longest about the recent Lease-Lend Bill Armageddon is a news photograph which came out of Washington the day after the Senate passed the bill.

This picture showed Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana smiling like a 100% sport and shaking hands with Senators George of Georgia and Barkley of Kentucky. Yet Wheeler had fought the Lease-Lend Bill as fiercely as Hiram Johnson and Senator Borah fought the League of Nations after the other war, while George and Barkley had fought like wildcats for the bill.

We think that picture suggested the correct keynote for Americans for the duration of the war crisis.

We hope sundry Washington New Dealers noted the Wheeler-Barkley-George picture rather studiously. The New Dealers we refer to are the ones who are now busy trying to cut the ground out from under William S. Knudsen, chief of the Office of Production Management, and, to a lesser degree, from under various other $1-a-year men who are giving their best efforts to the defense program.

There is no secret as to why this palace revolution is being attempted by the old Corcoran inner-circle boys—though perhaps not by Corcoran himself. Simply, the boys haven't as exclusive an inner circle around the President as they once had, and the boys are sore.

Some of them are sore because they sincerely believe the New Deal should go ahead at full speed regardless of the defense program; others because they believe that as theorists, students of economics, etc., they are better qualified to run the defense job than are mere "assembly-belt men" like Knudsen. Still others are merely politicians whose first and last rule of life is to advance themselves, and too bad about the nation and its welfare.

So they plant sneers, smears and backbites around Washington, and the impression grows that Mr. Knudsen is nothing but a dim-witted old fuddy-duddy who should be sent back to Detroit. It's a dirty business, and it's dangerous business.

What we need most just now, in case these palace plotters haven't heard, is national unity. We need to put first things first—and the very first thing is to arm ourselves to the teeth as fast as we can, while doing everything in our power to help Great Britain win the war.

To carry out that job, we need the best brains we can find, even if some of those brains are owned and operated by Republicans. Indeed, even if it should some day be discovered that some old-line Democrat was more fitted than Mr. Knudsen to head the OPM, such a man's awful past should not be allowed to keep him from succeeding Knudsen.

The thing for all of us to do is to put aside past differences and close ranks. If we don't—well, we're as tired as you are of hearing preblitzkrieg France cited as a horrible example; but, for all that, preblitzkrieg France was the most appalling example of national disunity in modern times.

Aviation After the War

A PET theory of Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, freshly famous for his stoic-heroic conduct in a recent airliner crack-up, has been that civil aviation can take up a lot of the business slack expected after the war.

Rickenbacker figures that tens if not hundreds of thousands of young Americans will have learned to fly by that time, and that most of them won't want to quit. He looks for a huge demand for small, low-priced planes, and for all the extra flying fields, aviation service stations, beacons, radio-beam apparatus, etc., etc., that will be needed in such case. Postwar private flying, he thinks, and the industries to supply and service it, should mushroom right after the armistice, and a lot of postwar unemployment should thereby be relieved in a hurry.

We hope it works out that way. It well may, if enough people have enough money left over for anything beyond bare necessities after paying the income taxes this war promises.

This much seems certain, at least: That any young person who neglects to learn a good deal about flying is overlooking possibly the biggest bet the near future holds.

The airplane promises to affect all our lives as profoundly as the automobile affected the lives of the older generation, or the railroad a couple of generations before that. If you're 30 or under, and whether you can or can't foresee a time when you'll be able to own a plane, you won't be wasting any time you may spend learning anything you can about aviation.

Bean-Ball Influence

LARRY MacPHAIL, general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, has told his boys that every time one of them steps up to bat this season he's got to wear a head-protector device invented by a couple of Johns Hopkins brain specialists.

Made of featherweight but extremely tough plastic, the device consists of two pieces zippered inside a specially made hat to shield vital parts of the head.

The whole contraption is described as being so inconspicuous that the fans don't know the player is wearing a helmet at all—which removes the old objection that any antibean-ball device would draw jeers if not pop bottles from baseball crowds to the grave injury of baseball players' sensitive, brooding souls.

Why not just make MacPhail's reform compulsory throughout the major leagues—which would impel most of the minors to follow suit? Some pitchers being the impulsive rascals they are, and luck being what it is, why not take this simple step to remove some of the manslaughter and mayhem from baseball?

"For Goodness' Sake . . ."
A HE-MAN'S DINNER needs
5 Kinds of Refrigeration!

-AND THAT GOES FOR HIS LUNCHES AND BREAKFASTS, TOO!

1 STEAKS and all other meats need *steady* cold with *moderate* humidity.
2 CREAM, milk and other beverages need *safe, above-freezing* cold.
3 BUTTER and staples of all sorts need *moderate* cold, *mild* humidity.
4 QUICK-FROZEN FOODS, and FROZEN DESSERTS need *extreme* cold, *no* humidity.
5 LETTUCE and other greens and vegetables need *mild* cold, *high* humidity.

. . . that's
SUPER MARKET REFRIGERATION

Westinghouse
Super Market REFRIGERATION

. . . gives YOUR HOME the 5 kinds of cold and humidity that keep foods MARKET-FRESH!

Most people have simple tastes in their food, as restaurant experts will tell you. But these experts also agree, along with modern food retailers, that the foods for the *simplest meal* need 5 kinds of refrigeration! These five conditions of cold and humidity, which modern food stores know and use, are now combined *for your home* in Westinghouse SUPER MARKET Refrigeration. For better meals, savings in food costs, fewer shopping trips, and many other advantages, see your near-by Westinghouse dealer.

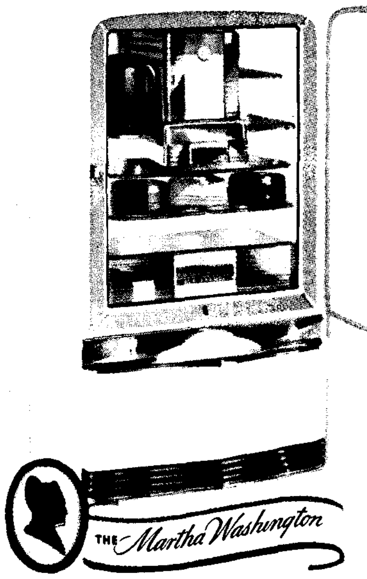
TRUE-TEMP CONTROL
is the secret . . .

Only
WESTINGHOUSE HAS IT!

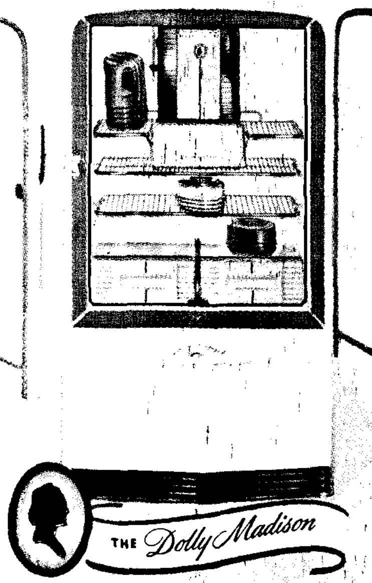
Westinghouse engineers, by inventing TRUE-TEMP CONTROL, have made SUPER MARKET food protection possible. This system maintains steady, *balanced* cold everywhere in the cabinet because it acts from the *food compartment,* not the *froster.* You simply dial the *degree* of average cold needed. TRUE-TEMP regulates cold and humidity for *all* your foods automatically!

SEE THE NEW 1941
Westinghouse Refrigerators

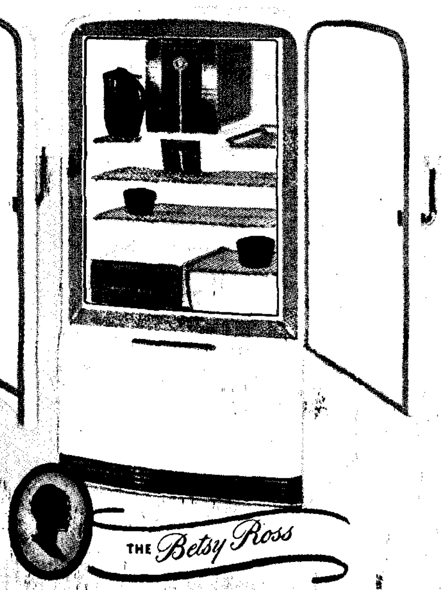
There are thrills for your eyes, and welcome news for your purse, in the 1941 Westinghouse models. COLOR-STYLED interiors, new conveniences, and marvelous engineering improvements await shoppers seeking the *best buy.* A near-by dealer's name is listed in the classified pages of your 'phone book. Visit his store and ask for a demonstration—today!



"Lucite" crystal styling, "Hi-flex" glass shelves. New Meat-Keeper with "Utili-tray" top. 1941's "dream" refrigerator!



Color-styled in soft shades of brown, enlivened with the gleam of chromium plate. De luxe features at modest cost.



Brightly styled, with froster door, Meat Storage Tray, and Crisper in "Colonial Blue". Outstanding features; low price.

Every house needs
Westinghouse

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

©*Actual color photograph—James R. Callis inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.*

"Lady—
money talks in buying lighter, milder leaf!

"And Luckies pay more to get that lighter leaf!" says James R. Callis, warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C.

"IT'S like this: year in and year out, I see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, milder tobaccos. So I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment, same as most other independent warehousemen, buyers and auctioneers!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. Luckies pay the price to get the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company